VOLUME XLVI NUMBER FIVE

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1924

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TO carry out the purposes for which it was founded thirty-six years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine. All receipts are invested in the Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

ARTICLES and photographs are desired. For material which the Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and postage.

IMMEDIATELY after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. Four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resultant given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures. As a result of The Society's discoveries this area has been created a National Monument by proclamation of the President of the United States.

AT an expense of over $50,000 The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. Their discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

THE Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole.

NOT long ago The Society granted $25,000, and in addition $75,000 was given by individual members to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people.

THE Society is conducting extensive explorations and excavations in northwestern New Mexico, which was one of the most densely populated areas in North America before Columbus came, a region where prehistoric peoples lived in vast communal dwellings and whose customs, ceremonies, and name have been engulfed in an oblivion.

THE Society also is maintaining expeditions in the unknown area adjacent to the San Juan River in southeastern Utah, and in Yunnan, Kweichow, and Kansu, China—all regions virgin to scientific study.

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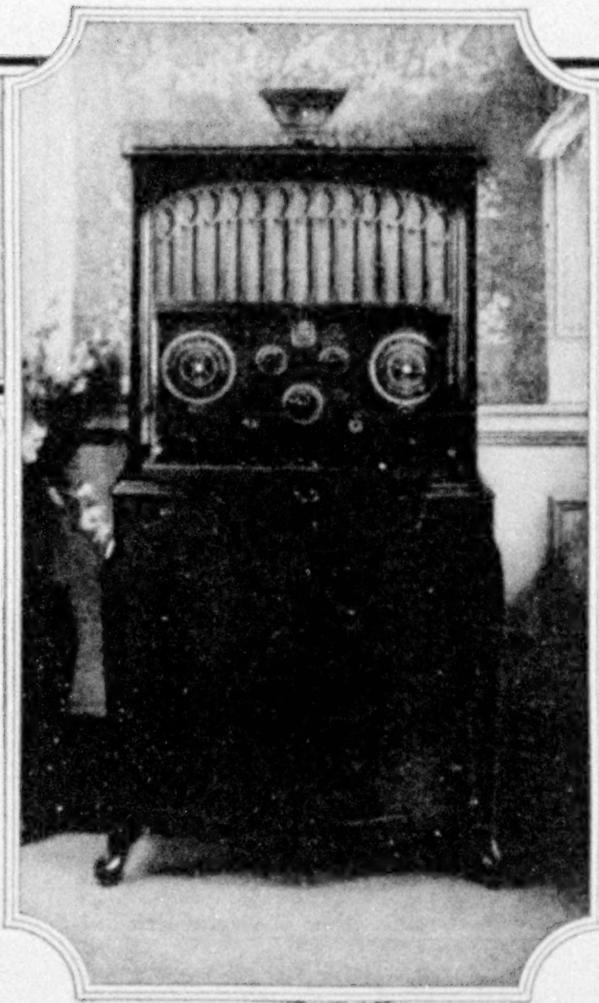

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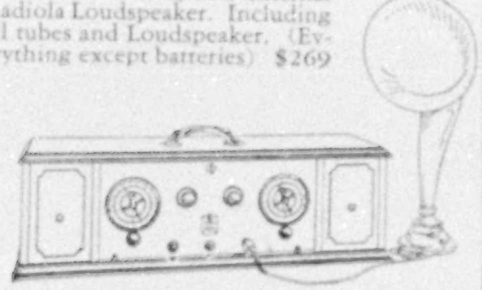

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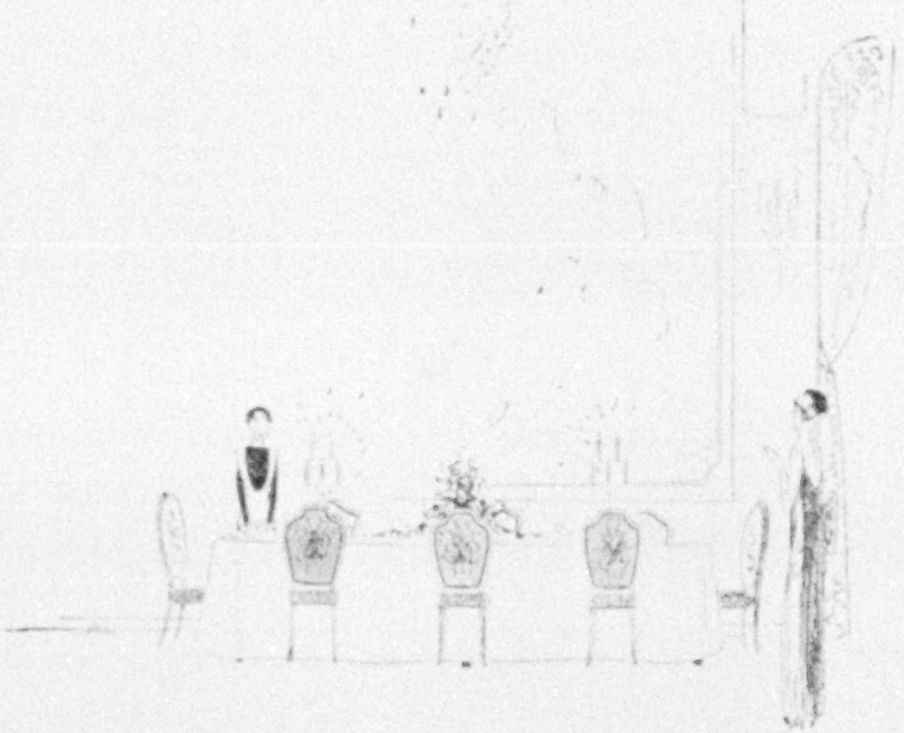

SCENE: Again, she surveys the table,—through the eyes of the most critical guest, the most tasteful, the most correct. What kind of picture would it present to them? Well, the entire service is solid silver. All in her new design. Yet, not an overburden of it. Snowy linen. A few flowers. It was the simplest table she had ever set. But, yes, it had it—that rarest of table beauties—dignity, simple dignity.

* * *

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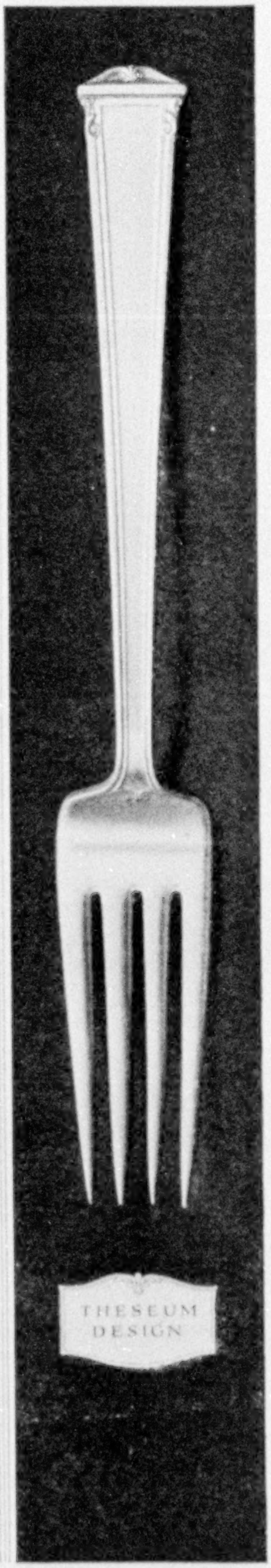

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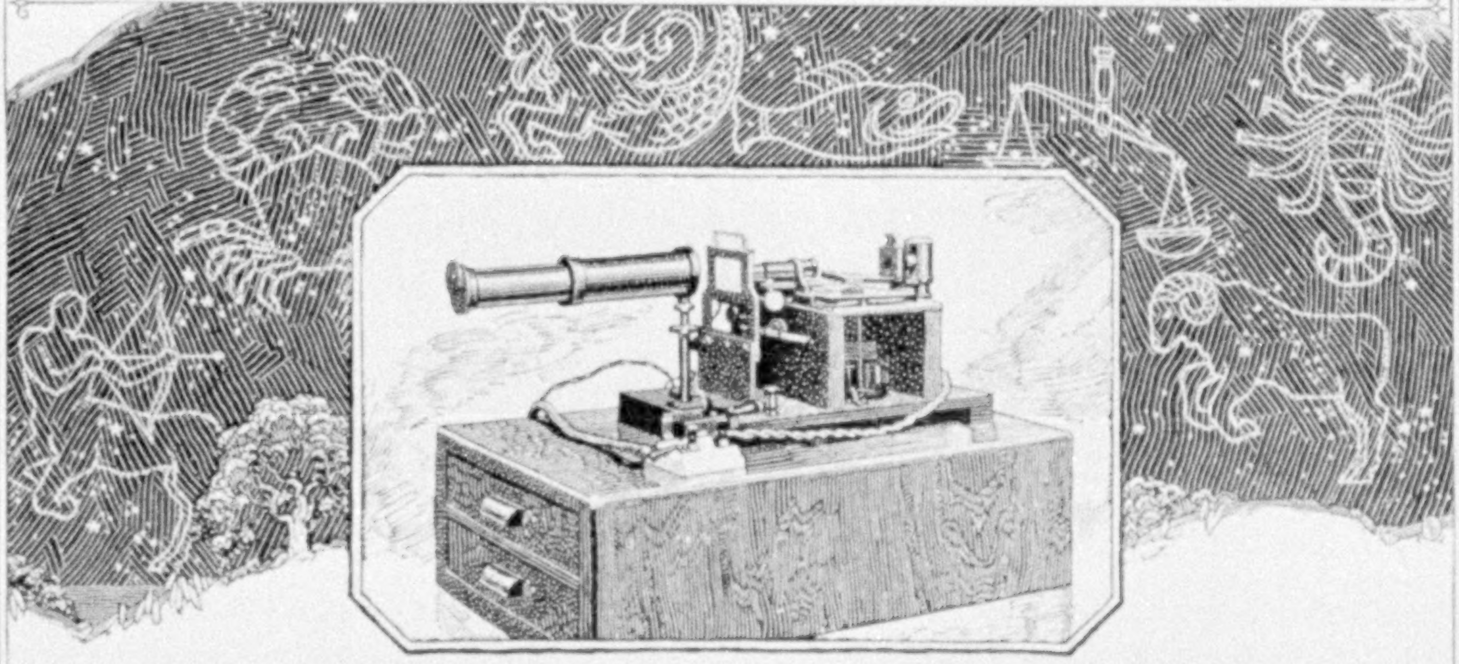

Did you ever see an artificial star?

NO one knows the infinite number of the stars. Surely it would seem that there would be no need for man to make still others for himself.

Yet could you come to the Elgin Time Observatory you would see an "artificial star"—part of the "personal equation" machine which is illustrated above.

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In a very literal sense Elgin takes the time from the stars and puts it in the pocket or on the wrist of every owner of an Elgin watch.

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But, you may say, is it necessary—this expense and trouble?

Elgin *could* get along without the Time Observatory.

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Elgin's vision of its obligation to the buyers of Elgin Watches would be incomplete.

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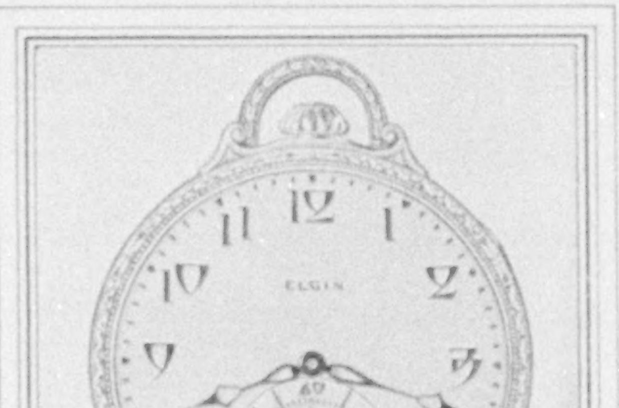
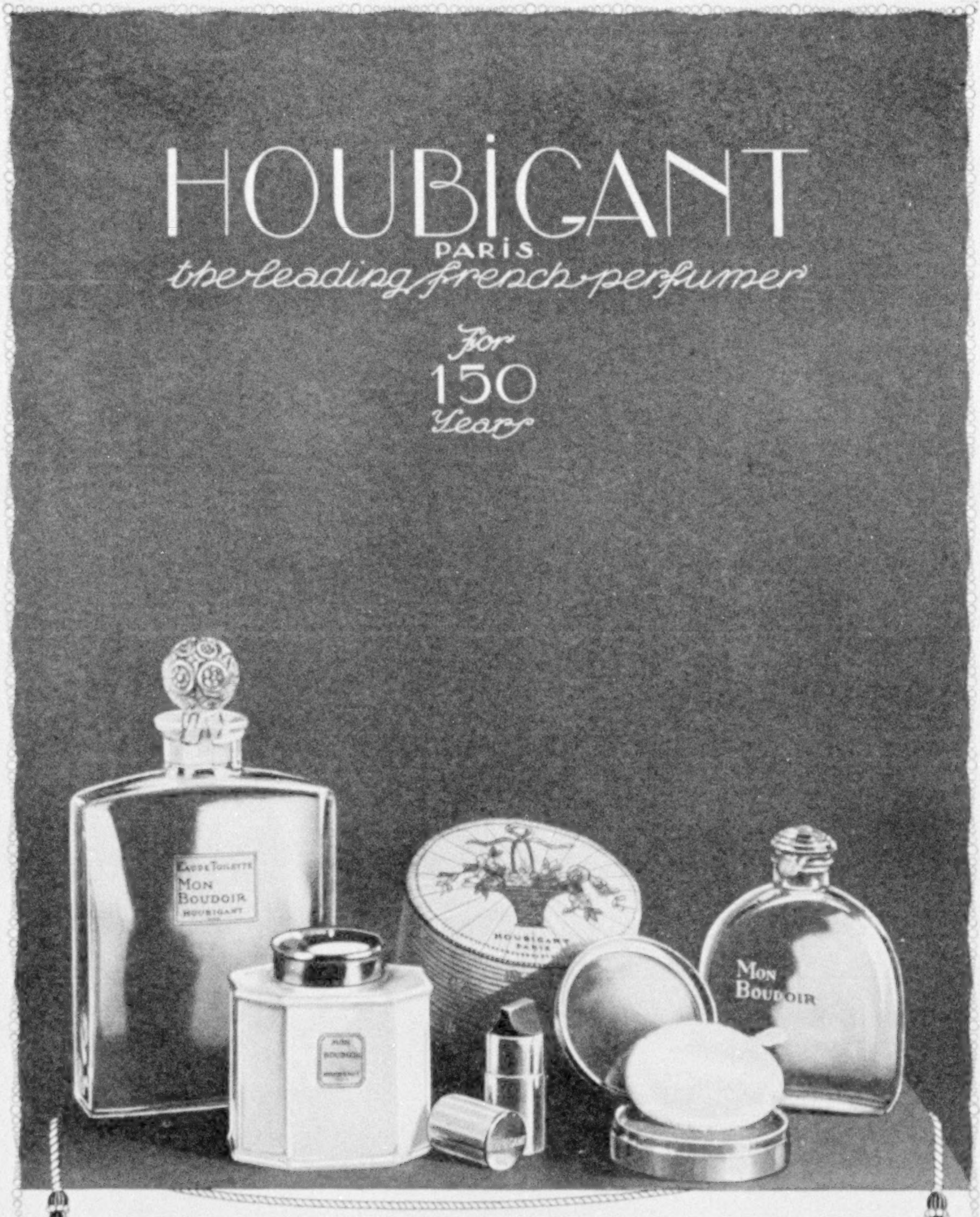
The new "Corsican" Elgin—with the famous Lord Elgin movement—21 Jewel—thin model, eight adjustments, cased and timed by Elgin in engraved 14-Karat cases of new exclusive design in either white or green gold—$175. In attractive gift boxes.



ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN U·S·A



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A remarkably comprehensive voyage. Visits the Andes, the Inca cities, the West Coast ports, the supreme Straits of Magellan, the splendid East Coast capitals, the Amazon River, the Spanish Main and the Antilles.

The "Resolute" is the largest and finest ship ever to cruise to South America, especially adapted for Southern waters—swimming-pool, spacious decks and public rooms, an unusual variety of staterooms.

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The "Reliance" will cruise for five weeks during the luxuriant Mediterranean Spring, visiting Madeira, Spain, Algeria, Tunisia, Italy, the Riviera. Ample shore excursions. $675 *& up.* Send for book.

An outstanding feature of the "Samaria" Cruise is a visit to Nice in Carnival Time with its parades, confetti battles and masquerades.

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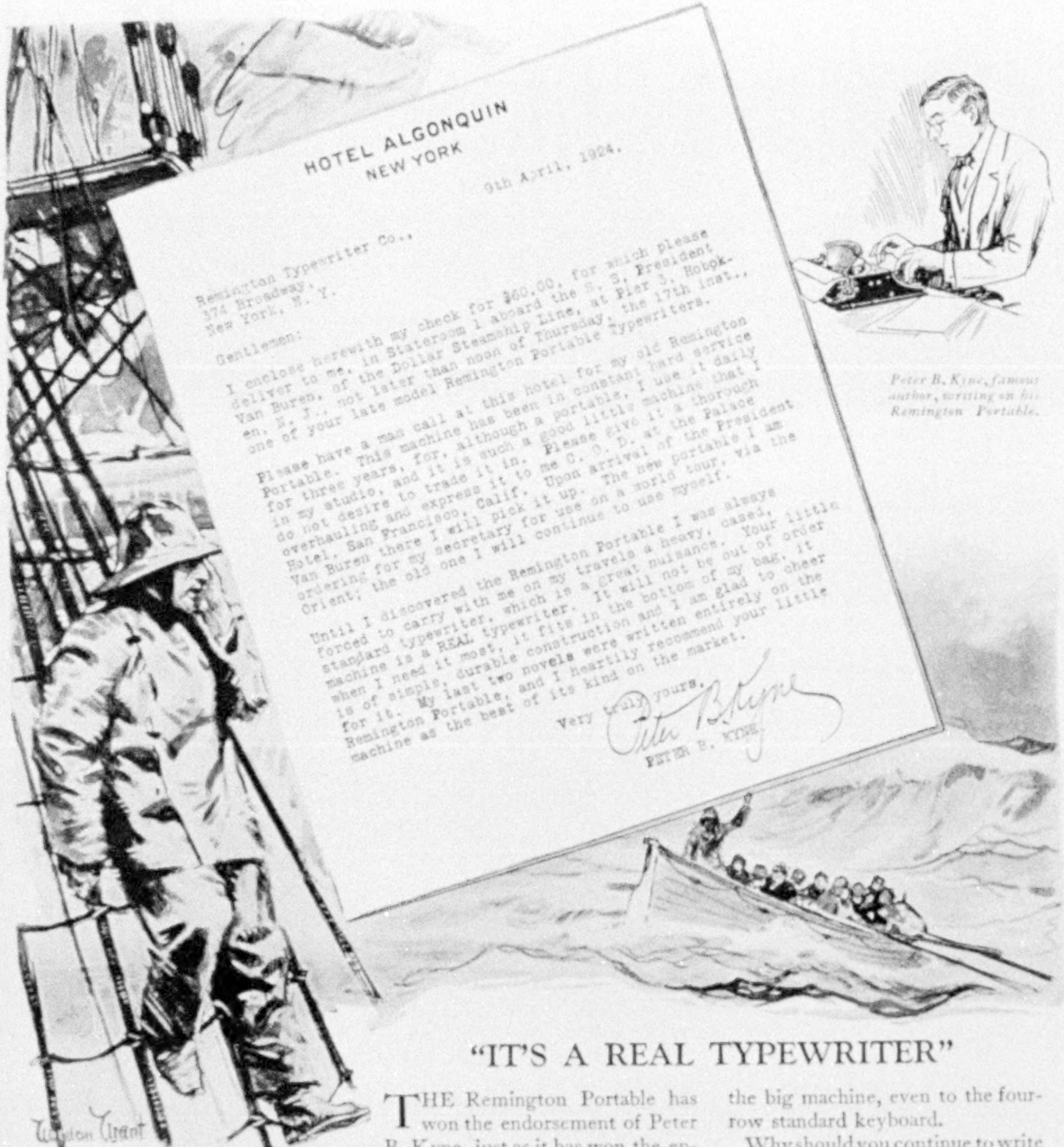

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NEW YORK

9th April, 1924.

Remington Typewriter Co.,
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New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I enclose herewith my check for $60.00, for which please deliver to me, in Stateroom 1 aboard the S. S. President Van Buren, of the Dollar Steamship Line, at Pier 3, Hoboken, N. J., not later than noon of Thursday, the 17th inst., one of your late model Remington Portable Typewriters.

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Until I discovered the Remington Portable I was always forced to carry with me on my travels a heavy, cased, standard typewriter, which is a great nuisance. Your little machine is a REAL typewriter. It will not be out of order when I need it most, it fits in the bottom of my bag, it is of simple, durable construction and I am glad to cheer for it. My last two novels were written entirely on the Remington Portable, and I heartily recommend your little machine as the best of its kind on the market.

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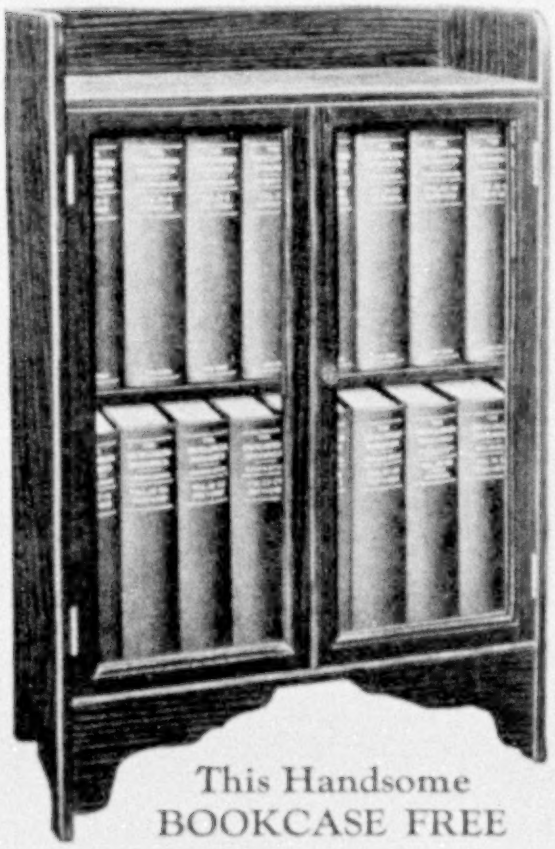

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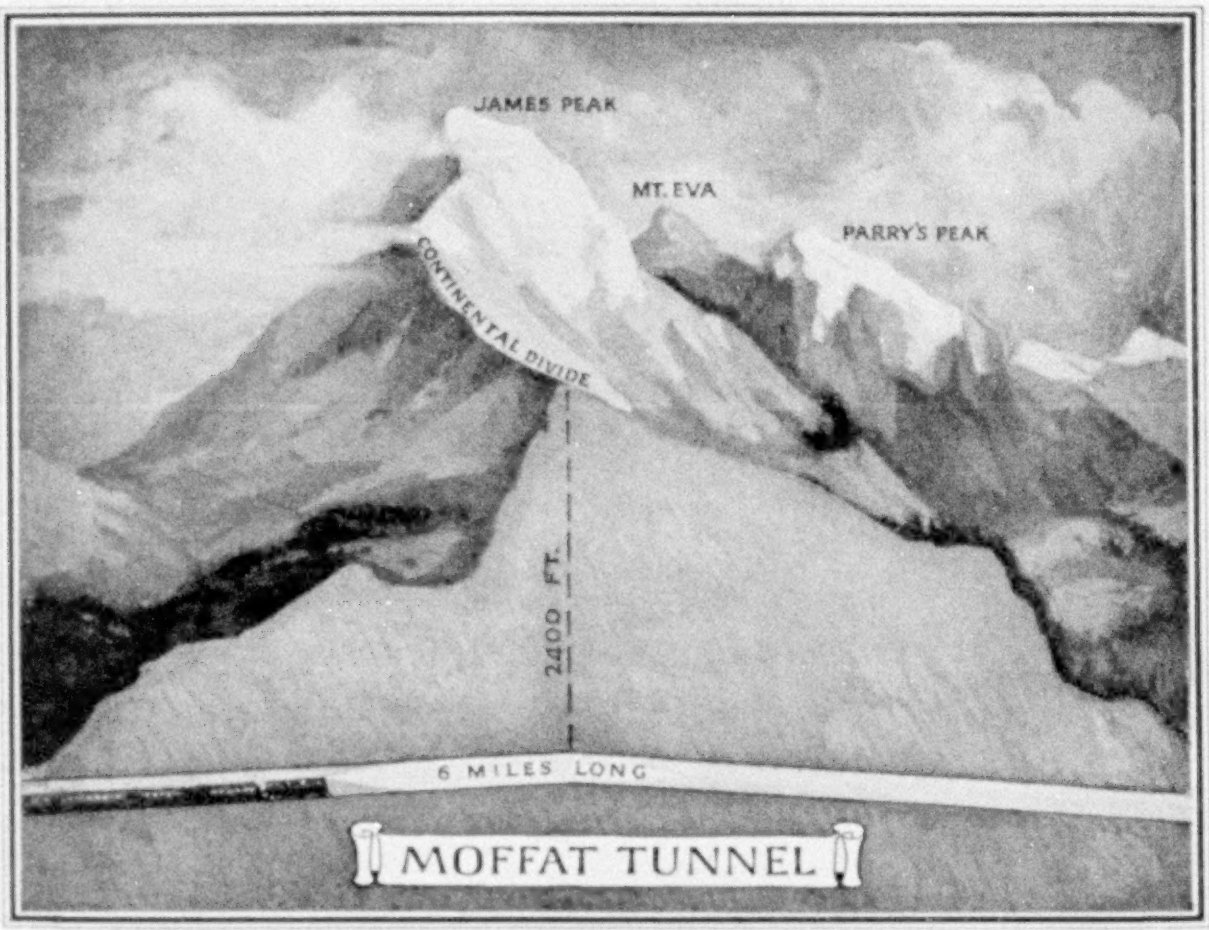
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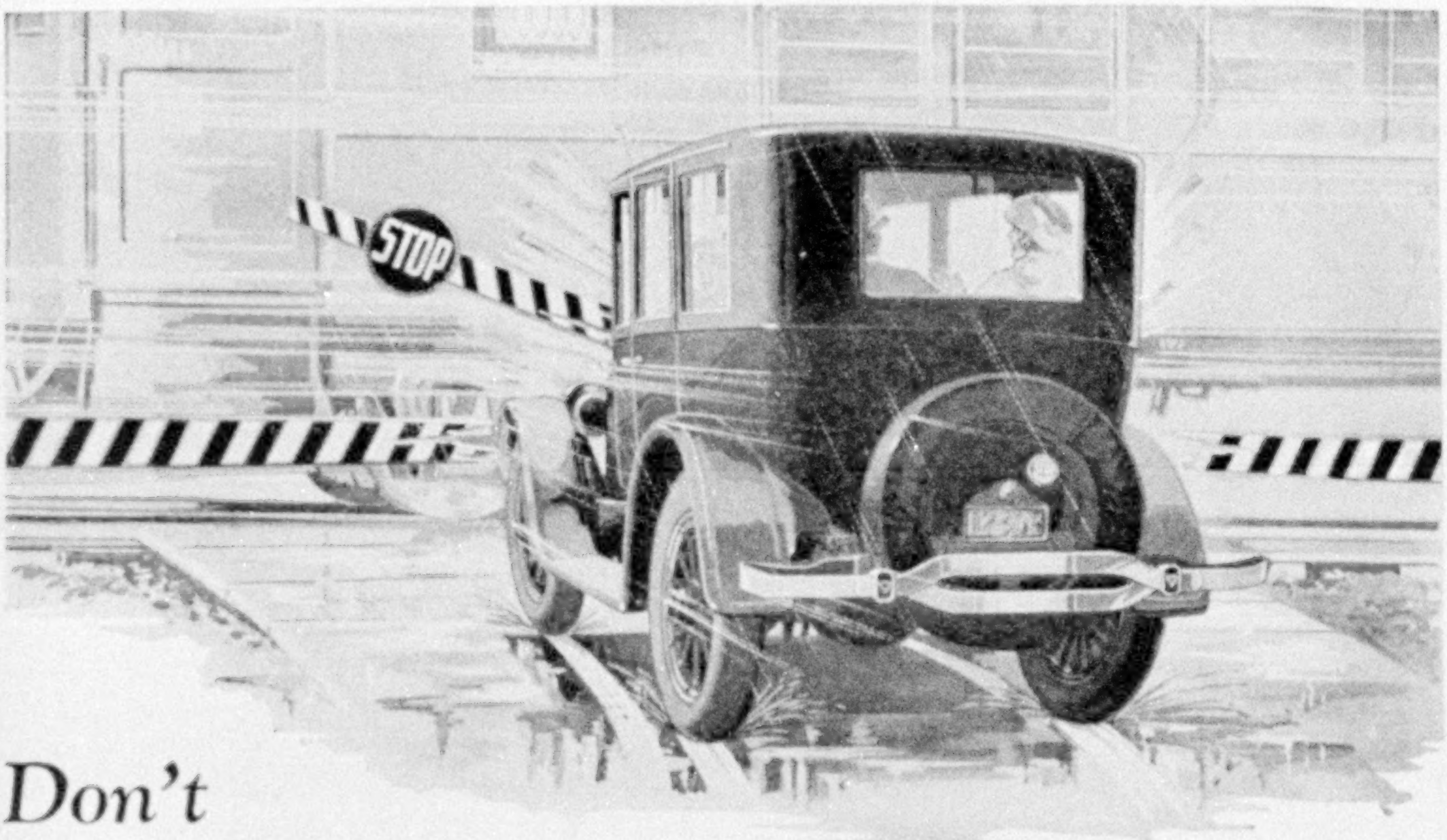

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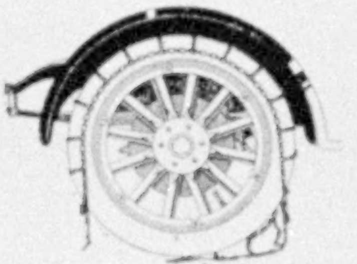
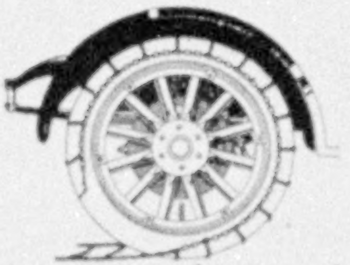
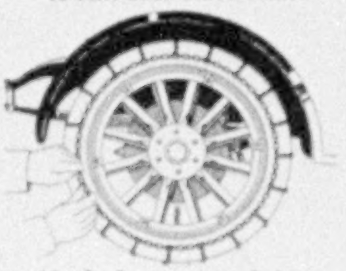


Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.
Do Not Anchor

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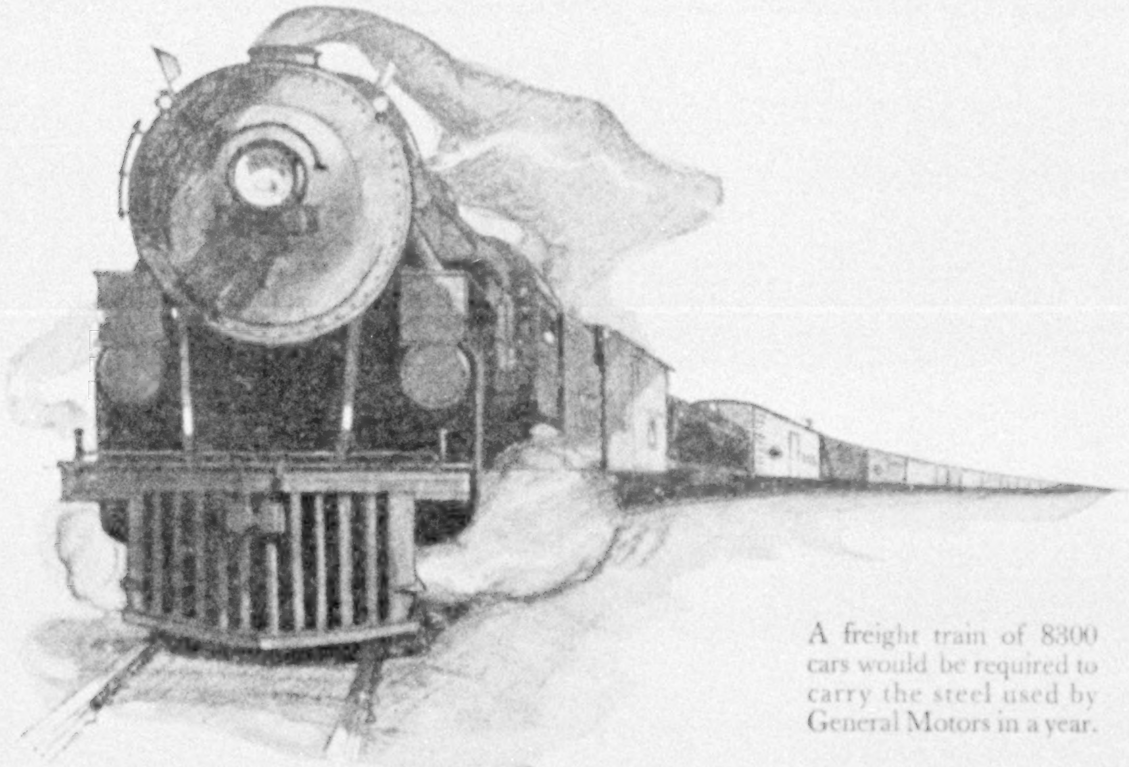

A freight train of 8300 cars would be required to carry the steel used by General Motors in a year.

From gold to glass

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Gold, platinum, diamonds and tungsten; iron, steel, copper, tin and zinc; coal, clay, cement, sand, gravel and lime; grease, oil and chemicals; cotton, jute, hair and leather; lumber and glass.

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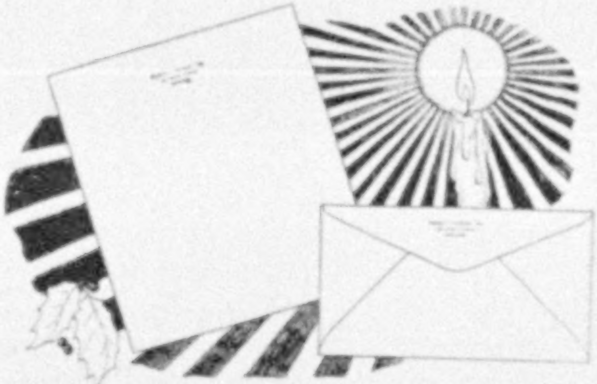
General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the *GMAC* Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

Give Individual Stationery This Christmas!

An inexpensive yet tasteful gift for everyone!



200 NOTE SHEETS

100 ENVELOPES

printed with any name and address

for **$1.00** *delivered to you*

Your Christmas gift problem is solved. Make up your list of names and addresses and send it to us with a supply of your own cards, one of which we will insert in each gift package to be sent direct to your friends, prepaid, at Christmas time.

Place your order *now* for Christmas delivery. More than 200,000 individual orders for this fine stationery were filled in the last three months of 1923. This year promises to show an even greater volume, so don't delay another minute in sending your order.

You cannot buy American Stationery in a retail store

The things that have made the American Stationery Company the largest institution of its kind in the world are the unusual value which we give for the money, the exceptionally quick service we render, and our guarantee—*Your Money Back Without Question if for Any Reason You Are Not Satisfied.*

All of these things would be impossible if we were to deal with you in any other way than direct, thereby saving time and money and enabling us to give greater satisfaction. You will fully appreciate these facts upon receiving your first order.

Why "American" Stationery is different from any other

The efforts of this vast organization are devoted to doing one job and doing that so that it cannot be bettered by others. Our entire plant, which covers an acre of ground, was built for the sole and only purpose of producing this individual stationery for you.

Special type casting machines, paper cutters, envelope machines and die presses, box making machines and rapid automatic printing presses, in addition to numerous other labor-saving devices, are used to reduce costs and effect savings wherever possible.

More than $350,000 is invested in equipment, etc., to produce a box of 200 note sheets and 100 envelopes imprinted with your name and address and delivered to you prepaid at the almost unbelievable price of $1.00.

We use Butler's National Bank Bond Paper

an exceptionally fine, smooth, easy writing, watermarked bond paper that does not smudge or cause ink to run when your pen touches it. This is the only paper we use and our purchases run over 1,000,000 (one million) pounds every year—this means that the price we pay is exceptionally low.

Customers re-order year after year

This business was started ten years ago and has grown by leaps and bounds. Year after year customers reorder—seven out of every ten people who send us an order become permanent customers and send their orders regularly. Thousands of letters have come to us after customers have received their first order, expressing satisfaction and enclosing orders for from one to ten friends.

Send your order today

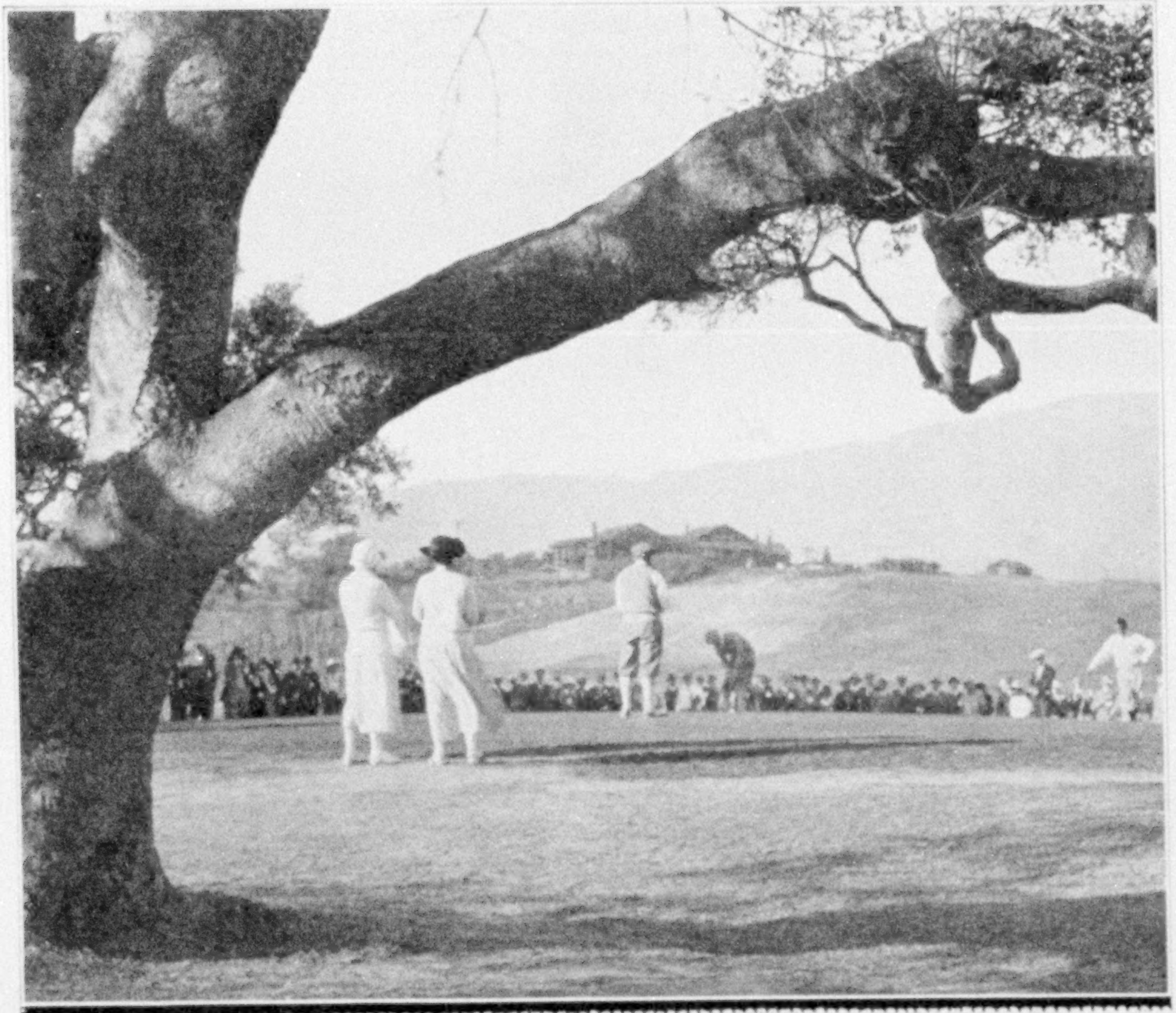
We do not sell through dealers or agents—you must send your order direct to us. It is easy to order—just write or print the name and address plainly that you want on the paper and enclose $1—we do the rest—within 3 days your stationery is in the mail on its way to you. If you live west of Denver or outside of the U. S. A., send $1.10. If you are ordering for Christmas delivery, please mention this and enclose a card for each package. Do this now and get it off your mind.

Sent C. O. D. if you prefer

If it is more convenient for you, we will send your order C. O. D., in the U. S. Just pay the postman when your order is delivered. Send your order now to

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.

507 PARK AVE.
Serves More than a Million Customers Direct by Mail
PERU, INDIANA



California all winter

is the golfers paradise –

Take the family – excellent schools for your children –

– The journey there – a joy –

Santa Fe Fred Harvey "all the way"

choice of four daily trains – on your way Grand Canyon National Park.

Santa Fe

after California – Hawaii

just mail this ⟹

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
907 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please mail me the following Santa Fe Booklets:
"California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "California Limited." Also details as to cost of trip.

XUM

Another Instance *of* Building *for* Permanence On Scheduled Time

Mr. John S. Miller, Jr., one of the owners of the new $3,000,000 London Guarantee and Accident Building, Chicago, has this to say:

> "We were able to get substantial rent for June and July and as much as six-sevenths of the rent for August. This speaks for itself, and I feel that your company has done a splendid job in effecting this."

Two or three months rent on large buildings often means the difference between a fair return and a year's loss on the total capital invested.

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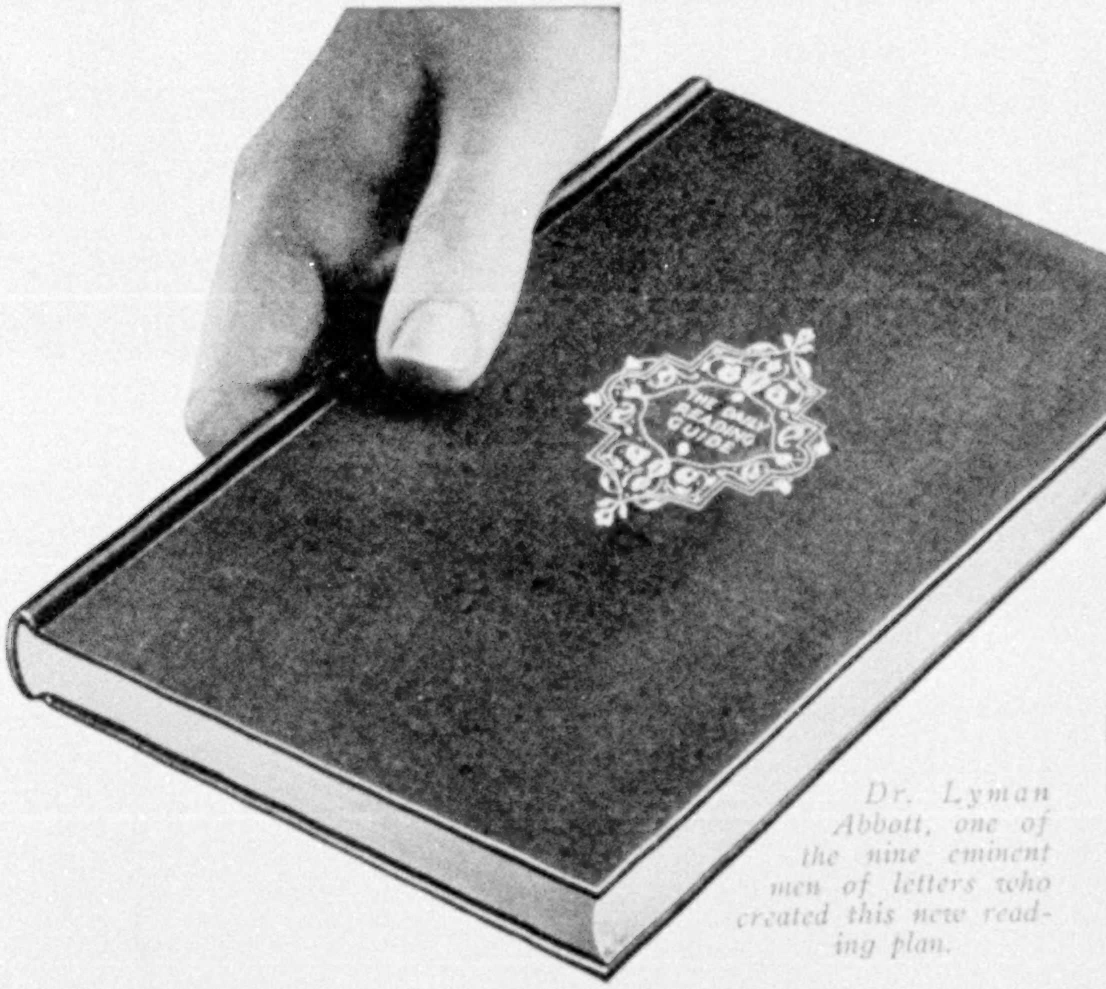
YOUNGSTOWN
LOS ANGELES

Thousands say of this book:

"This is just what I have always wanted!"



Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the nine eminent men of letters who created this new reading plan.

Will you accept it, FREE?

A YOUNG business man once said to a famous newspaper editor: "You know so much about life, tell me, what is the matter with me. I can't read worth-while literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the editor. "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is the trouble with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

Everybody knows that good literature offers the surest, quickest way to broad culture.

But where to begin is the question. There is such a multitude of famous writings. We have only time to read the most important ones.

The Tremendous Problem

This is the problem that has always stood in the way. And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, nine of the most famous men of letters did strike upon a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worth-while things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

The nine eminent men who created this new plan were Dr. Lyman Abbott, John Macy, Richard Le Gallienne, Asa Don Dickinson, Dr. Bliss Perry, Thomas L. Masson, Dr. Henry van Dyke, George Iles, and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Thousands Acclaim It

The inspiration that came to these men was a Daily Reading Guide—an outline which would schedule, for each day's reading, an entertaining variety of prose and poetry, of fictional writing and historical description.

This variety was so arranged that the selections fall upon anniversary dates in each reader's calendar. Thus on July 14 much of the reading is about the Fall of the Bastille. Each day is full of such timely interest.

The Daily Reading Guide requires only twenty minutes of reading a day. It is for busy men and women. One year's reading brings you broad culture. Already this Daily Reading Guide in book form has solved the reading problem of thousands.

Accept It FREE

In the interest of good reading it has been decided to distribute a limited edition of the Daily Reading Guide free. You are asked only to help defray the expenses of handling and mailing by enclosing 25c with the coupon. The Daily Reading Guide, bound in rich blue cloth and containing nearly 200 pages with introductory articles and essays by the famous editors, will be sent to you entirely free of all other costs or obligation. This famous book will mean so much to you in helping you to a wider and deeper appreciation of the world's great literature that you should take advantage of this unique opportunity at once. Mail the coupon *now* to avoid disappointment.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. Y-6211
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Clip, fill in, and mail at once

**NELSON
DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. Y-6211
Garden City, New York**

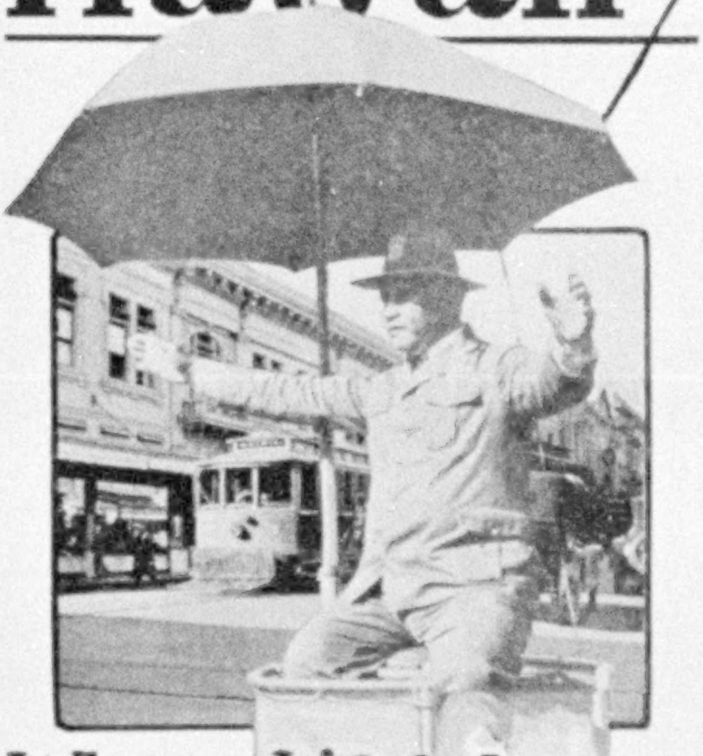
Gentlemen: In accordance with your special offer in introducing and extending the new plan of essential reading, please send me a FREE copy of the 192-page "Daily Reading Guide," handsomely bound in blue cloth and containing the program of daily reading for each day of the year, which embraces the essentials of the world's literature. I enclose 25c (in stamps or currency) to defray cost of handling and postage. There is to be no further payment.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Hawaii



Where Life Moves in Restful Tempo

Dawn. Over the ship's bow dead ahead rises the island of Oahu, misty and purple in the early light. Close at hand flying-fish skim the waves. A sampan dawdles by, dungaree-clad figure at the tiller.

Hawaii, Uncle Sam's island territory, where everybody, including the cops, takes life comfortably. Winter, and hibiscus in full bloom. Diving boys, flower-laden lei girls, "Aloha Oe" by the Hawaiian Band.

Business men draw new dividends—rest and relaxation—in Waikiki's shoals. Luaus (feasts) in palm-thatched houses; 7-course dinners (with fresh papaya appetizer) on smart hotel lanais (verandas) You hear your own language and are made comfortable by all your accustomed home conveniences.

Easy Trip to Make

Pack the clothes you wore last summer, pick up your golf bag—and come. It's *that* easy! Your nearest railway, steamship or travel agent will book you to Honolulu. You can make the round trip direct from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C., in 3 or 4 weeks (5 to 8 days each way) for as little as $300 to $400, including first-class steamer accommodations, hotels and sightseeing. This gives a week or two in Hawaii—but you'll want to stay longer, so arrange in advance for all the time you can spare.

On all the larger islands, good golf links, tennis courts, motor roads, first-class hotels. Swimming, surfing, deep-sea fishing, mountain hiking the year round. Volcanic wonders in Hawaii National Park.

Write NOW for full information on that Hawaiian trip. A brochure printed in colors with pictures awaits your inquiry.

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or to 341 Fort St., Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.

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SAIL from San Francisco to the Far East via the glorious Sunshine Belt. A stop is made at Honolulu with ample time to enjoy famous Waikiki and the many enchanting scenes in this tropical paradise. Then Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila—ports to all the splendors of the Orient.

Find out now how easily and economically you can go. Send the coupon below for new illustrated booklet giving full information about travel in the wondrous Orient, and the five perfectly appointed "President" ships operated by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. These U. S. Government vessels have all outside rooms and every modern convenience. Fortnightly sailings from San Francisco.

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If I go, date will be about ____________

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THE record of fleeting years can be preserved by stately monuments of enduring granite. Rock of Ages, quarried from the rugged hills of Vermont, is famed far and wide through the land as a monumental material. Its natural blue-gray color, fine grain and unyielding hardness adapt it to memorial purposes, especially where a brilliant polished finish is desired. Insist upon Rock of Ages—there is no substitute.

ASK for our Certificate of Perfection when placing order for a Rock of Ages monument with your local memorial merchant. This protects you against inferior granites.

Particulars about Rock of Ages contained in Booklet "E." Write for it today.

BOUTWELL, MILNE & VARNUM COMPANY

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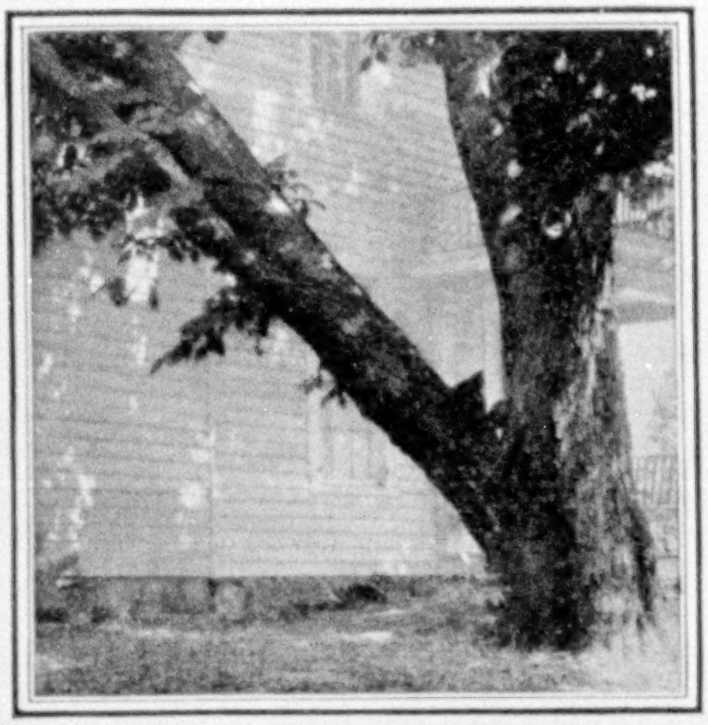
MONTPELIER, VERMONT
QUARRIES AT BARRE, VERMONT



This tree split apart because it had a weak V-shaped crotch

Save Your Trees

Approximately 75% of all shade and ornamental trees are afflicted with a fatal structural weakness—the V-shaped crotch.

It is natural to many trees but it is a fatal weakness just the same. Sooner or later every V-shaped crotch is bound to split apart. It may be ten years or twenty years—it may be to-morrow. Every storm takes an appalling toll.

Davey methods protect such trees from this structural weakness and save them from disaster.

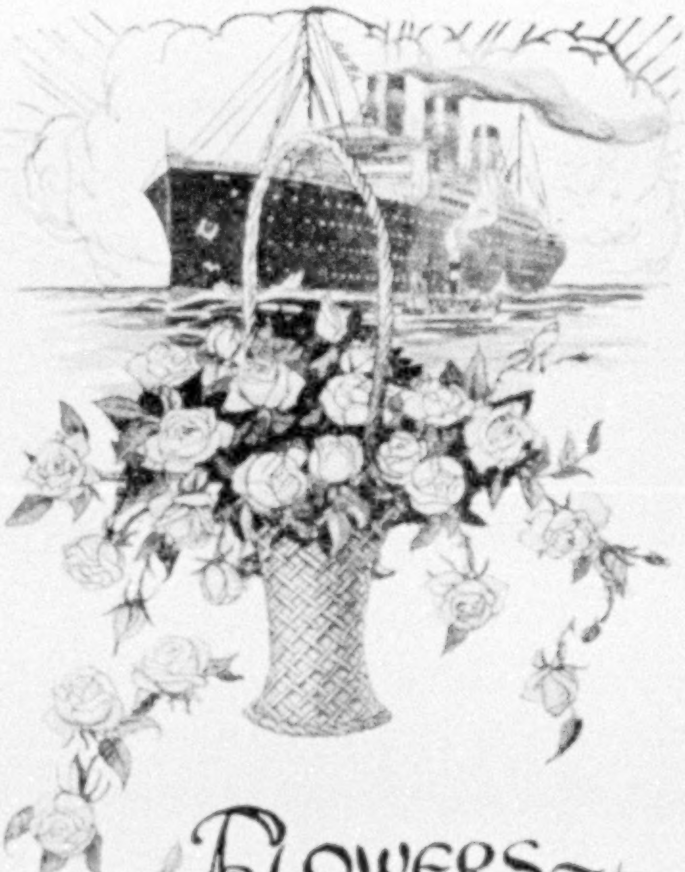
Davey Tree Surgeons are local to you—anywhere between Boston and Kansas City, between Canada and the Gulf, and in California.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC.
314 City Bank Building, Kent, Ohio

Attach this coupon to your letterhead and mail today

THE DAVEY TREE
EXPERT CO., Inc.,
314 City Bank Bldg.,
Kent, Ohio

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part, please have your local representative examine my trees and advise me as to their condition and needs.



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We deliver flowers anywhere in New York or surroundings within 2 hours. Connections in every city and every port in the world—Able representatives to whom we can transfer your order by wire or cable, to be filled with scrupulous care at a moment's notice.

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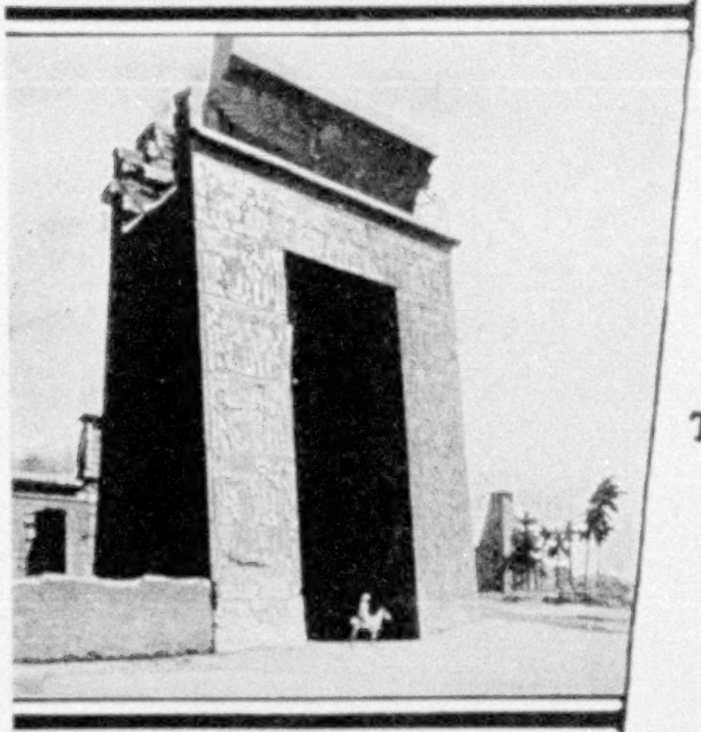
Cruises

WEST INDIES MEDITERRANEAN AROUND *the* WORLD



To the West Indies

Over 25 years' specialized experience in West Indies Cruises assures fullest enjoyment of these one-month voyages. Itinerary includes Havana, Santiago, Haiti, Kingston, Panama Canal, Cartagena, Curacao, La Guaira, Port of Spain, Barbados, Fort de France, St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau. White Star liner *Megantic*, specially constructed for tropical cruising, from New York Jan. 22, returning Feb. 21; and Feb. 25, returning March 28.

To the Mediterranean

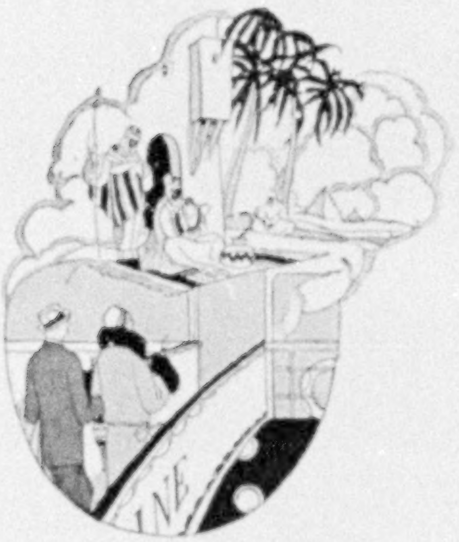
Masterfully arranged voyages including in their scope Madeira, Gibraltar, (Algeciras), Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa (for Holy Land) Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile). Stop-overs in Holy Land and Egypt. White Star liner *Adriatic* Jan. 7 and Feb. 26; Red Star liner *Lapland* Jan. 17 and March 8. Returning to New York 47 days later.

Around the World

On the Red Star liner *Belgenland*, largest ship ever to circle the globe, sailing westward from New York Dec. 4 (Los Angeles Dec. 20, San Francisco Dec. 23), to Japan, China, India, Egypt and the Mediterranean. Dates and itinerary carefully planned to afford maximum travel comfort. To 60 cities in 14 countries, covering 28,310 miles in 133 days. Back in New York April 16, 1925. Shore trips under the skilled direction of the American Express Company.

For information regarding any of these cruises apply to Cruise Department, No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE



THAT magic gangplank that leads to storied lands makes eyes brighten and shoulders straighten. Impossible to take one's cares aboard.

$1,000.00 in cash prizes For NEW ways of using

G. Washington's Delicious-Instant Coffee

Housewives everywhere know G. Washington's Coffee—how good—how convenient it is. The coffee ready to drink when dissolved in hot water. The coffee with the delicious flavor.

G. Washington's Coffee is wonderful for preparing desserts, ices, jellies, cakes, candies and other dainties. By simply adding G. Washington's Coffee to other ingredients, a delicious coffee flavor is obtained. It comes in concentrated powdered form and no water is required. Its use in desserts is simplicity itself and results are certain.

If you can make good cake, a new dessert or confection, enter this contest, which is limited to those who have used G. Washington's Coffee prior to September 1, 1924.

$1,000 in cash prizes for new G. Washington's Coffee recipes. First prize is $500. No restrictions, no conditions.

LIST OF PRIZES

For G. Washington's Coffee New Recipes

For the best	$500
For the next best	250
For the next best	75
For the next best	50
For the next best	25
For the 20 next best, $5 each	100
Twenty-five prizes in all	$1,000

Contest Closes Dec. 31, 1924

All prizes will be paid on or before February 1st, 1925, and in event of tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to tying contestants.

The judges of the contest will be chosen from a selected list of managers and famous chefs of the leading hotels of New York City.

G. Washington's
PREPARED COFFEE
MADE IN THE CUP AT THE TABLE
ABSOLUTELY PURE SOLUBLE COFFEE

Write recipe on one side of paper only. No letters can be answered concerning the contest. All recipes must be mailed on or before December 31, 1924, and to become our property.

Use the coupon below, or a copy of it, attaching your suggestions for new recipes.

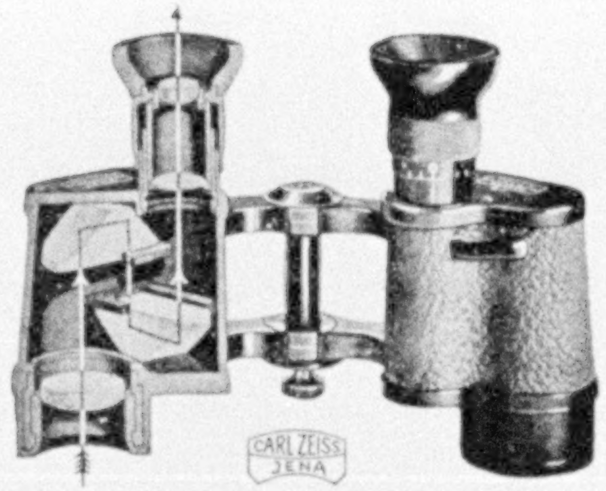
COUPON

G. Washington Coffee Refining Co.,
522 Fifth Ave., New York City, Contest Dept. No. 8
Enclosed find recipes for using G. Washington's Coffee.

Name ....

Street and No. ....

City .... State ....



How to choose a Good Binocular

All binoculars look more or less alike on the *outside*. It's the optical construction on the *inside* that counts.

Look through an 8-power Carl Zeiss Wide-angle Prism Binocular, and compare it with any other 8-power glass. You will see at once that the Carl Zeiss Binocular has a much greater *field of view*. This is a decided advantage in quickly locating distant points and in following swiftly moving objects.

Test the glasses for brilliancy and *light-gathering power*—not in bright light, but at night. No matter how great a binocular's magnification may be, the actual distance at which you can clearly distinguish objects is the real measure of its usefulness.

Examine also the exterior construction. Carl Zeiss Binoculars are strong, dust- and moisture-proof, ensuring a lifetime of satisfactory service.

Leading opticians, camera- and sporting-goods stores sell Zeiss Binoculars. Write to us for the Zeiss Binocular Catalogue, and then choose the model that will best meet your requirements.

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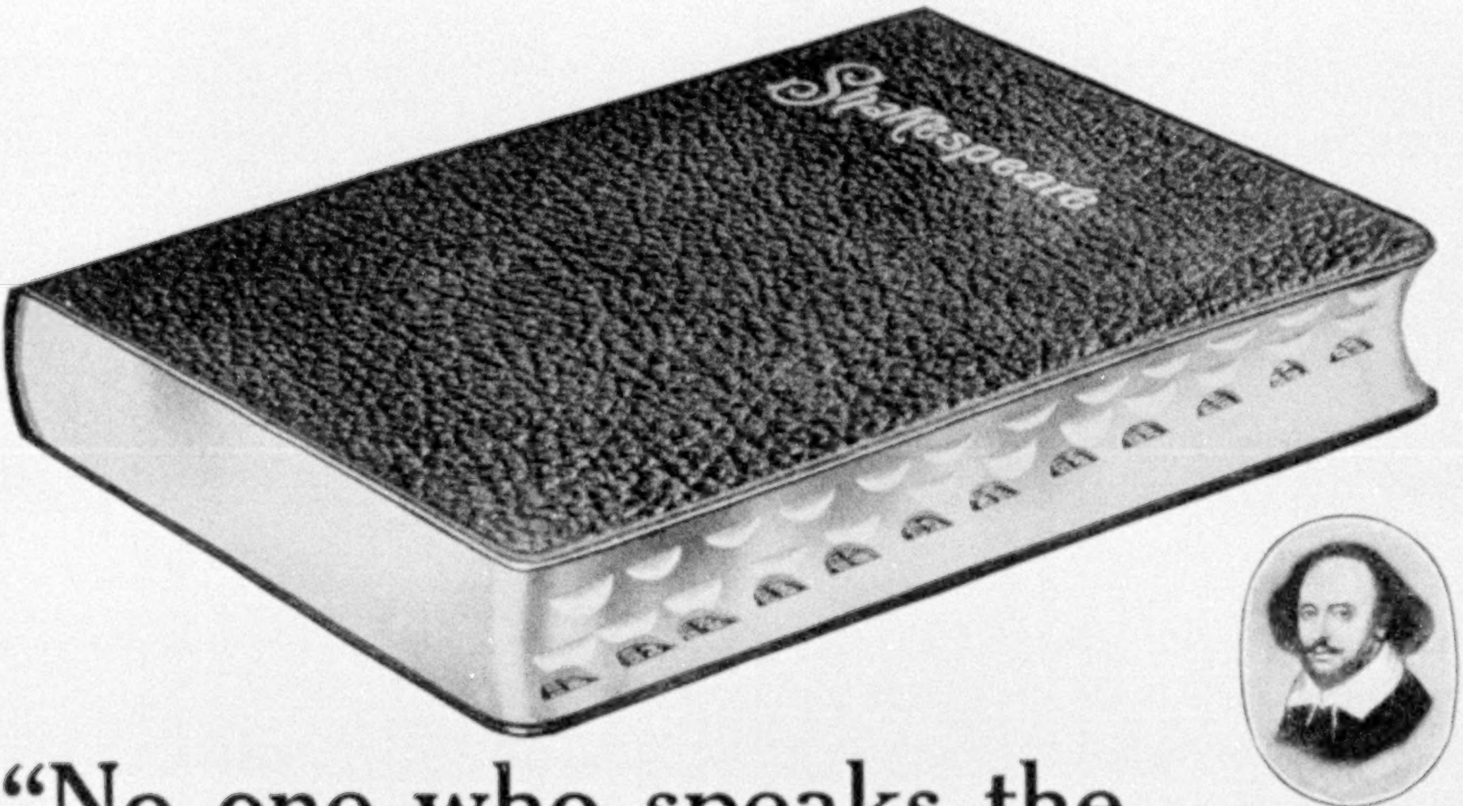
155 West 23d Street, New York

Gen'l Distributing Agts. for Canada: THE HUGHES OWENS CO., LTD.
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Ottawa

CARL ZEISS
Prism Binoculars



"No one who speaks the English language can afford not to own this book!"

FOR more than three centuries the supreme inspiration of the English-speaking world has been the genius of one man. No one before or since has ever found in language such beauty and power.

"He gave us the deeper meanings of our words; taught us the art of speech," Ingersoll said in his famous lecture on Shakespeare. "He was the lord of language, master of expression and compression. He put the greatest thoughts into the shortest words; made the poor rich and the common royal."

Practically every famous writer since has lighted his torch from the eternal flame of the great master's work. And for every man and woman who would acquire greater facility, greater force and greater finish in speech and writing, there is nothing to compare with the reading of Shakespeare.

Now ONE volume brings you ALL of Shakespeare!

Are you enjoying the matchless pleasures and benefits that Shakespeare holds for you? Here is a unique opportunity to renew your acquaintance with his immortal writings. In ONE convenient volume you may now have the complete works of Shakespeare! One volume instead of many! A volume scarcely an inch thick, yet it contains every play, every poem, every sonnet—complete and unabridged! Also an index to characters and a 28-page glossary.

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This, moreover, is a de luxe volume—the masterpiece of the famous Oxford University Press of England. Limp, flexible, richly grained binding; gold edged pages; with a thumb index of titles.

Will you examine it, free?

But no description can do justice to this extraordinary book; you must see it for yourself. **Let us lend it to you for a full week, without cost or obligation.** Then return it if you choose or send only the small sum of $5.45 in complete payment—a fraction of the cost of even the cheapest of ordinary, many-volume sets. Simply mail the coupon. **Promptly,** as shipments from England are limited.

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7 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me for one week's free examination the Oxford Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works in one volume, printed in bold-face type on genuine India paper. If I agree that it is one of the most wonderful books ever made I will remit $5.45 in full payment within one week. If I do not agree, I will return the book at your expense.

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Address ....

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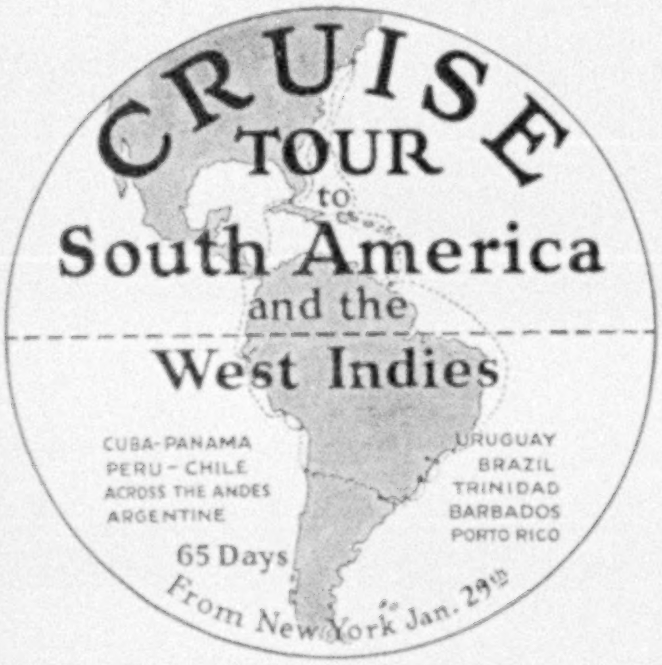
(Outside United States send cash with order plus 25c for extra postage.)

6TH ANNUAL
AMERICAN EXPRESS



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All the most interesting countries on both sides of South America—

The inspiring trip—Across the Andes.

And, in addition—the fascinating Islands of the West Indies, on the way back.

The Splendid Pacific Liner—*S. S. Ebro*—going down—The new *S. S. Voltaire* (Lamport and Holt Line) coming back.

Cost—from $1950 up, including all shore excursions. The best of everything on Land and Sea.

Party will be limited. Write for booklet at once.

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The "ROTTERDAM"

24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

66 Days of Delightful Diversion

ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera.

Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe
Cruise limited to 550 guests
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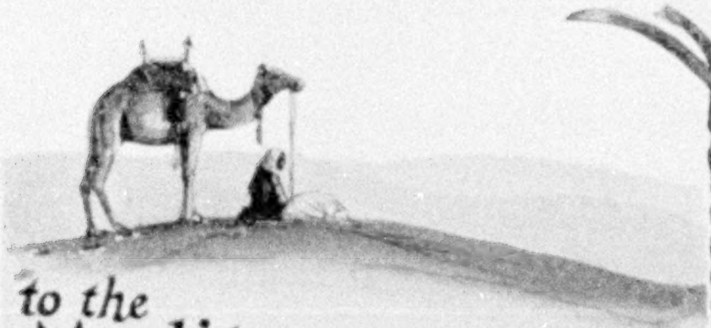
THE CRUISES SUPREME 1925



to the Mediterranean

by the specially chartered
great White Star Liner

"HOMERIC"

Sailing January 24,
returning April 1

To those historic lands of the mighty past—67 peerless days—a distinctive itinerary visiting: Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, French Riviera, Naples, Athens, Constantinople; an especially long stay in Egypt, Holy Land, etc.

Stop-over privileges in Europe, returning by Majestic, Olympic, or other White Star Liner.

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Around the World

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130 days of relaxation, education and enjoyment—30,000 miles of wondrous travel. Itinerary includes: Madeira, Gibraltar, French Riviera, Naples, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Straits Settlements, China (South, and North with Peking), Japan in Cherry Blossom Time and the American outposts of Manila, Honolulu and Panama.

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If I go date will be about__________

There will be__________in my party.

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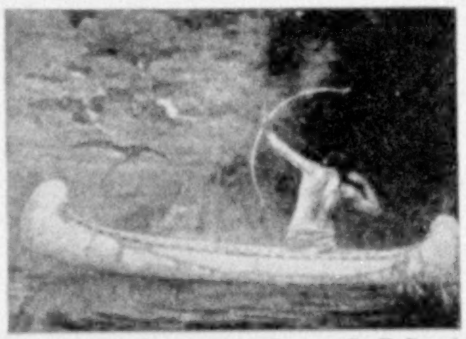

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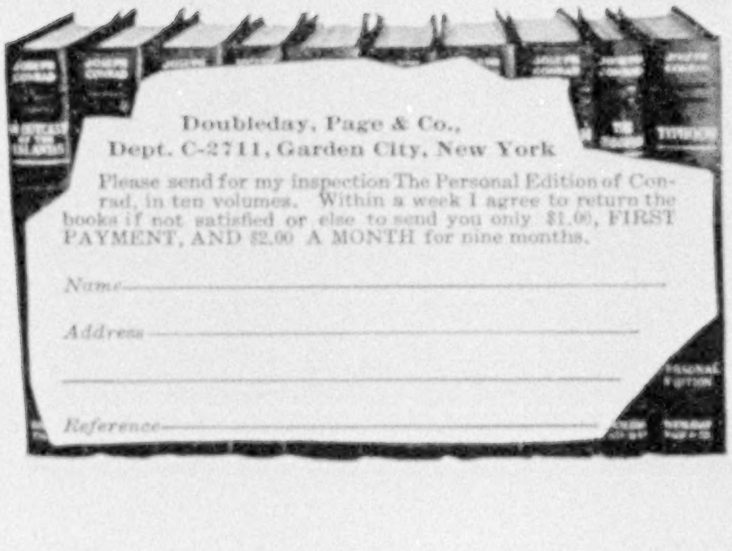

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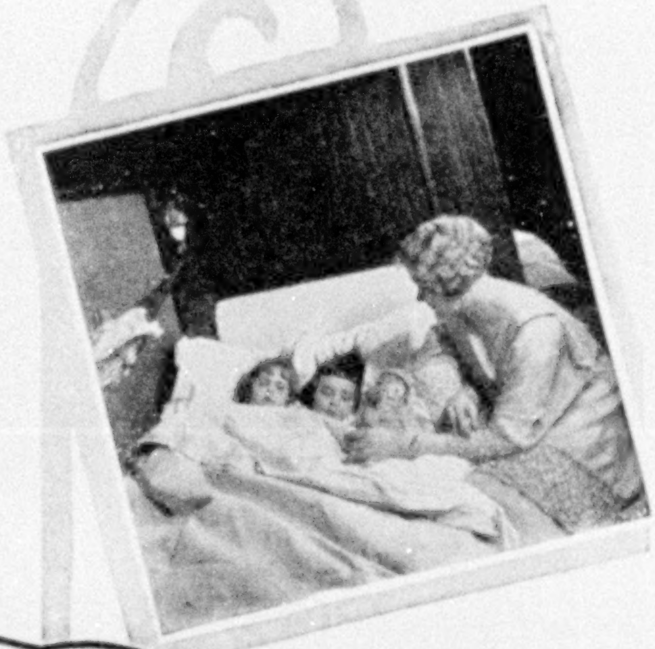

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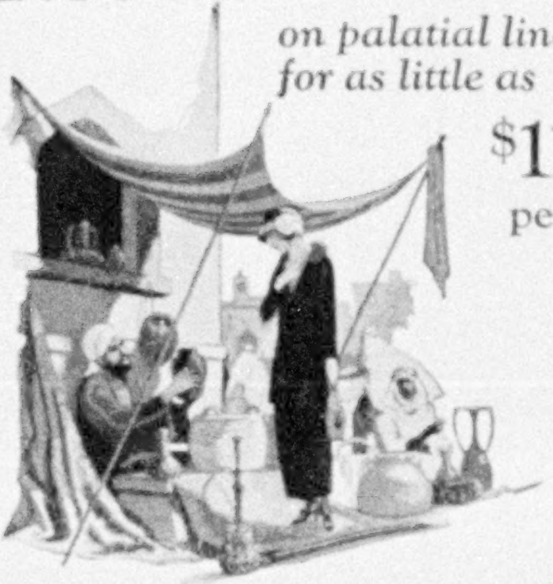

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The obligation to vote was laid on you by the men whose bleeding feet made red the snows of Valley Forge. Many of them gave their lives to win freedom; can you refuse just one day to preserve it? Is it worth so little to you to live under the Stars and Stripes, to be secure in your home and business, to worship God in your own way, to have full share in governing the land?

From the time of King John down, too many men have lightly neglected the vote as if it were merely a right or a privilege. In the main it is neither. The vote is a *duty* of citizenship in a democracy, and unless all of us recognize that duty, and faithfully perform it, we subject ourselves to the danger of control by a selfish and self-seeking few.

This should be the year of the biggest vote the United States has ever seen. Help to make it so.

From 1888 to 1912, the vote for President of the United States increased at the rate of about 600,000 ballots every four years. In 1916 it reached 18,528,743 votes, an increase of 3,497,574 in four years.

In 1920, with women voting in many States, the total vote was 26,705,346; but large as that figure was, it was disappointing, since the men who might have voted numbered 27,661,880, and the women numbered 26,759,952—a total of 54,421,832.

This is the first national election in which complete universal suffrage will be effective in the United States. If the fidelity of women to civic duty equals their devotion to home and family, their vote should equal the vote of the men and the total should exceed 50,000,000.

The task before the people of the United States—men and women—is to make democracy secure and to keep it secure. That will take all our strength, will tax our intelligence to the utmost, and call for our keenest vigilance. Voting is our privilege, our obligation—perhaps even our burden. But it is also our most effective weapon. Short of serious illness, no excuse for failing to vote can pass muster. Whether Election Day brings heat or cold, rain or shine, calm or blizzard, get to the polls and vote!

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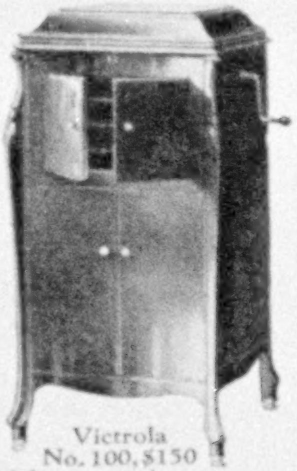

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The Deluge—Prelude Orientale	886	$1.50
Salut d'amour Serenade (Piernè)	890	1.50
Le Cygne (2) Waltz (Chopin) Menuett in G (2) Gavotte in D	6332	2.00

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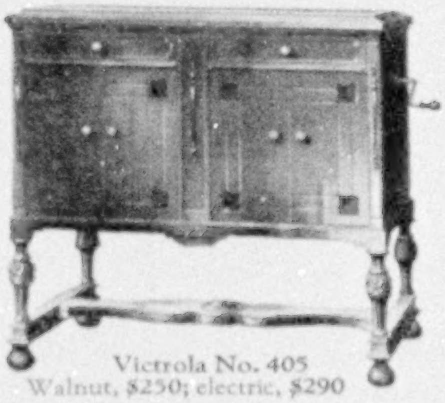
Berceuse (Gretchaninow) Voi Dormite, Signora!	955	$1.50
Faust—Dio possente Traviata—Di Provenza il mar	6079	2.00
Favorita—A tanto amor Puritani—Ah per sempre	6080	2.00



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Vol. XLVI, No. 5 WASHINGTON November, 1924

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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BANISHING THE DEVIL OF DISEASE AMONG THE NASHI

Weird Ceremonies Performed by an Aboriginal Tribe in the Heart of Yünnan Province, China

By Joseph F. Rock

Leader of the National Geographic Society's Yünnan Province Expedition, Author of "Hunting the Chaulmoogra Tree," in the National Geographic Magazine

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

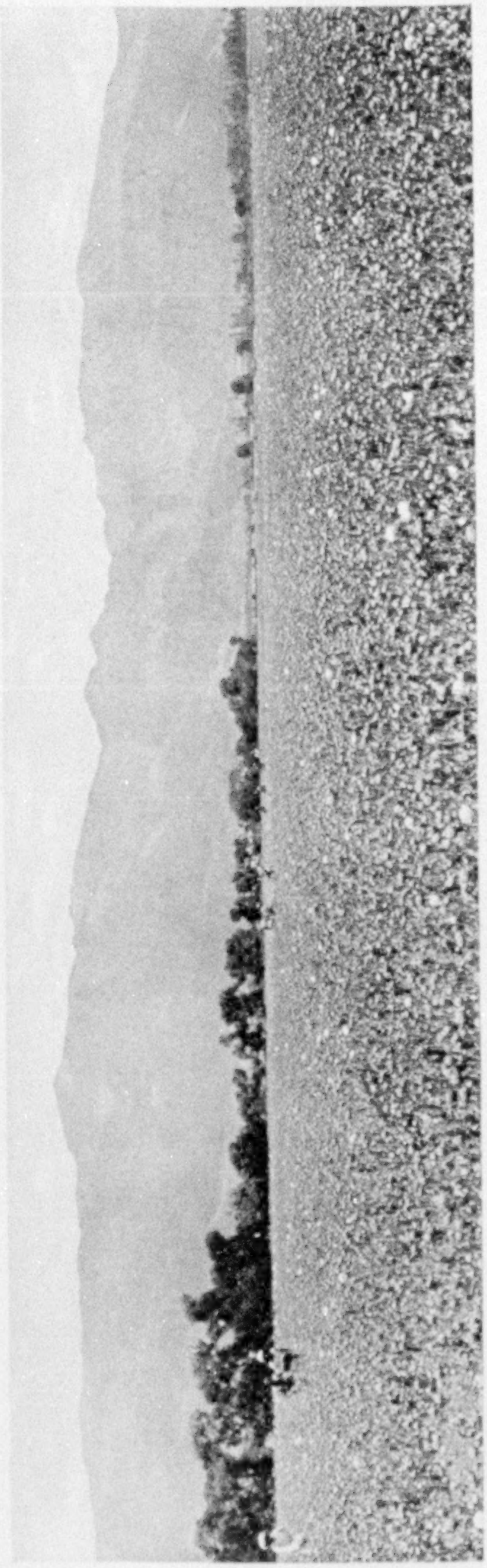
AMONG deep canyons and on the slopes of hoary ranges reaching heights of 20,000 feet and more, at the western gateway from China into Tibet, lives an aboriginal tribe called Moso by the Chinese. Far removed from the influence of northern and eastern Chinese civilization, the Moso have lived secluded, shut off from the rest of the world, and only coming into contact with other tribes inferior to themselves, with the possible exception of the Tibetans.

While the latter have adopted Buddhism, which with them has degenerated into demonolatry, the Moso, or Nashi, as they call themselves, have adhered to their aboriginal religion of sorcery, which undoubtedly must once have prevailed in Tibet, ere it was crowded out by the powerful Lama church. The Nashi, as we shall henceforth call them, now a dwindling tribe of Tibeto-Burman stock, many centuries ago were a powerful people, under a king who had his capital at Yigku, the present prefectural city of Likiang, in the Chinese province of Yünnan (see map, page 478).

As the castles were the strongholds of the knightly clans of the Middle Ages in Europe, so we may look upon the great snow range in the center of the Nashi Kingdom as the cradle and rallying point of a gradually vanishing tribe. Dragonlike, this mighty range, pierced by the Yangtze as by a giant's sword, extends toward the borders of Szechwan, crowned by three peaks whose turrets know eternal winter only. On the slopes and miniature plains—ice lakes in bygone days—are scattered the hamlets of the Nashi, living happily, as if in the Stone Age, for flint and edelweiss as tinder still take the place of matches, and pinewood torches are used instead of lamps.

NASHI FIRST FIGURED IN HISTORY IN 796 A. D.

Purely an agricultural people, the Nashi eke out a precarious existence. They are first definitely mentioned in the annals of the Tang dynasty about 796 A. D., but vague reference is made in the Chinese books of the sixteenth century before our era to a tribe which appeared on the western border of China,



POPPY FIELDS ON THE LIKIANG PLAIN

It is the middle of May and the opium is just being harvested (see the men in the field). There is no enforced restriction regarding the growing of the opium poppy in this part of Yünnan Province; in fact, it is encouraged on account of the revenue derived.

called Nung, Jung, or Njung. The Tibetans call the Nashi the Djong, or Djung, to this day, meaning rough, rude, impolite, which probably is a survival of the general name, also represented in the name Nu or Nung of the Lutzu, who inhabit a small strip of the Salwin gorge immediately below the Tibetan border.

The Nashi were first subjugated in 778 A. D., but regained their independence a century later, only to fall victims to the hordes of Kublai Khan, in 1253 A. D.

Mongol princes ruled in Yünnan, from father to son, long after they had been expelled from the rest of China. They were finally driven out by the Ming dynasty, the last Mongol prince committing suicide in 1381.

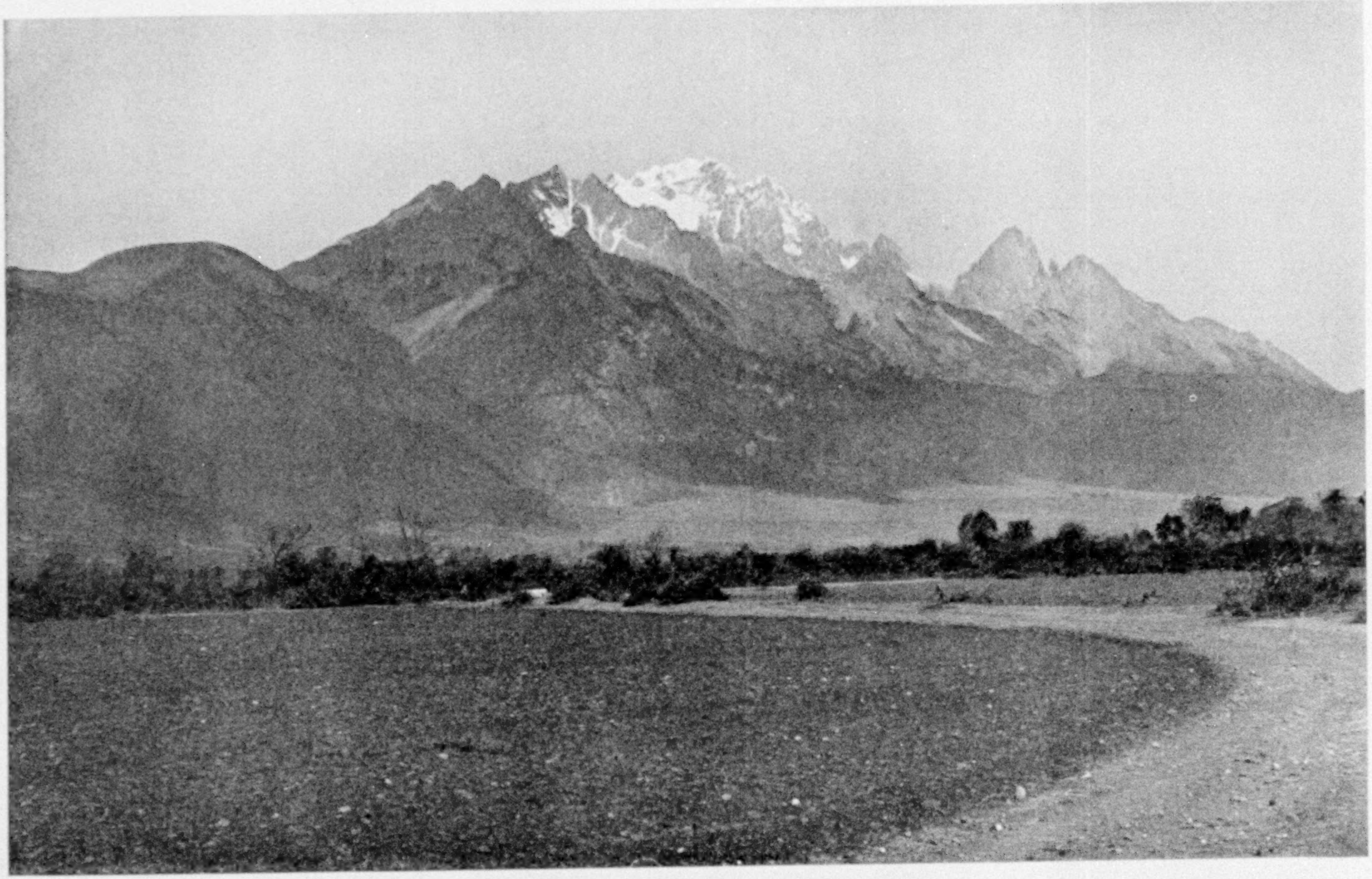
Back of the village of Ngulukö there is a huge limestone wall on which, in large Chinese characters, is inscribed the date when the Chinese came to Likiang and the Nashi kingdom, under their native ruler Mu, ceased to exist. The date is given as the second year of the Emperor Yungcheng of the late Manchu dynasty, corresponding to the year 1724 of our era.

ALL TRUE NASHI ARE NAMED HO OR MU

All true Nashi are surnamed Ho or Mu, but that they have intermarried is brought out by the fact that several Nashi have the surname of Lee and Chau, which are of Minchia origin, a tribe living to the south.

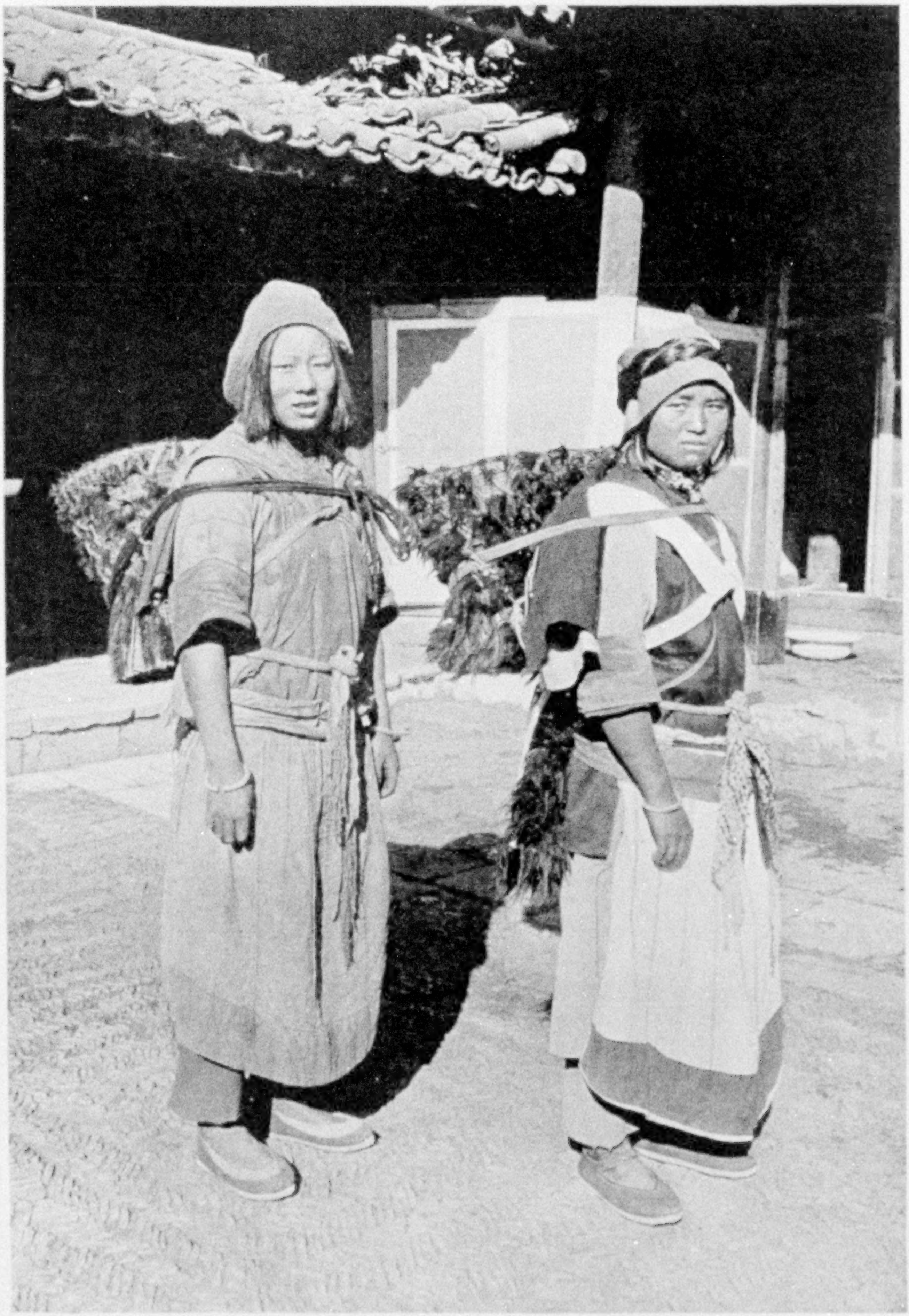
Now peaceful, but once great warriors; dexterous with the crossbow, which is still in use; feared even by the Tibetans, whose territory they once invaded, the Nashi have become an indolent people. This statement is not applicable to the women, however; they do all the work.

Opium has found its way among the Nashi, and while they



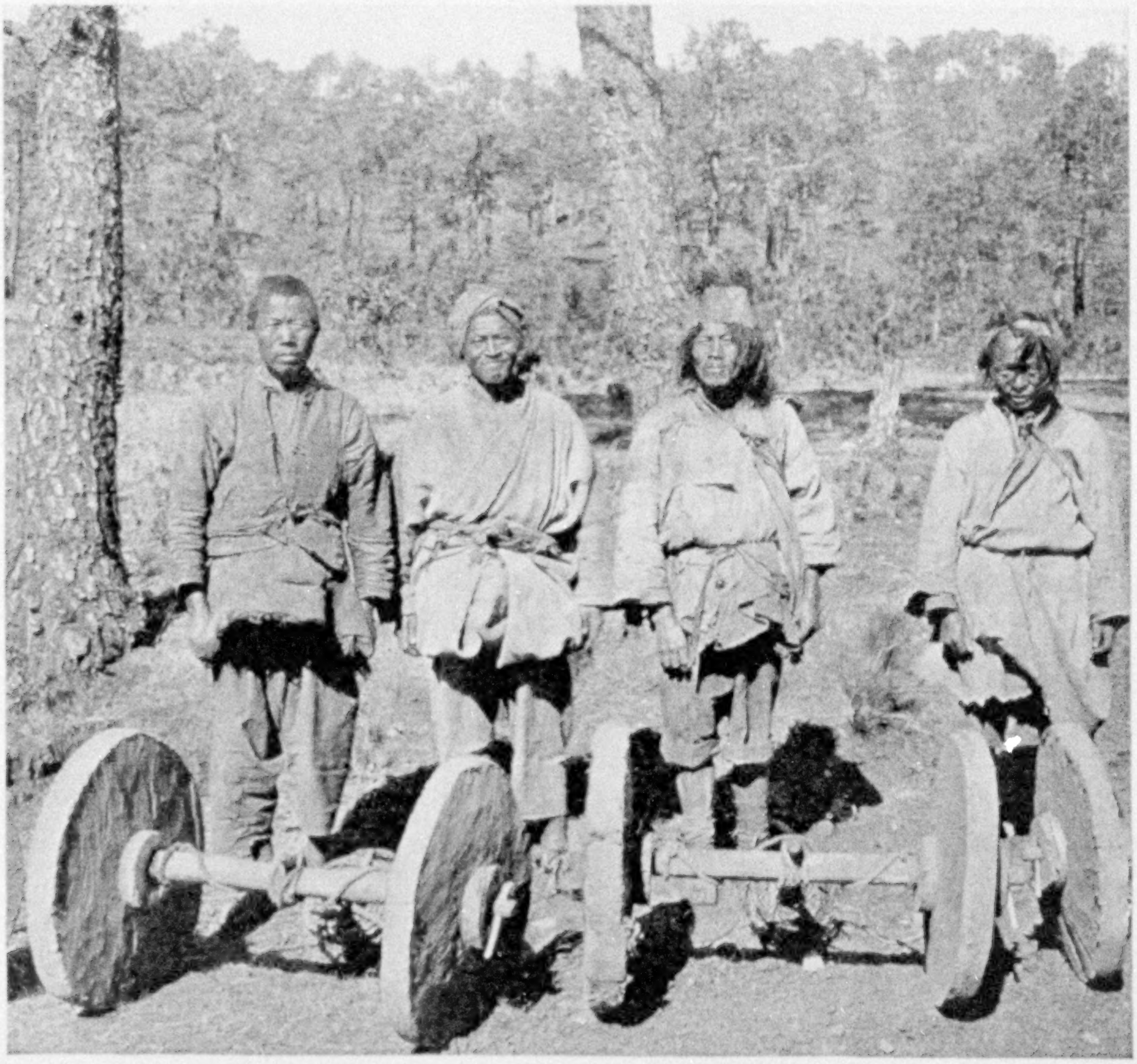
THE SOUTHERN END OF THE LIKIANG SNOW RANGE; MOUNT SATSETO AS SEEN FROM SOUTH OF PÖSHA KAI, ELEVATION 8,200 FEET

XUM



TWO NASHI GIRLS WITH MARKET BASKETS

The baskets are of bamboo and are adorned with goats' hair. The girl in front is unmarried and wears the old type Nashi headdress, with the queue wound around her head.



NASHI MEN WITH THEIR WOODEN WHEEL CARTS, ON WHICH THEY HAUL TIMBER TO LIKIANG FROM GABA

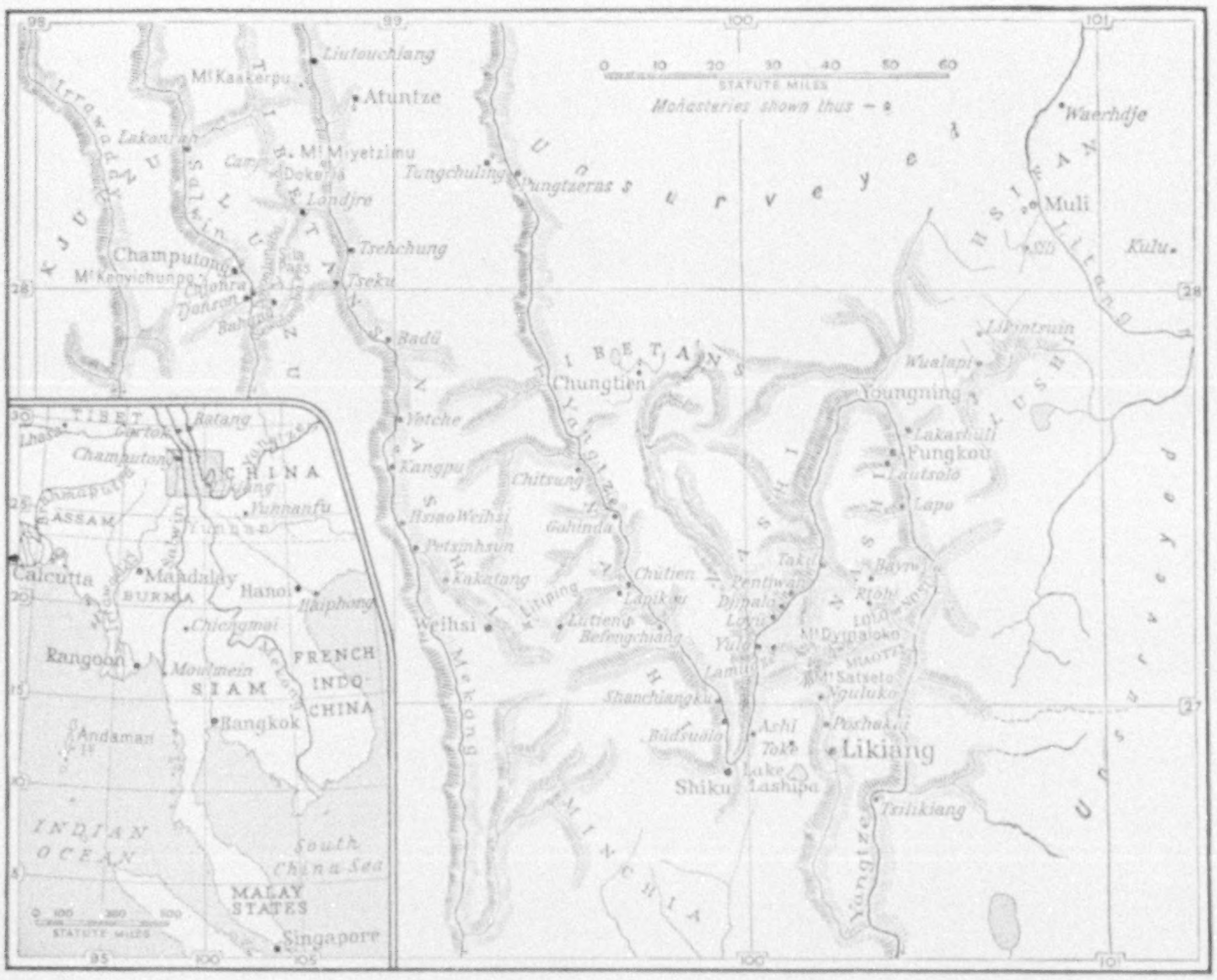
The distance is 75 *li*—about 25 miles. The photograph was taken en route to Mili, near Gaba, about 10 miles north of Ngulukö (see map, page 478).

are not such inveterate smokers as the Chinese, the poppy is grown as a source of revenue if the Chinese tax officials leave anything to be enjoyed.

At Ngulukö, a charmingly situated, if not overclean Nashi village on the slopes of the mighty Likiang snow range, with Mount Satseto as patron guardian, the National Geographic Society's Yünnan Province Expedition had its headquarters. During two years of personal contact with the Nashi I won their confidence by treating their simple ailments, real and imaginary; for graver disorders they called in their priests, known as Tong-pa or Tomba, shamanistic sorcerers, who hold the belief that evil, unclean spirits, who select man or beast as their abode, cause illness of the body.

A MAJESTIC SETTING FOR A REMARKABLE CEREMONY

Of the many religious ceremonies among the Nashi which it was my privilege to observe, there was one of extraordinary interest. It took place on a gloomy July evening. Black clouds had gathered over the Yangtze gorges, and the growl of distant thunder made me hasten my steps over the Likiang plain in order to reach my hamlet before the tempest should break.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Drawn by Charles E. Riddiford

A SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE LAND OF THE NASHI, IN YÜNNAN PROVINCE, CHINA

In the region covered by the larger map (within the shaded rectangle of the inset map) a National Geographic Society expedition, under the leadership of Joseph F. Rock, was at work for two years.

Arriving tired, after a weary day in Likiang, I threw myself on my folding cot for relaxation. The sky grew blacker and the somber clouds lay dense and heavy on the limestone range opposite the snow peaks; absolute quiet reigned before the storm.

As I lay watching the lightning flashes illuminating the strata of the clouds, there came to my ear the muffled noise of a drum. At first the beats, hollow and weird, as if far away, were slow in following each other, but presently they became quicker and more intense.

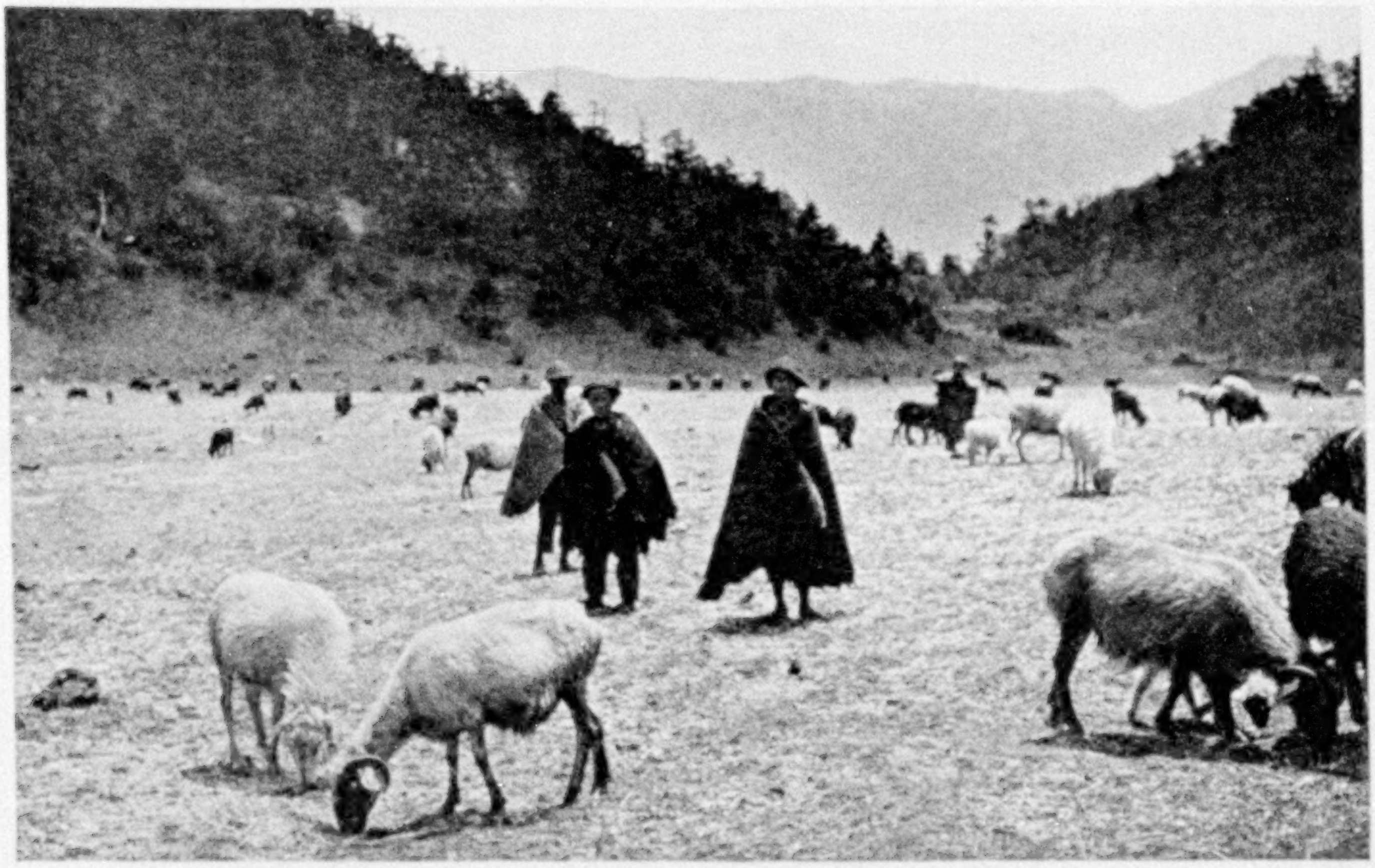
THE VICTIM OF A PAINFUL AILMENT

I inquired the reason for this disturbance and was informed that several Tombas had gathered at a neighbor's house to drive out a devil which had taken possession of the head of the family and had caused him to suffer severely from sore gums and ulceration of the palate.

I recalled that a few days previously this man had come to me for medicine. His ailments I found were due to a black, ulcerated tooth, if such it could be called, for there was nothing left but a black hole in his lower jaw. His gums were swollen and intensely red and pus was gathering within the palate; he was unable to swallow or close his mouth and every movement of his lips must have caused him excruciating pain. I had sent him away, as I had neither means nor skill to cure or help him.

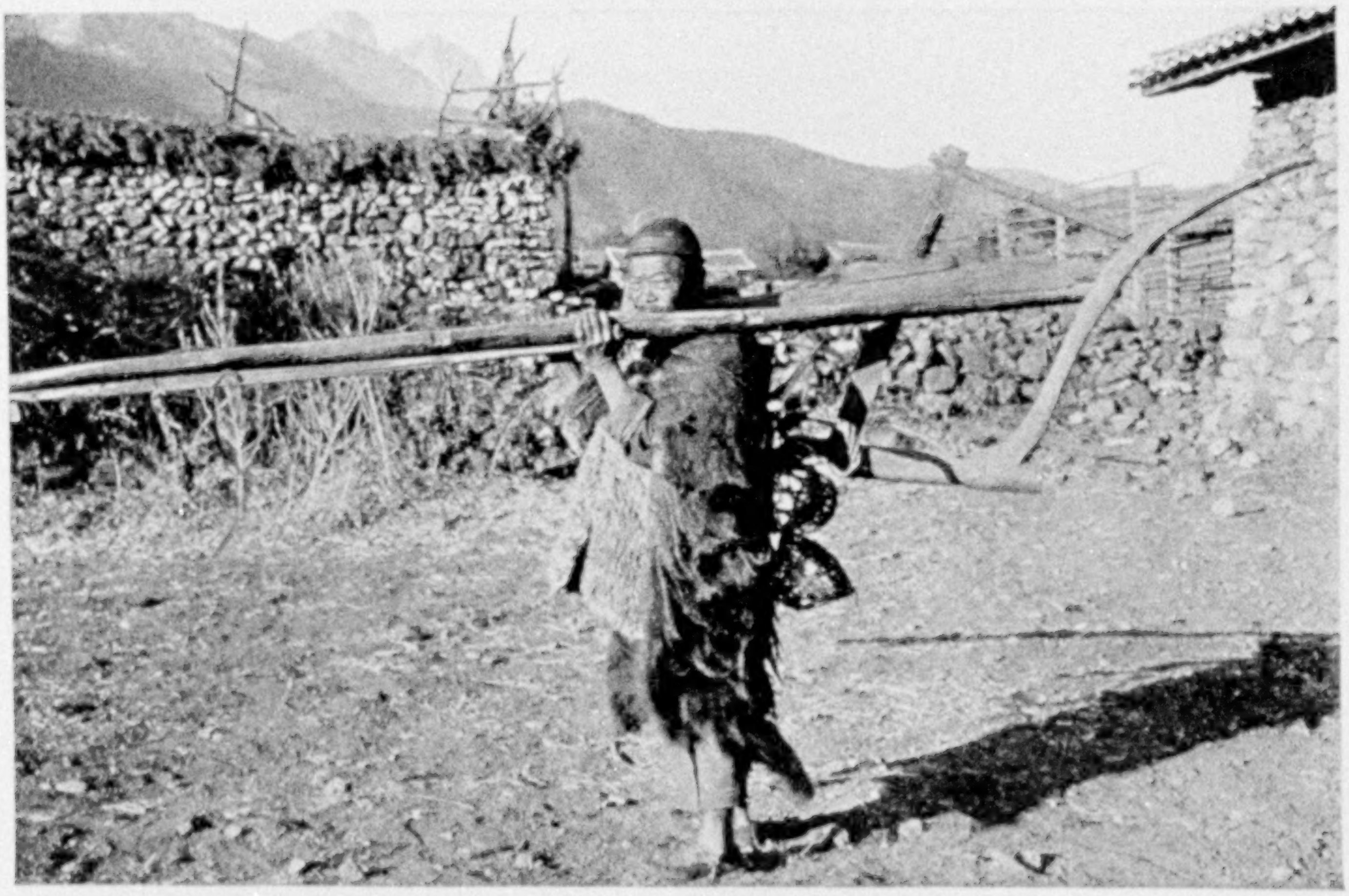
Since I had failed him, he called the priests together and asked them to rid him of that evil spirit which causes all sickness.

The beating of the drums was the announcement of the fact that Tombas had declared war upon the enemy, who was soon to be cornered, evicted, and banished. And this is the way it happened, for I was permitted to watch all the



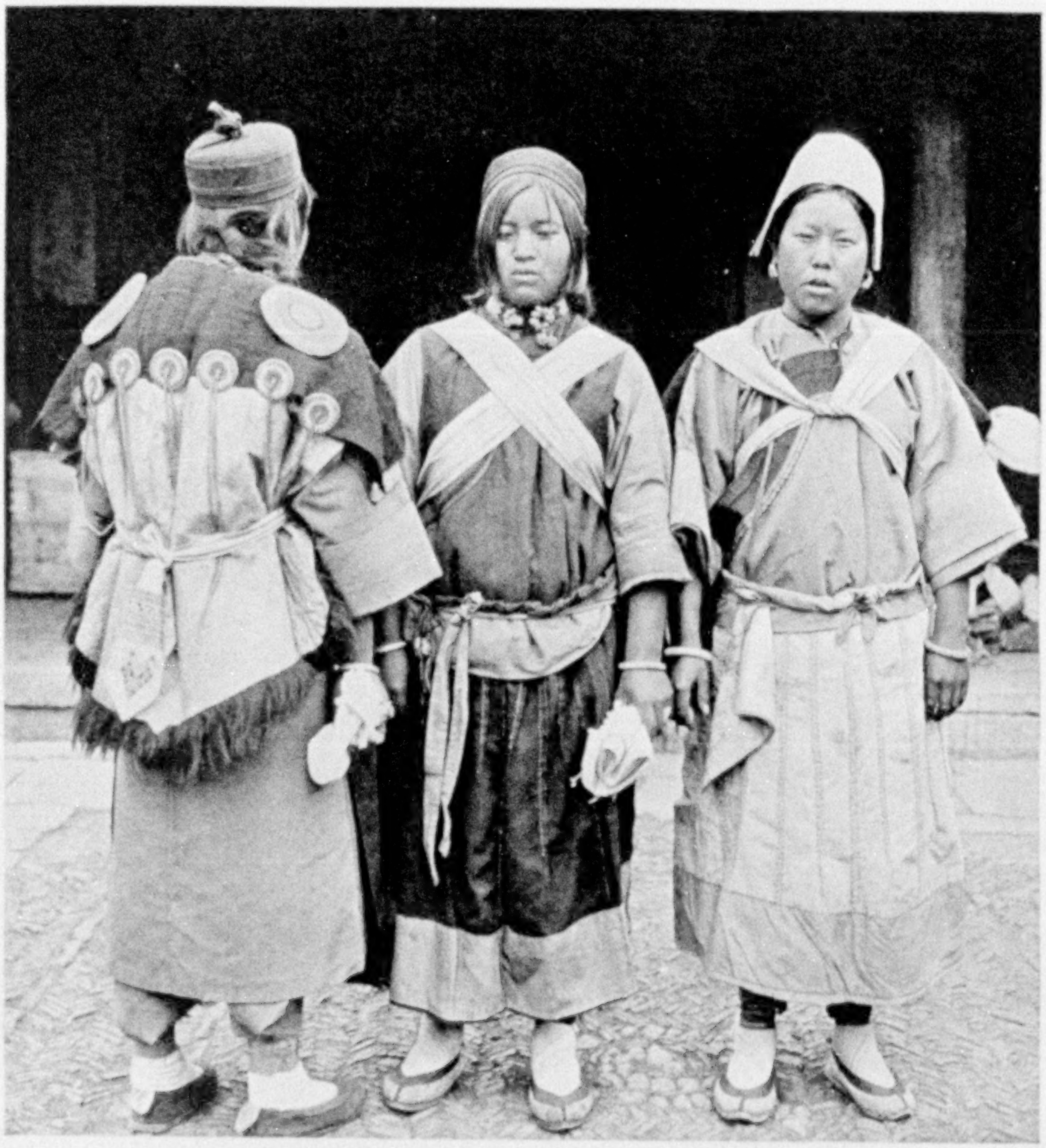
NASHI SHEPHERD BOYS ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF THE LIKIANG SNOW RANGE, ELEVATION 11,000 FEET

In this region are many lovely alpine meadows, to which the Nashi shepherds bring their herds of sheep and goats, as well as cattle, early in the summer. Later in the year they return to the plain at the foot of the range.



A NASHI FROM NGULUKÖ WITH NATIVE PLOW

The plowshare is tied to his back, over the palm-fiber raincoat. The two baskets which hang below the plow are tied over the mouths of his oxen to prevent them from feeding.



TWO UNMARRIED NASHI GIRLS AND A MARRIED NASHI WOMAN (RIGHT)

The large embroidered disks on the back of the goat-skin jacket represent the sun and the moon, the row of smaller ones the stars. These women are natives of the village of Ngulukö.

ceremonies and wild dances, if not to see the devil depart in person.

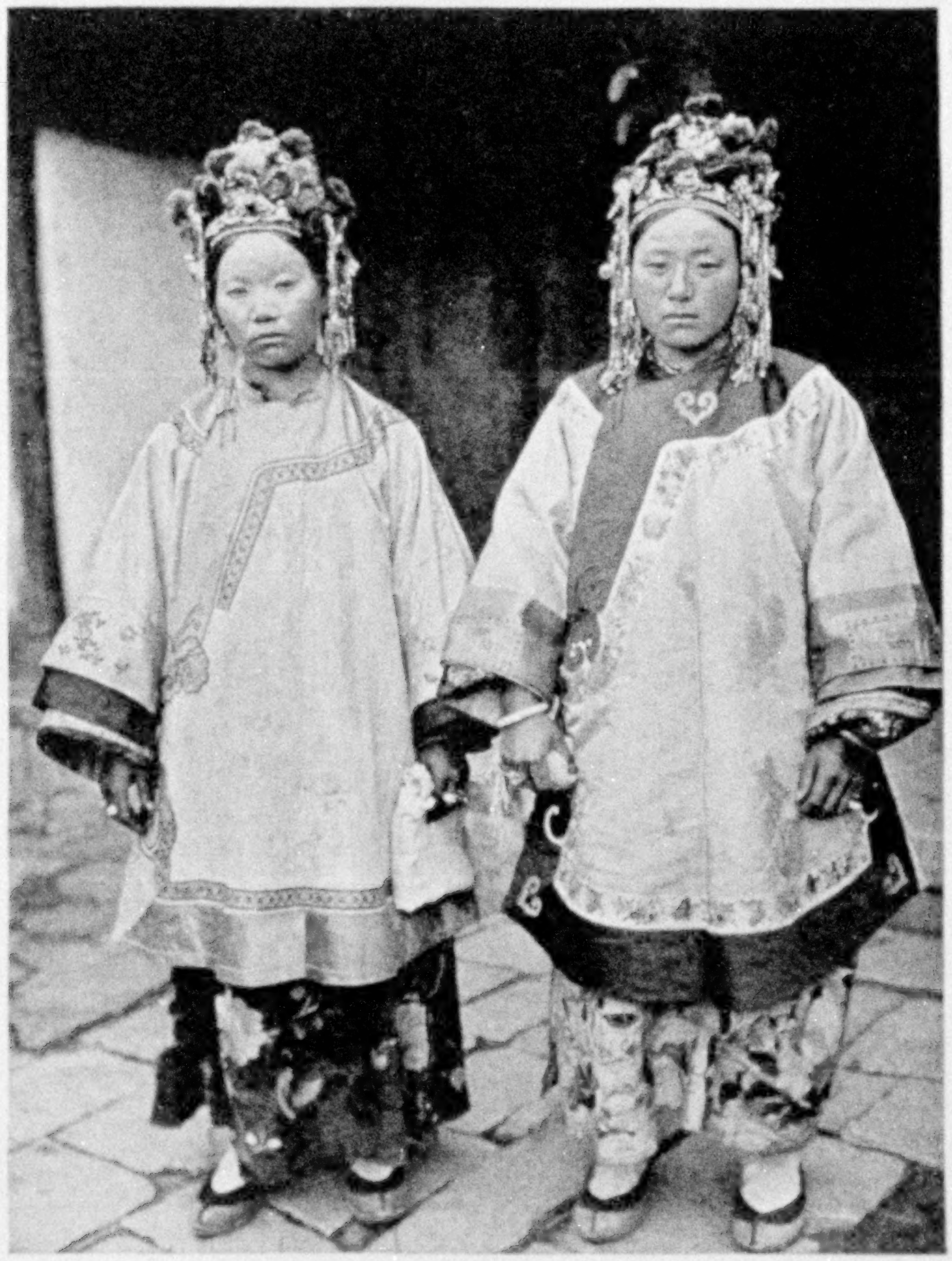
The stage settings were ideal. The hour was 10 o'clock. The storm drew closer, and with each successive flash of lightning in the east over the Yangtze gorge the thunder rolled louder and louder, re-echoing from the huge limestone walls and crags of ice-crowned Satseto.

A DOUGH IMAGE OF A DEVIL ON THE ALTAR

In a courtyard paved with irregular limestone boulders a circular contrivance resting on bamboo legs had been erected. This altarlike affair was made of canebrake or small species of bamboo, decorated with braided straw, leaf twigs of a peach tree, and perforated yellow paper. It was about three feet in diameter and stood two feet above the ground. In the straw band sticks were placed in an erect position, while in the center was a larger branch of peach tree, in the fork of which was placed a gray bowl holding what was, to all appearances, the image of a devil made of dough, enthroned between two burning incense sticks.

Close at hand sat a blind Tomba beating a huge drum which rested on the ground. He accompanied his drumming with a weird chant, while his fellow Tombas continued their preparations for the actual performance.

The drum sent forth volumes of weird grumblings; gongs were beaten, and the Tombas now appeared in fantastic crowns or diadems consisting of segments resembling leaping flames. A large rooster was now brought forward by the sick man. Its head and mouth were washed and it was then taken away for the time being. The hollow tones of the drum became long drawn out and the chanting merged into a plaintive funeral melody.



TWO NASHI BRIDES

The costume is not Nashi, but Chinese, and is rented for the occasion for the sum of $1.50 in gold. The girls had to be dressed by Chinese women, as the Nashi are not familiar with Chinese apparel.

THE OFFERING TO THE SPIRITS OF THE ANCESTORS

The offering to the spirits of the ancestors was now to be made. A miniature pinewood coffin was placed on the ground at the foot of the altar, while the chief Tomba produced a tiny chick, which he held firmly. Both the Tomba and the sick man knelt down, and the latter bombarded the chick with rice and small peas, some of which were forced down the bird's throat.

Finally the chick's wings were besmeared with flour and a quantity forced down its throat till it was suffocated.

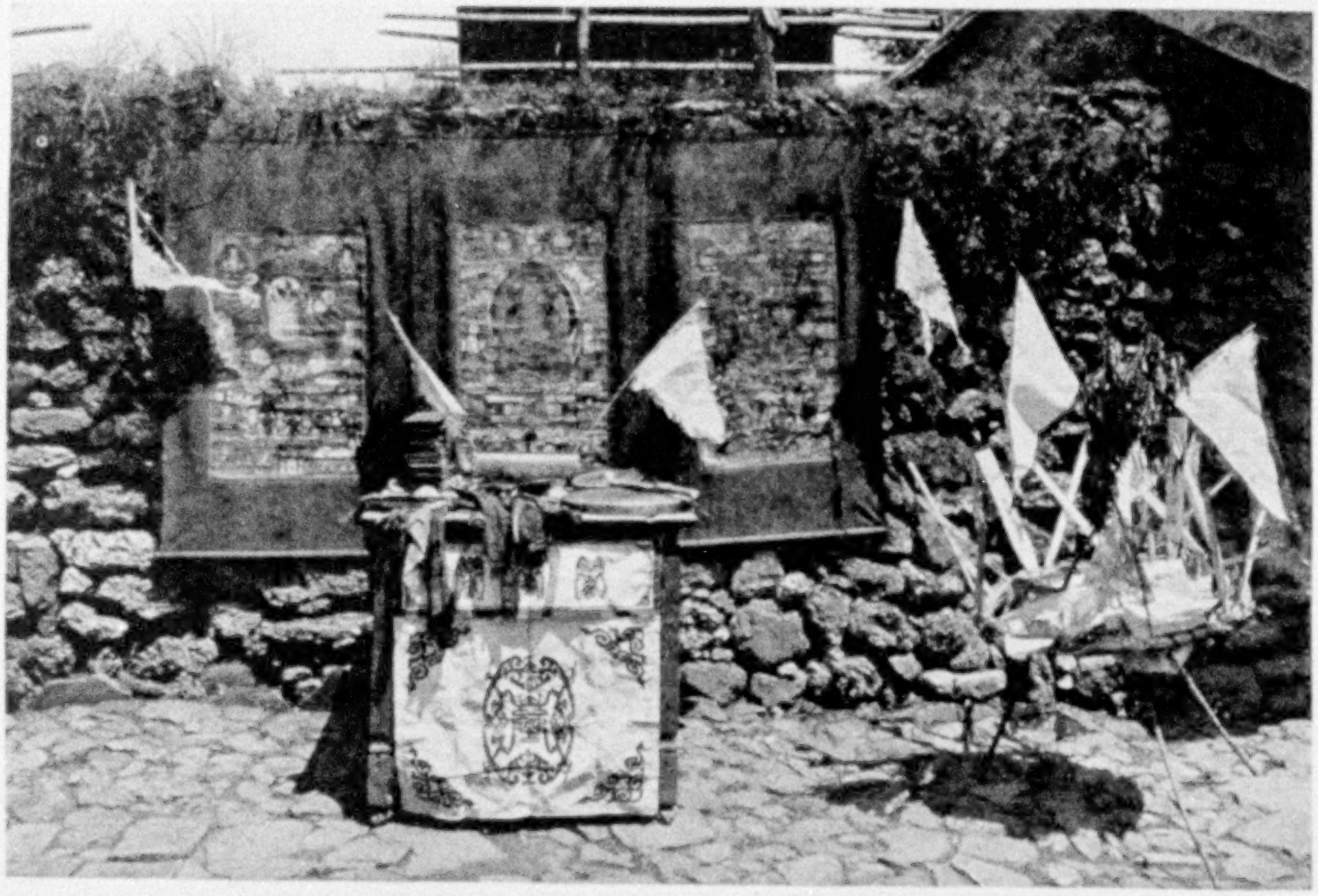
The death was announced by a Nashi funeral dirge.

After it had been washed and its feathers had been combed the bird was gently placed in the little coffin and covered with rice, red paper, and perforated yellow paper to keep it in the world of shadows. Then the lid was ceremoniously placed on top and the sick man pretended to hammer it down, employing a huge ax. As nails are unknown among the Nashi, grass was used in tying on the lid.

DRUMS NOW BEAT A LIVELY TEMPO

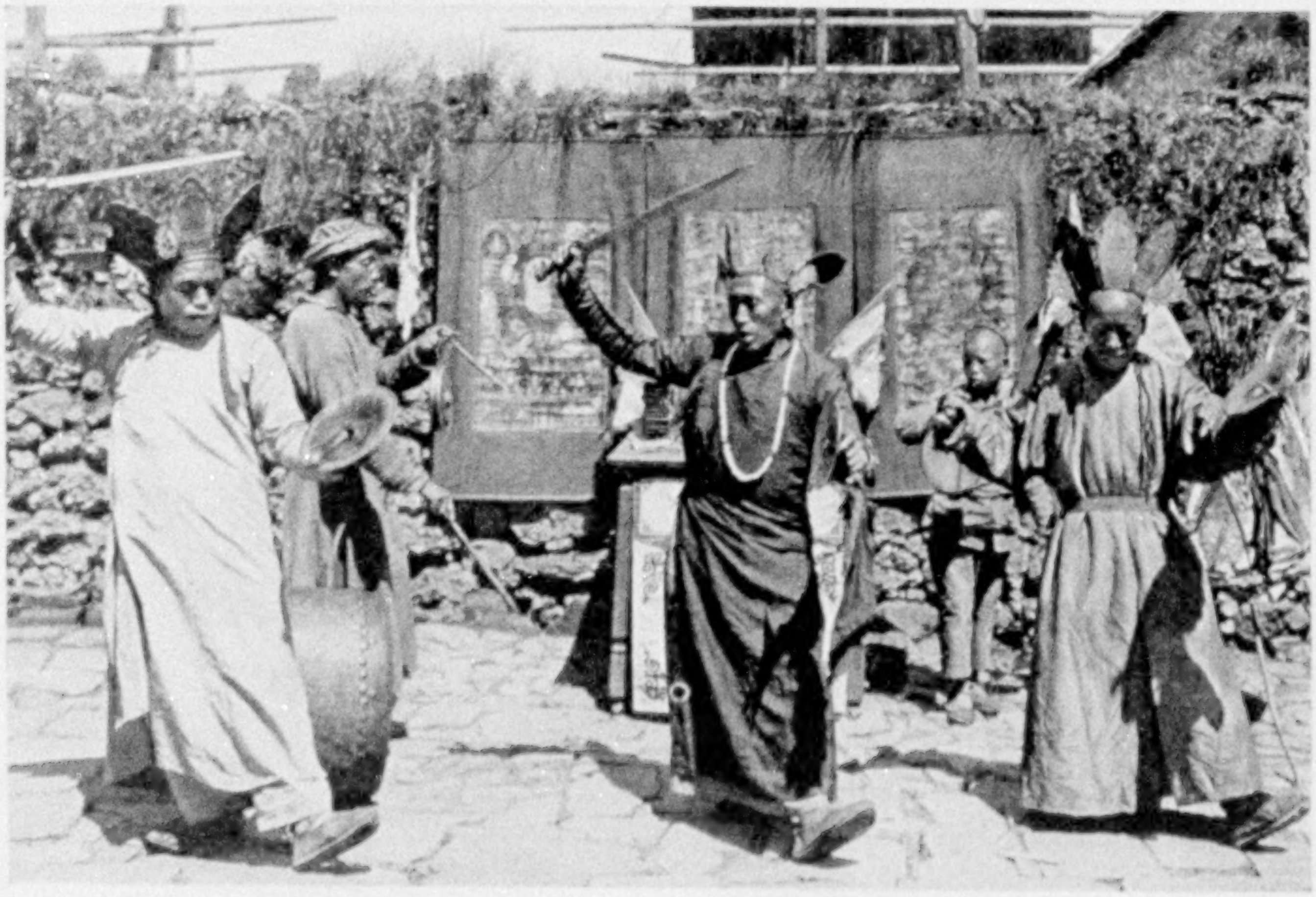
All now rose and for ten minutes they chanted the weirdest of funeral dirges, the music being augmented by thunder.

Wine offerings were next placed before the coffin and rice and boiled potatoes placed on top.

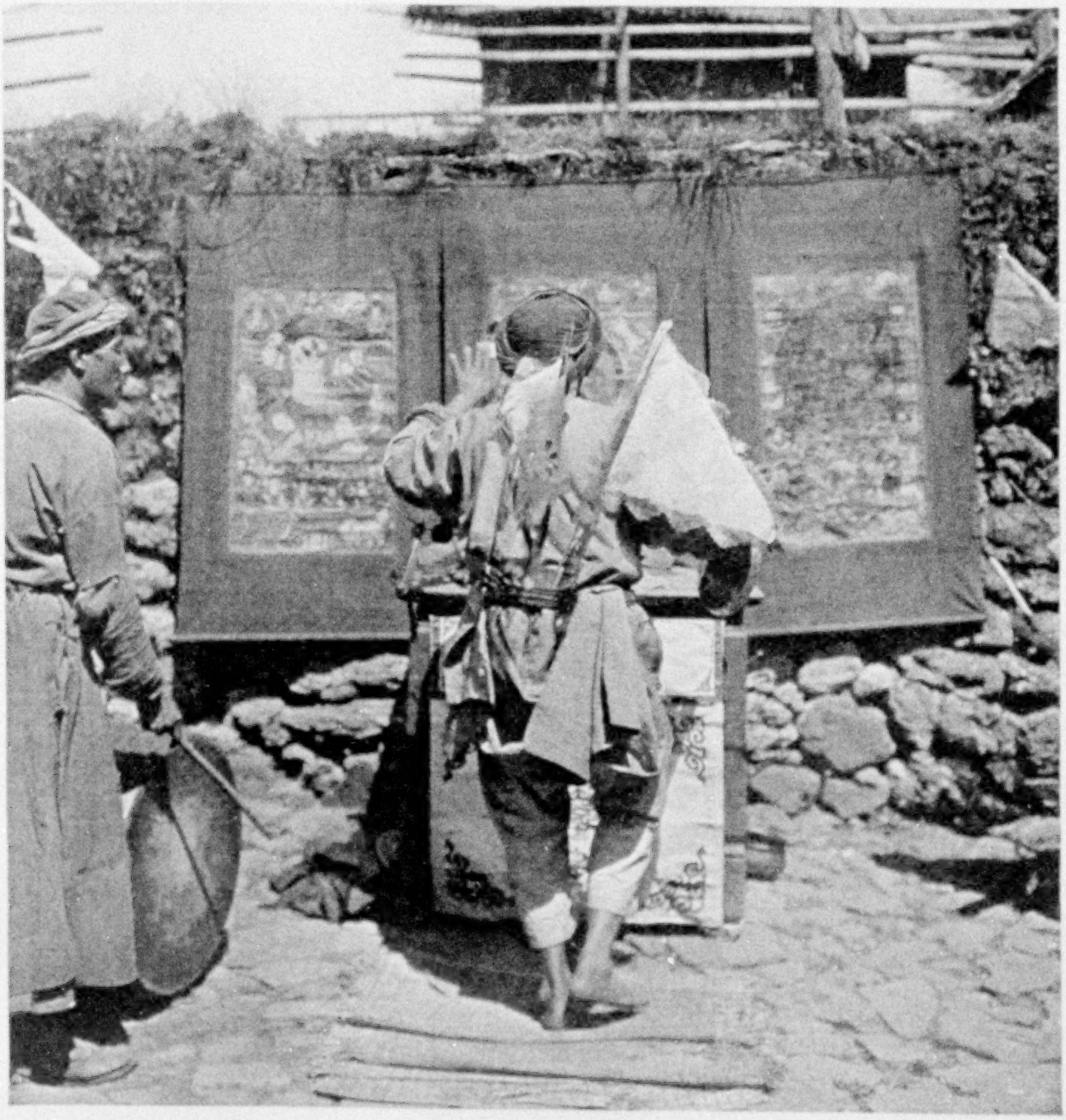


ALTARS ERECTED FOR THE CEREMONY OF DRIVING OUT EVIL SPIRITS

The little coffin at the right, containing a dead chick, rests on a tripod under a peach branch (see text, page 481).



NASHI PRIESTS DANCING WITH SWORDS AND GONGS PRELIMINARY TO DRIVING OUT A DEVIL FROM THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE AT NGULUKÖ



BESEECHING THE NASHI GODS TO ASSIST IN DRIVING OUT A DEVIL

The sick man, in a kneeling position, now devoured all of the offering.

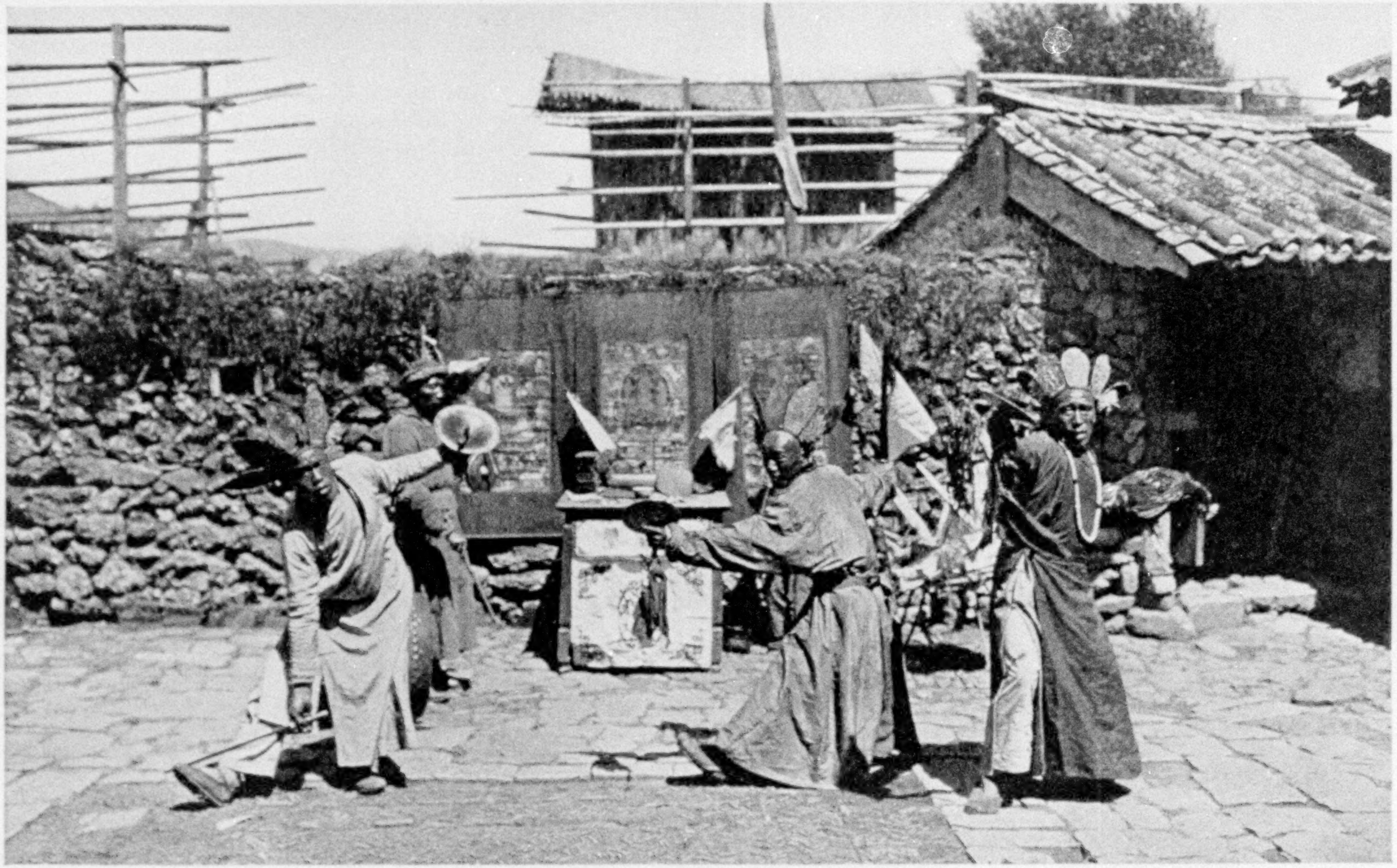
This may be called the first act.

The second act was initiated by a lively tempo of the drum and gongs. A bonfire was kindled not far from the altar and into it a plowshare was brought to a red heat. In front of the flimsy altar a stick of wood was placed and across it a sword. One Tomba now appeared with small trees—one an oak, the other a pine. These he held erect on the ground, chanting continuously. First, to the accompaniment of fierce beating of drums and gongs, the little oak was executed with a stroke of the sword, after it had been gently touched nine times with the sword's edge.

This accomplished, all melodies ceased and quiet reigned for a few moments.

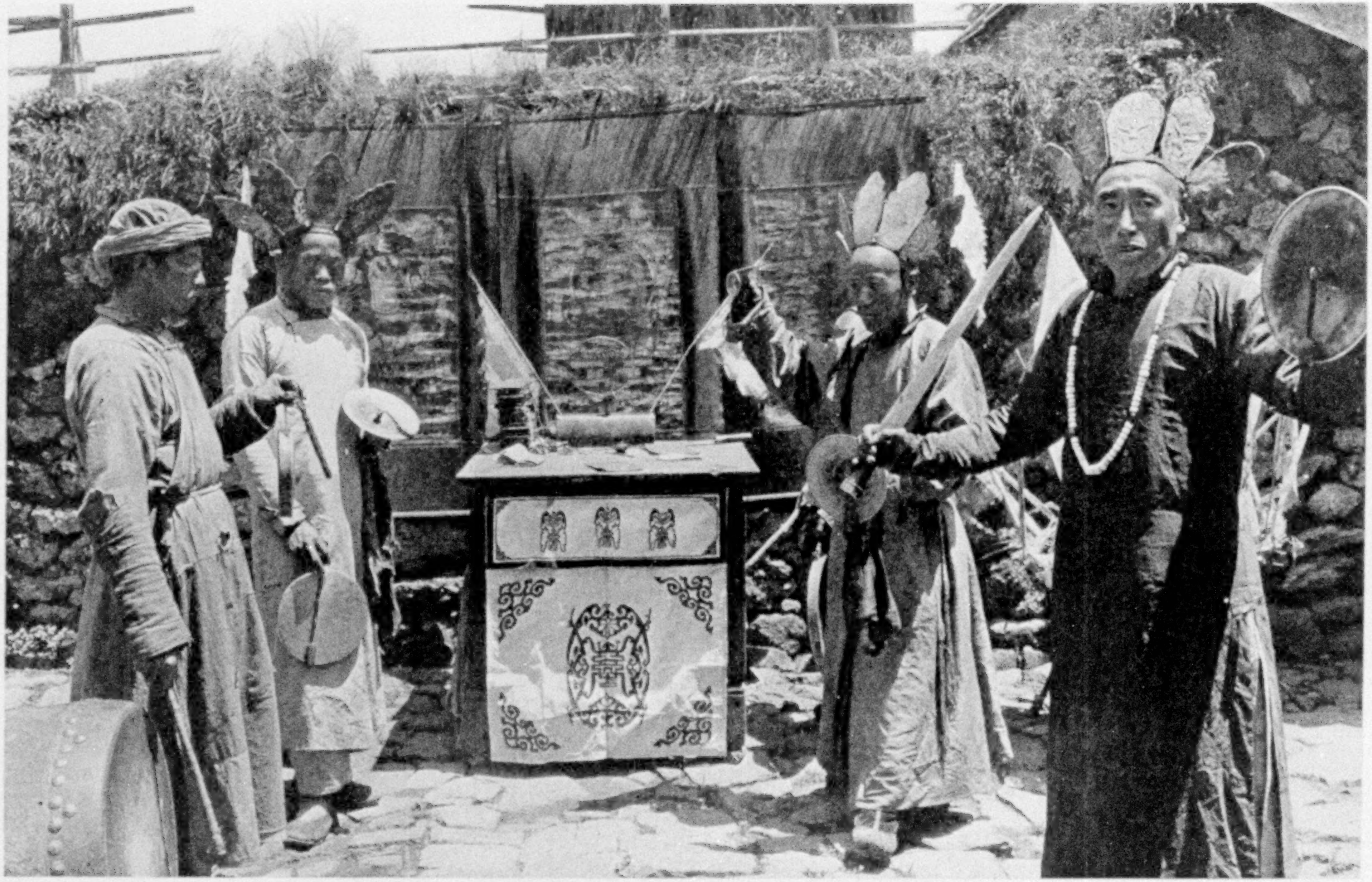
Next the Tomba took the pine tree and handed it to the kneeling sick man, who chopped it in half after nine gentle taps, amid much vociferous, quarrelsome discourse.

The chief Tomba now entered the center room of the house, the walls of which were hung with Nashi religious banners. Here, on a table with piles of Nashi books stacked on the left side, a

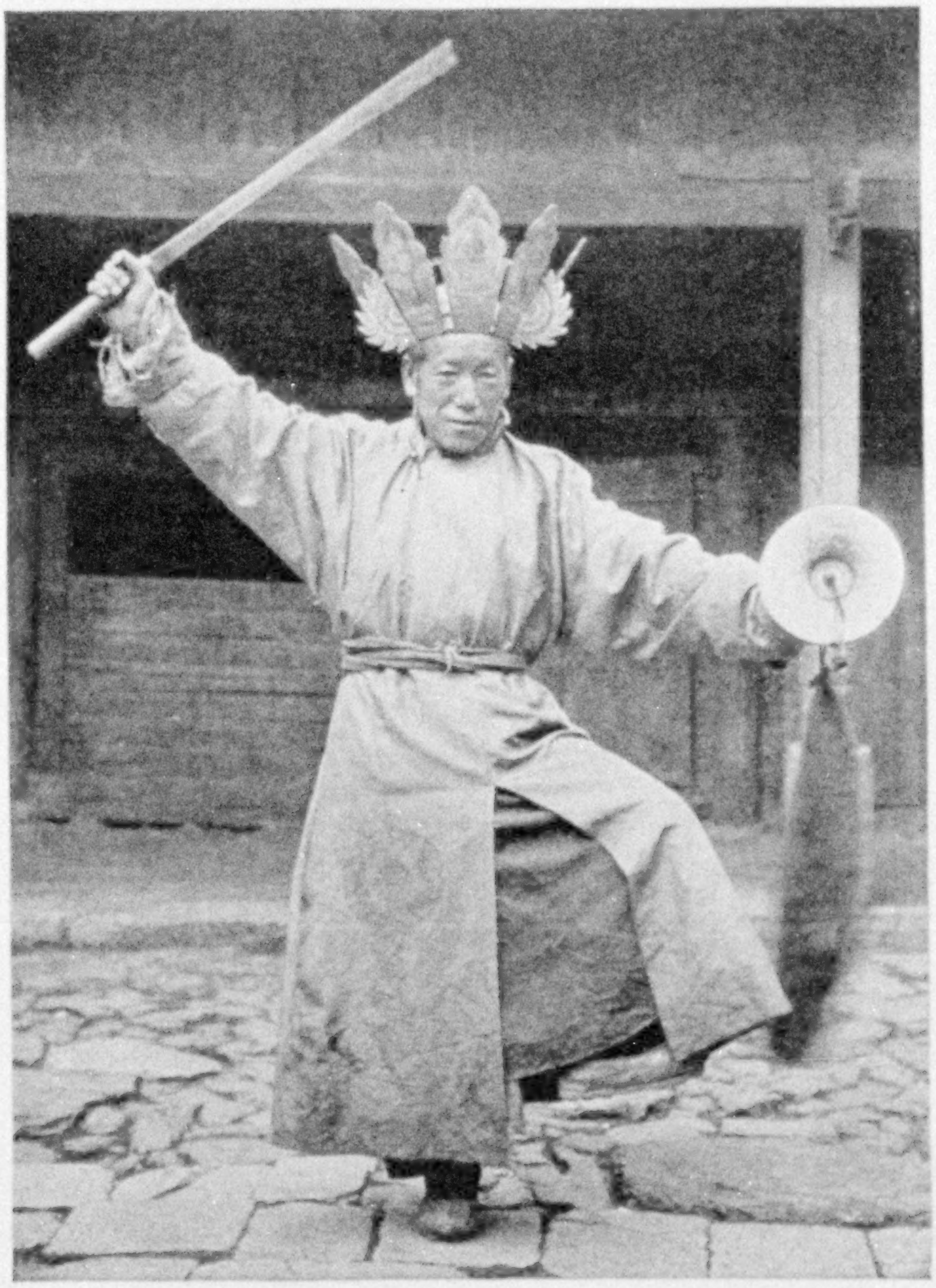


NASHI PRIESTS FIGHTING SHAM BATTLES WITH SPIRITS

At the extreme right is the entrance to the courtyard of the author's house from the street. On the racks in the background the natives hang their grain to dry.



ANOTHER PHASE OF THE DANCE SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE



A NASHI PRIEST, OR TOMBA, OF THE VILLAGE OF NGULUKÖ, PERFORMING A SACRED DANCE

He is dressed in a dark-blue silk gown and wears Tibetan shoes. On his head is a crown of papier-mâché decorated with the five images of the principal Nashi gods. The dance consists of half revolutions, the throwing of the sword into the air, letting it fall on to the brass cymbal and catching it. This is repeated many times, the rhythmic sound of the striking sword furnishing the cadence for the dance, which is very graceful and yet warlike.

poppy-seed oil lamp was burning. All attention was now given to the gods represented on the banners. The chief Tomba exchanged his black robe for a blue one, his crown, called *khöbyu* in Nashi, gave place to a scarlet turban; in his sash in the rear he placed four perforated flags, two white and two red, looking for all the world like bat wings and giving him a demoniacal appearance.

The drums and gongs struck up a satanic tempo, which rapidly increased in violence, while the Tomba, sword now in hand, now between his teeth, now hurled against the ceiling from between his legs, danced as if he himself were possessed of the devil.

Once more the poor rooster appears on the scene. His head is dipped in wine, his neck and legs are stretched simultaneously to the rhythm of the most devilish music ever invented. The gyrating, perspiring Tomba, with a final cross-eyed look heavenward, gives one last jerk to the bird's neck, while a weird, long roll of the drum announces that life is extinct.

A FANATIC DANCE IS PERFORMED BY THE CHIEF PRIEST

The lifeless feathered form is now placed on the altar, the music becomes quicker in tempo, while the officiating priest, who has become almost possessed of the evil one, performs a fanatic dance, rolling his uncanny eyes, which reflect his emotion. In his left hand he whirls an iron ring with discs of the same metal, while with his right he strikes a gong at top speed.

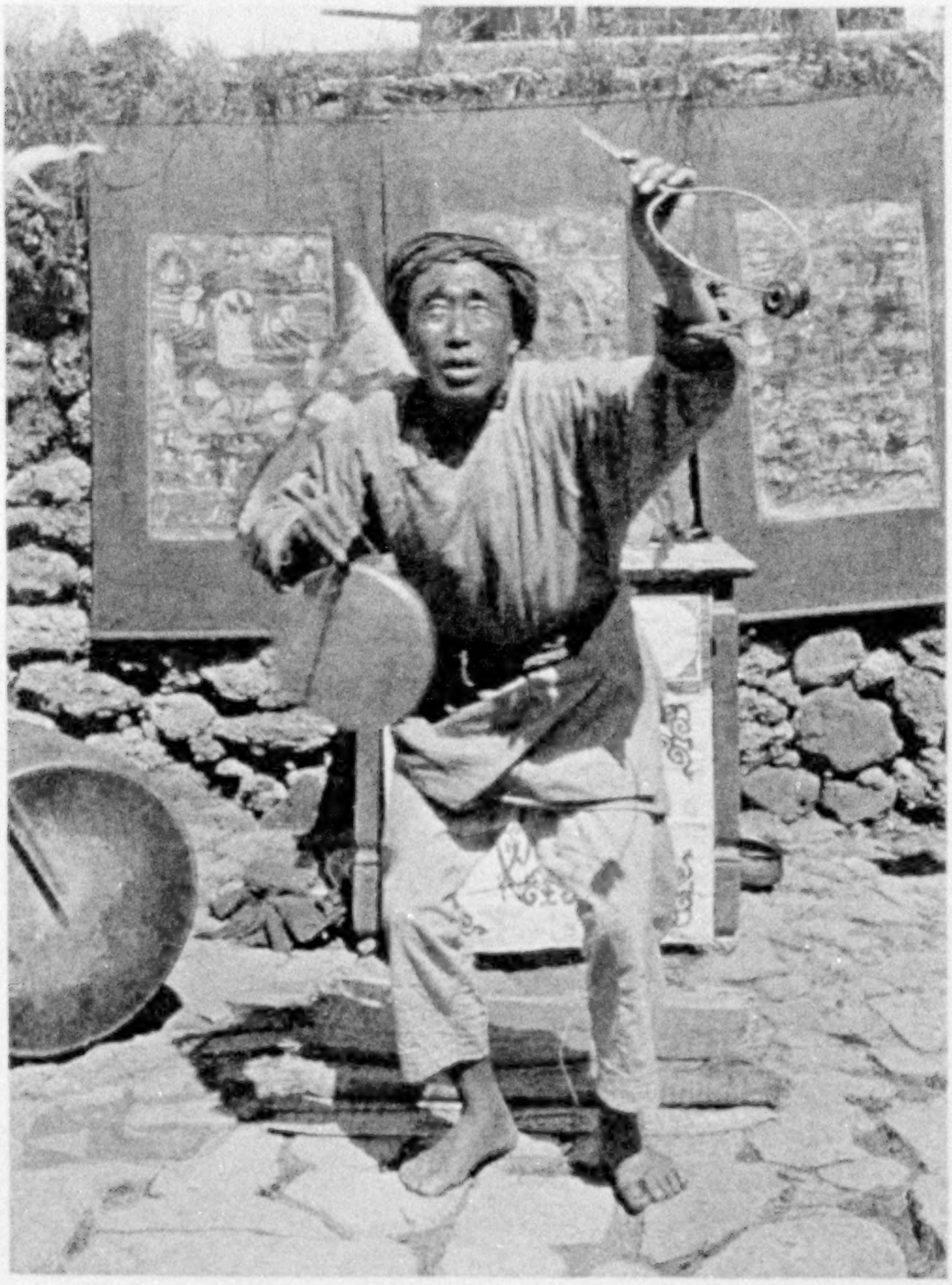
The village people who have gathered in the courtyard remain silent spectators, but are visibly affected by the mysterious rites.

A pot with oil is now placed on a brazier in front of the door, while the Tomba dances frantically with flaming strips of paper in his right hand. Without warning, he leaps into the bonfire and with his bare feet scatters the burning logs into the four corners of the courtyard. All this is done to the furious accompaniment of drums and gongs, the rolling thunder, and the flashes of lightning.

PUTS HIS TONGUE TO RED-HOT PLOWSHARE

With his sword he lifts the glowing plowshare from the fire, places it on the ground, and dances around it furiously, now swishing it with his bare feet, now standing on it; and finally, after placing it erect, point upward, licks it with his tongue, the hissing sound produced by the contact of his tongue with the hot plowshare being distinctly audible.

He now dips his right hand into the hot oil, holding the pot in his bare left hand, enters the room where the banners are, and emerges with the pot full of blue flames, which he stirs with his sword; then dips his hand into the fiery pot.



THE FANATIC DANCE WHICH PRECEDED THE DANCE WITH THE FIERY POT

Note the priest's ecstasy and uplifted eyes (see also text, page 486).

With his burning pot and flame-dripping fingers he rushes from room to room, sword in mouth, to every corner of the house, driving out the devil, who may be cowering somewhere in a nook.

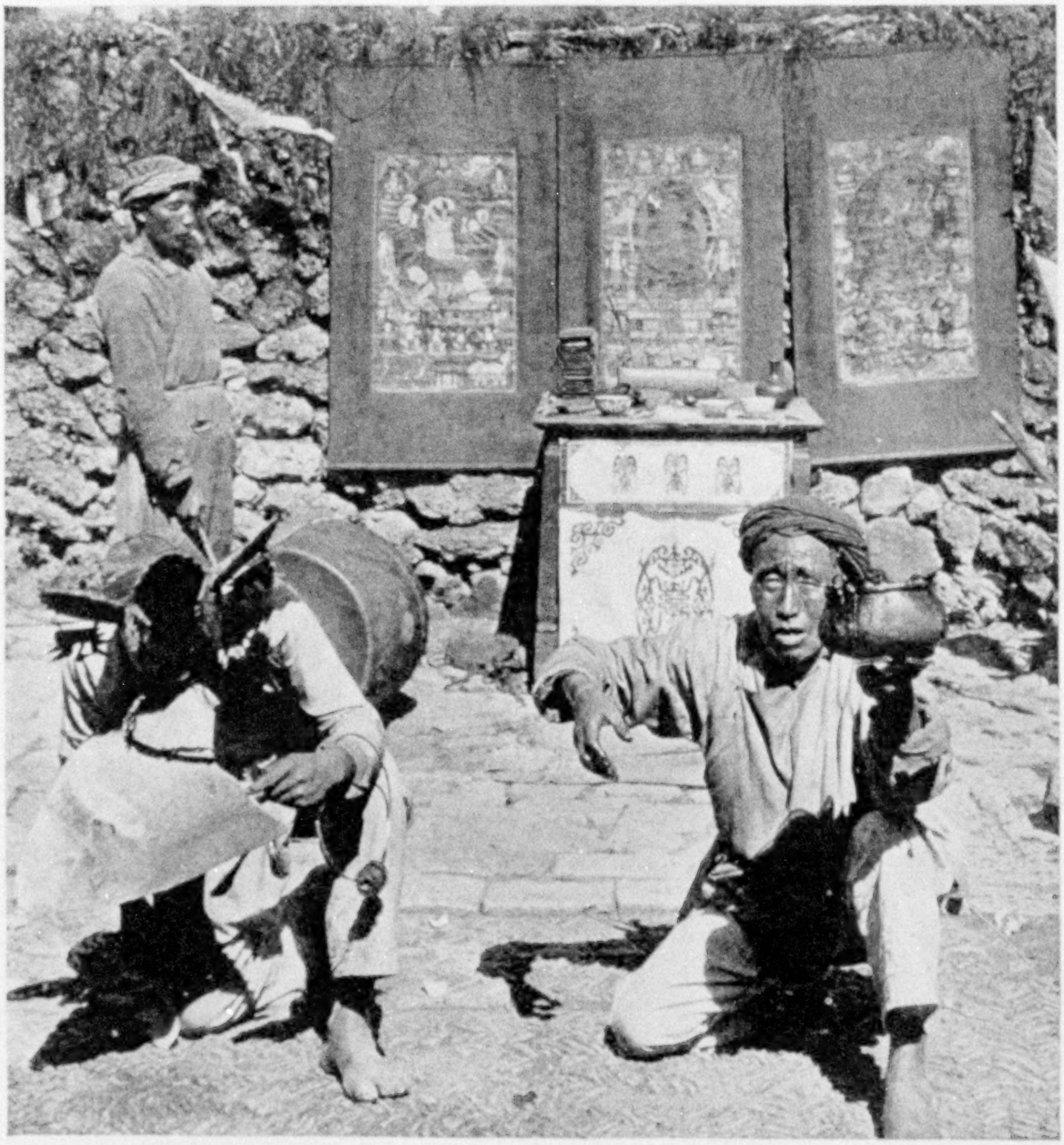
The throng of onlookers now becomes excited and directs attention to this corner and that as not yet purified. Obediently the Tomba rushes with his flaming pot and fire-spouting fingers to the places directed, until finally he sprinkles with fire the circular altar, which is quickly taken up and rushed out of the courtyard and burned amid the popping of firecrackers.

The flaming Tomba follows the altar, to the accompaniment of the beating of gongs and drum and iron rings.

The women now hastily pick up brooms and sweep out every corner of the courtyard, to be certain that nothing remains, after which the doors are closed, and the sick man is supposed to be relieved of the evil one and consequently of his ailment.

THE SICK MAN NO LONGER SUFFERS

The ceremony had hardly been finished when the storm broke in earnest, and the whole village was shaken to its very foundation with the terrific peals of thunder, thus concluding all this deviltry with an appropriate climax.



THE GRAND FINALE: THE FLAMING POT AND THE TOMBA WITH THE RED-HOT PLOWSHARE BETWEEN HIS TEETH (SEE TEXT BELOW)

Early next morning I called for the sick man, who was the chief participant in all this weird ceremony. To my amazement he showed no signs of ever having had a diseased gum or palate, although the bad tooth remained. Naturally he attributed his cure to the efficient performance of the Tombas, who received as their reward grain, flour, bacon, and the equivalent of two dollars in our currency.

This ceremony is called Dzu dü. As it was, of course, impossible to take pictures of that particular performance, which lasted until two in the morning, I arranged, under a pretext, that a similar ceremony be performed in my courtyard, with the understanding that I be permitted to take photographs. To this the Tombas consented. For hours the harrowing procedure lasted, and finally ended when one of the Tombas took the hot plowshare in his mouth and held it between his teeth.

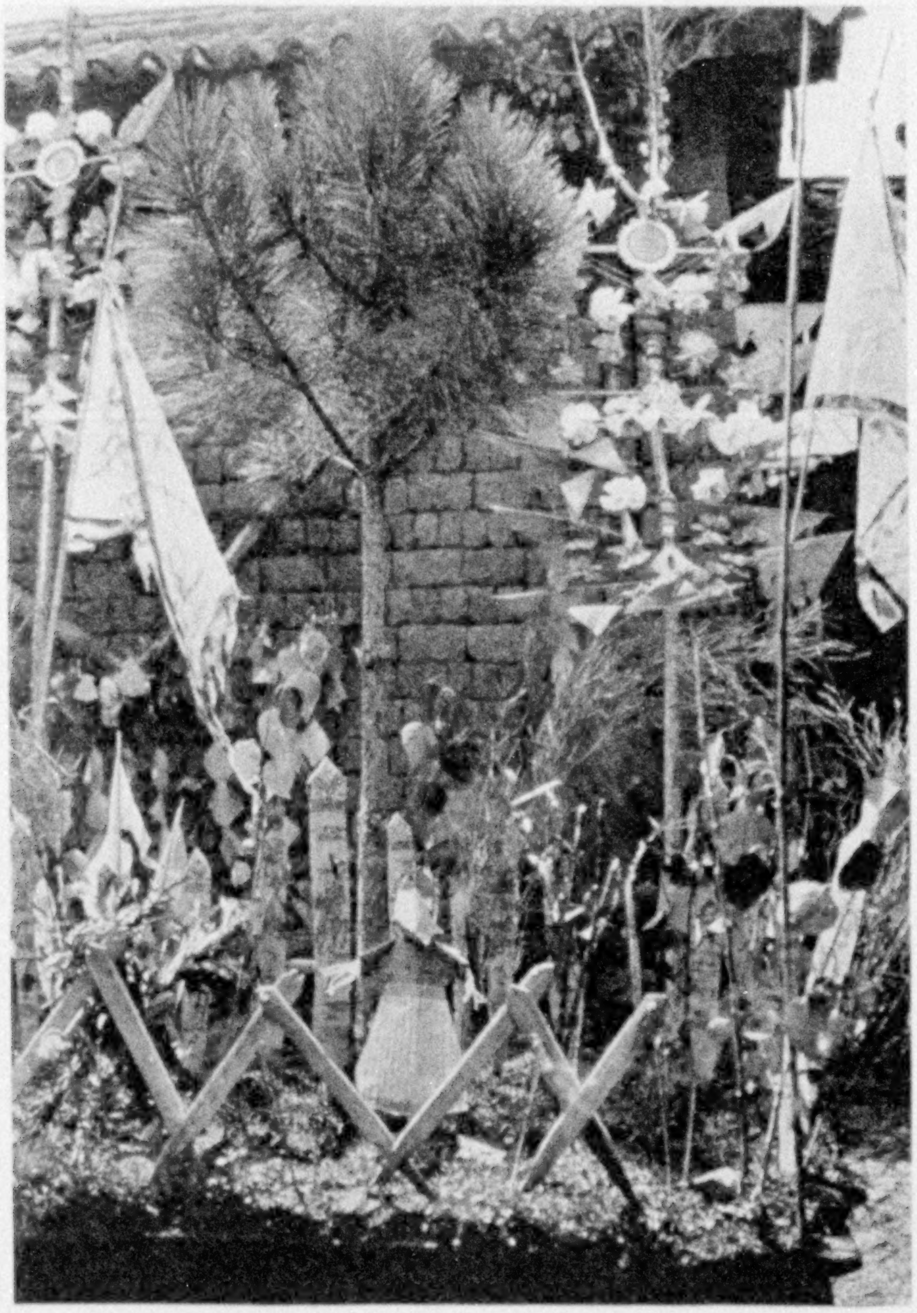
ALL TROUBLE IS CHARGED TO EVIL SPIRITS

A few days later, I received an invitation from several Tombas of the neighboring village of Pösha Kai to attend a religious ceremony of a different order.

As superstition reigns supreme among the Nashi, they are at a loss to attribute troubles or illness to natural causes, but always see in misfortune the hand of evil spirits, or of departed spirits in need of help who manifest their desire for such succor by causing endless distress to their next of kin.

This was the case with the particular Nashi to whose house I was invited to attend the ceremony. He had had bad luck with his cattle, and as veterinarians are unknown, he called in the Tombas, who attributed all his troubles to the spirit of his father, who had committed suicide 30 years previously and who still needed help in the shadow world. So an altar was erected, consisting of green turf placed on tables.

Bamboo or canebrake was planted in the turf and sticks of pine tree (*Pinus yünnanensis*) were erected back of the altar, while two poplar trees (*Populus tibethicus*), covered with paper ornaments, were placed to the rear of the whole. Poplar twigs were also placed in the turf.



A NASHI ALTAR

Before this shrine a ceremony was performed for the benefit of the soul of a person who died 30 years before and whose restless spirit was now supposed to cause disease among his son's cattle.

When I arrived the ceremony had begun. Five Tombas were dancing around the altar with swords, cymbals, and gongs, while a sixth was beating a drum. The landlord made offering to the spirits by throwing wine from small bowls upon the low roof of the house, finally taking a mouthful of the liquor and spitting it high up over the eaves.

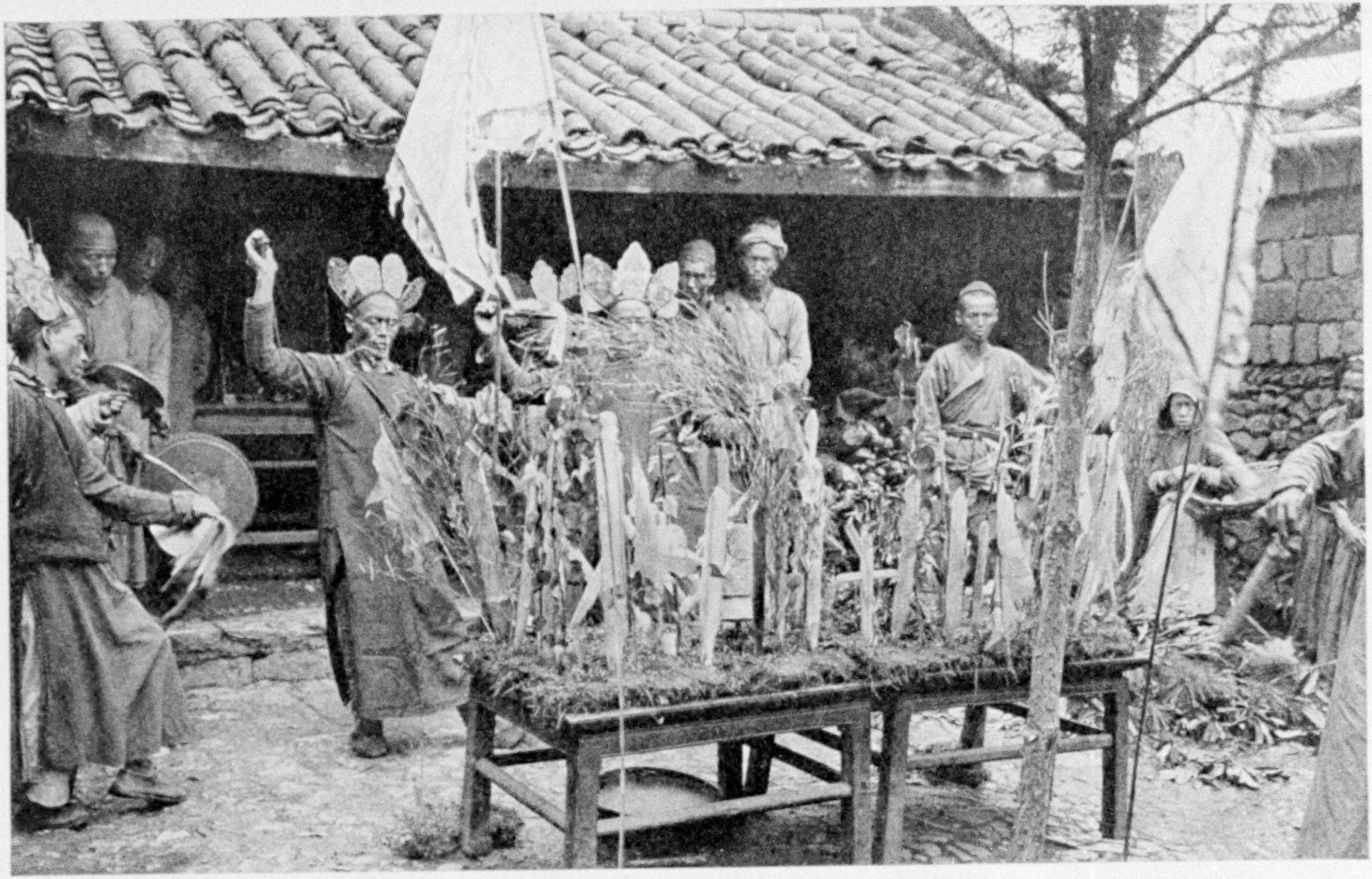
The dance continued for more than two hours, increasing in violence when swords were thrown into the air and sham battles were fought with unseen spirits around the altar.

At noon a recess was called, but the dancing began again in the afternoon, with a final ceremony in which the evil spirit was evicted in the regular Nashi fashion, as described previously. The day following, the two gaudy poplar trees were taken outside to a meadow and a final dance performed before them, after which they were burned.

Whether or not the landlord's cattle recovered from their ailments I cannot say.

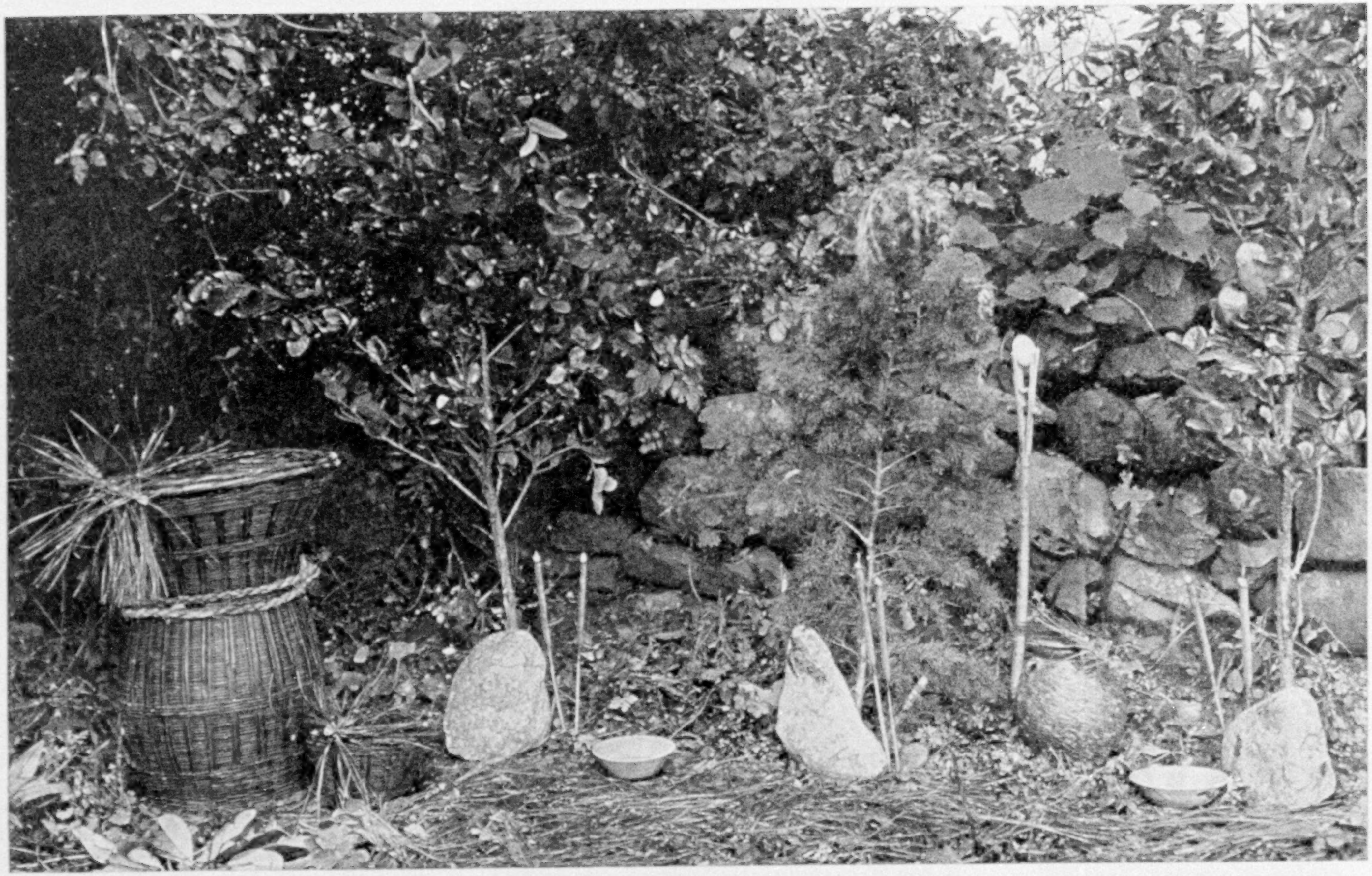
RELIGIOUS BOOKS WRITTEN IN PICTOGRAPH SYMBOLS

Among the Nashi there has survived a religious literature written in most peculiar pictographic symbols. The writing



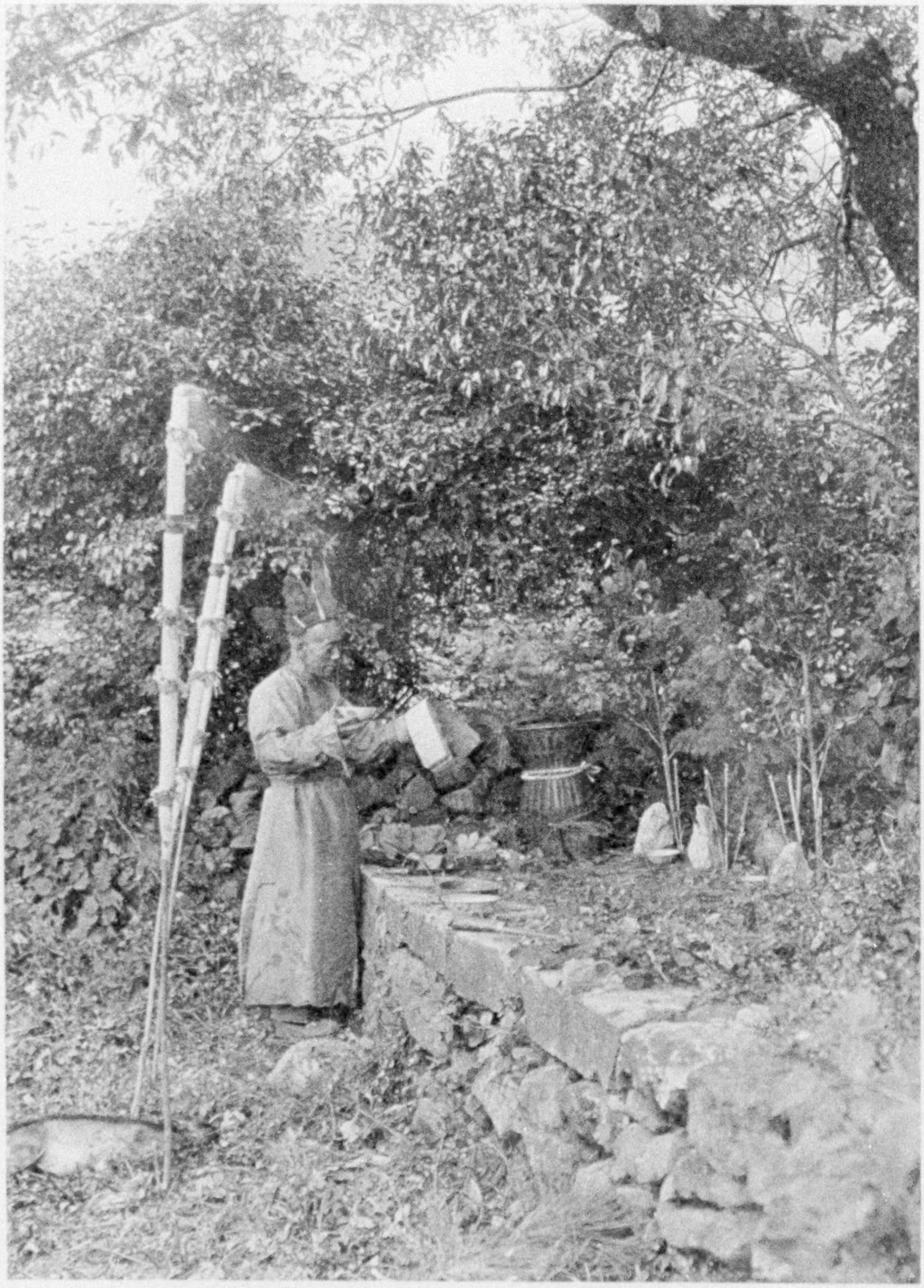
FIVE TOMBAS DANCING WITH SWORDS, GONGS, AND CYMBALS, WHILE A SIXTH BEATS A DRUM, AROUND THIS CURIOUS ALTAR

By incantations and sword dances they helped the spirit in the other world, who had committed suicide 30 years ago. The altar consisted of green turf placed on tables and into it were thrust bamboo or canebrake and sticks of pine wood painted with Nashi symbols.



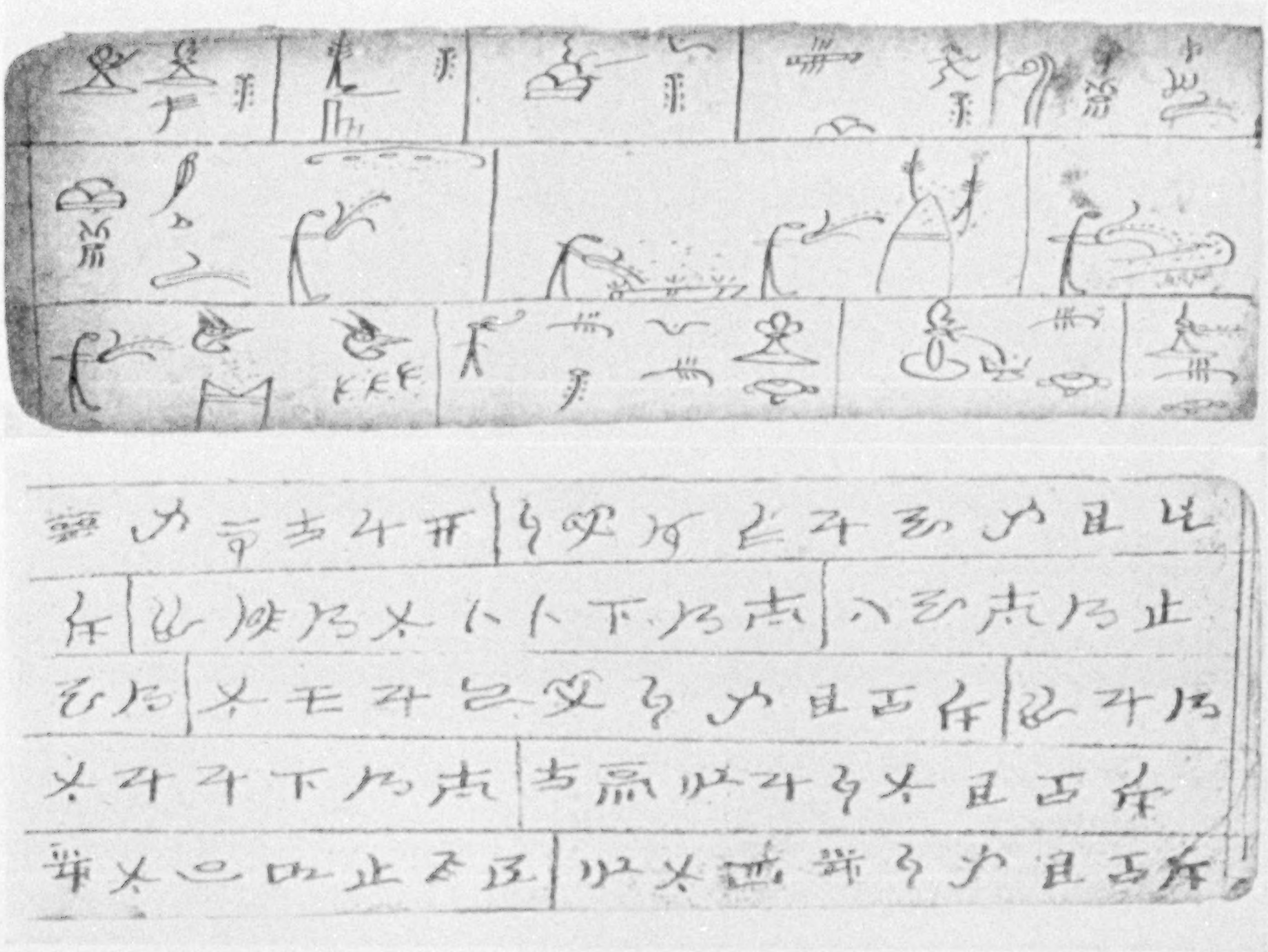
THE ALTAR OF THE NASHI NEW YEAR OFFERING

The tree to the left is *Quercus semecarpifolia* and represents heaven, the middle is a cypress and represents God, and the tree to right is *Quercus semecarpifolia* and represents earth. To the right of the center tree is a staff bearing an egg, into which all the evils coming from heaven, such as lightning, thunder, etc., are asked to enter. The blood of the sacrificed pig is smeared on the center stone as well as on the cut surfaces (bark) of the three trees. Wine and rice are placed in the bowls as offerings. The large basket represents a father and the small one a child.



NEW YEAR'S OFFERING PERFORMED BY A NASHI PRIEST

A Nashi Tomba, or priest, is here seen chanting from a religious book of pictographic symbols such as are reproduced on the opposite page. The offering, a pig, can be seen on the ground between the tall incense sticks.



EXAMPLES OF TWO STYLES OF SACRED WRITING IN USE AMONG THE NASHI PRIESTS

The upper, a pictographic form, relates the story of a flood (see text below); the lower is a combination resembling Chinese and ideographic characters which no Western scholar has as yet been able to decipher.

is undoubtedly of Tibetan origin and of an unknown date, resembling certain drawings in pre-Buddhistic religious books of the Bönpo sect. The Tombas alone are acquainted with this script, and they pass on their knowledge to their sons, for the office of the Nashi priesthood is an hereditary one. There are, however, two forms of writing in use—the pictographic symbols and a character-writing resembling somewhat the Chinese—in fact, certain of these symbols are purely Chinese. I believe the latter form to be a later development, and the pictographic writing much the more primitive.

In one of the Nashi books it is stated that the Lör gyŏ gki gyŏ, which is said to be the ShiKia-fu of the Chinese, represented by the Nashi as a dancing figure with a trident on his head, taught the Nashi to write these books.

That the story of the Flood is not unknown to the Nashi is brought out by the translation of a book, one folio of which is here reproduced and rendered in Nashi and transcribed into English.

A TRANSLATION OF A PAGE FROM ONE OF THE NASHI BOOKS

The translation speaks for itself. The book in question deals with the creation of the world and will later form the subject of a technical article.

The following is the transcription and translation, reading from left to right, beginning with the left rubric (see above):

(1.) *Nluo sse hhö dku dje*—Nluo and Ssĕ: Male and female (corresponding to our Adam and Eve) came to live together.

(2.) *Sz dzu ngi gku dje*—Both went to the mountain to cut firewood; after it had been cut, the wood walked off to the dwelling.*

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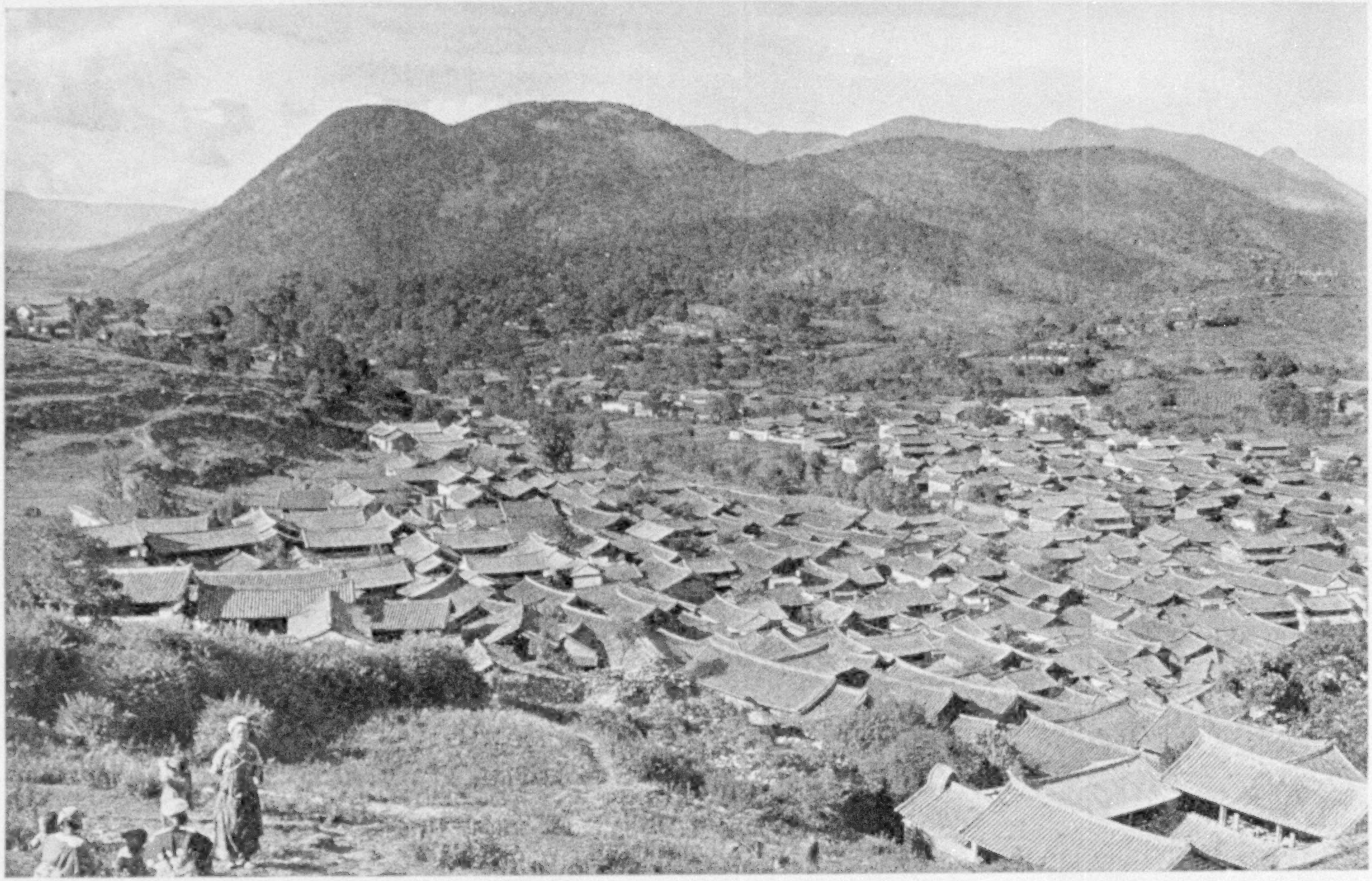
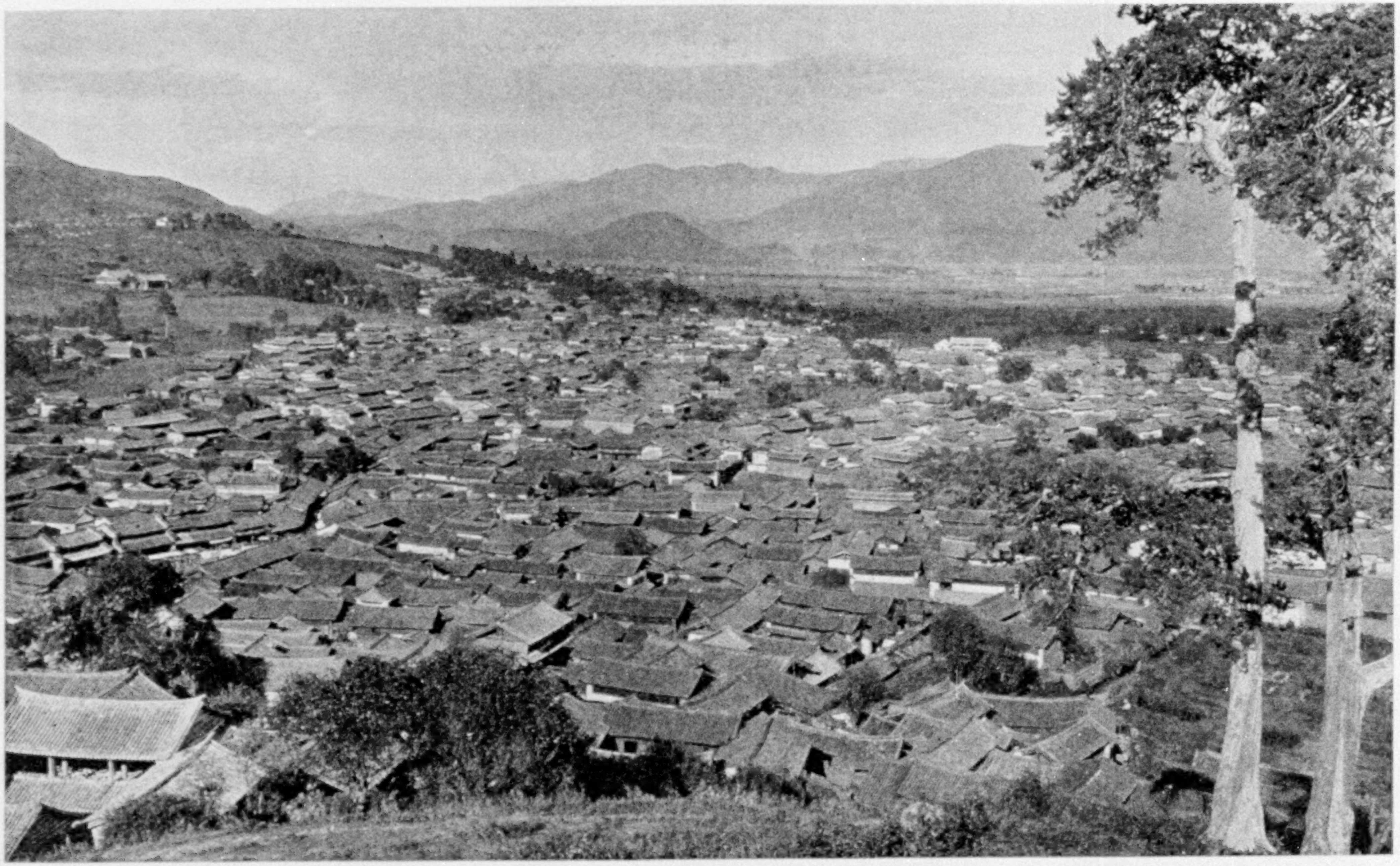
* Perhaps a hint at the laziness of the people, but later it was arranged for the women to cut the firewood and carry it down the mountain.—J. F. R.



THE NORTHERN END OF LIKIANG, LOOKING TOWARD THE LUNGWANG MIAO: NASHI WOMEN IN THE FOREGROUND

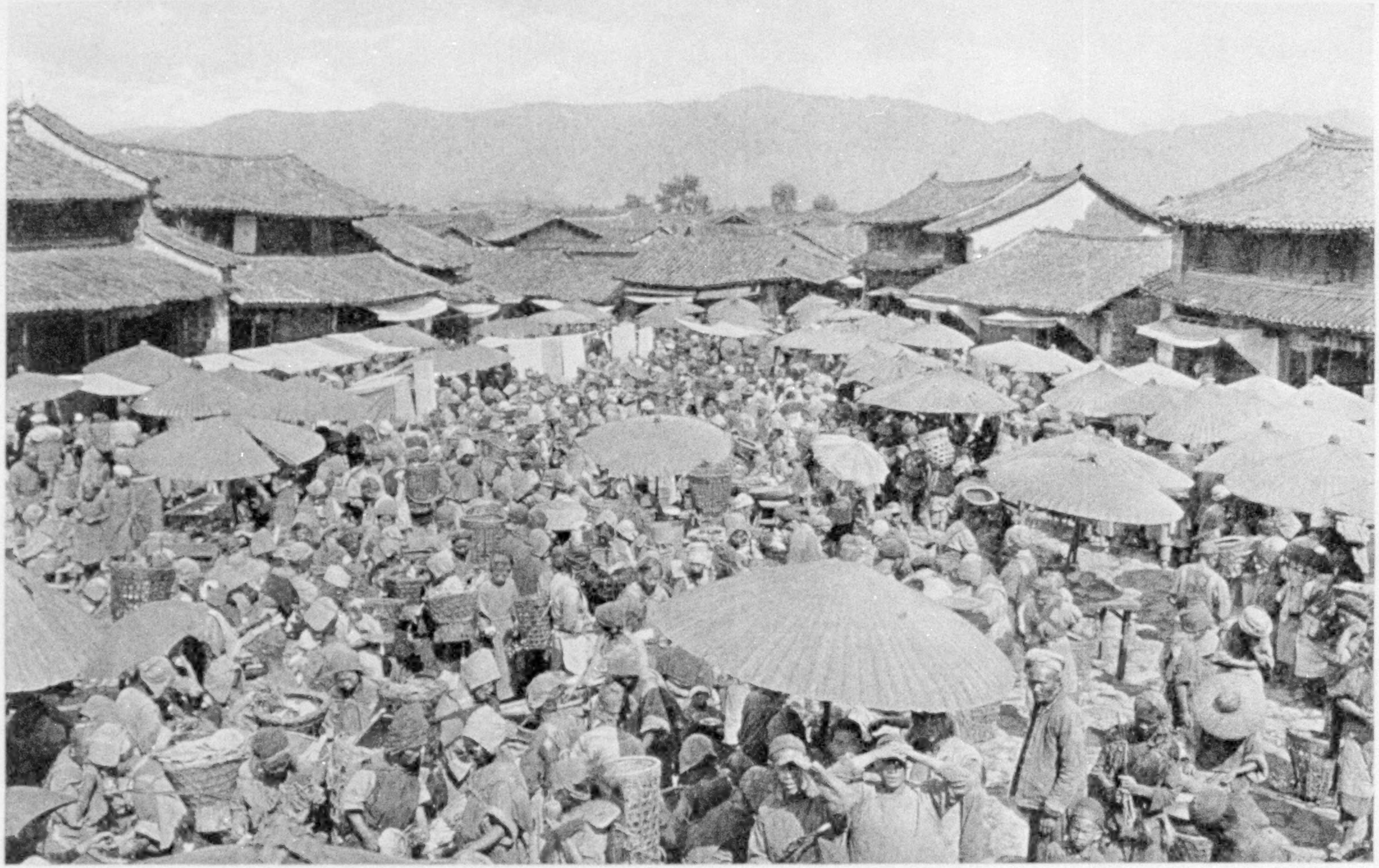
The houses are usually made of sun-dried mud bricks and a wooden superstructure covered with heavy tiles. In the loft the native keeps his grains, cured pork, etc., while the family lives on the ground floor. There is, of course, no sewerage system. The cooking is done either in the courtyard or in a special room, with a brick stove in which huge iron cauldrons are placed. Notice the absence of chimneys.



VIEW OF LIKIANG LOOKING EAST

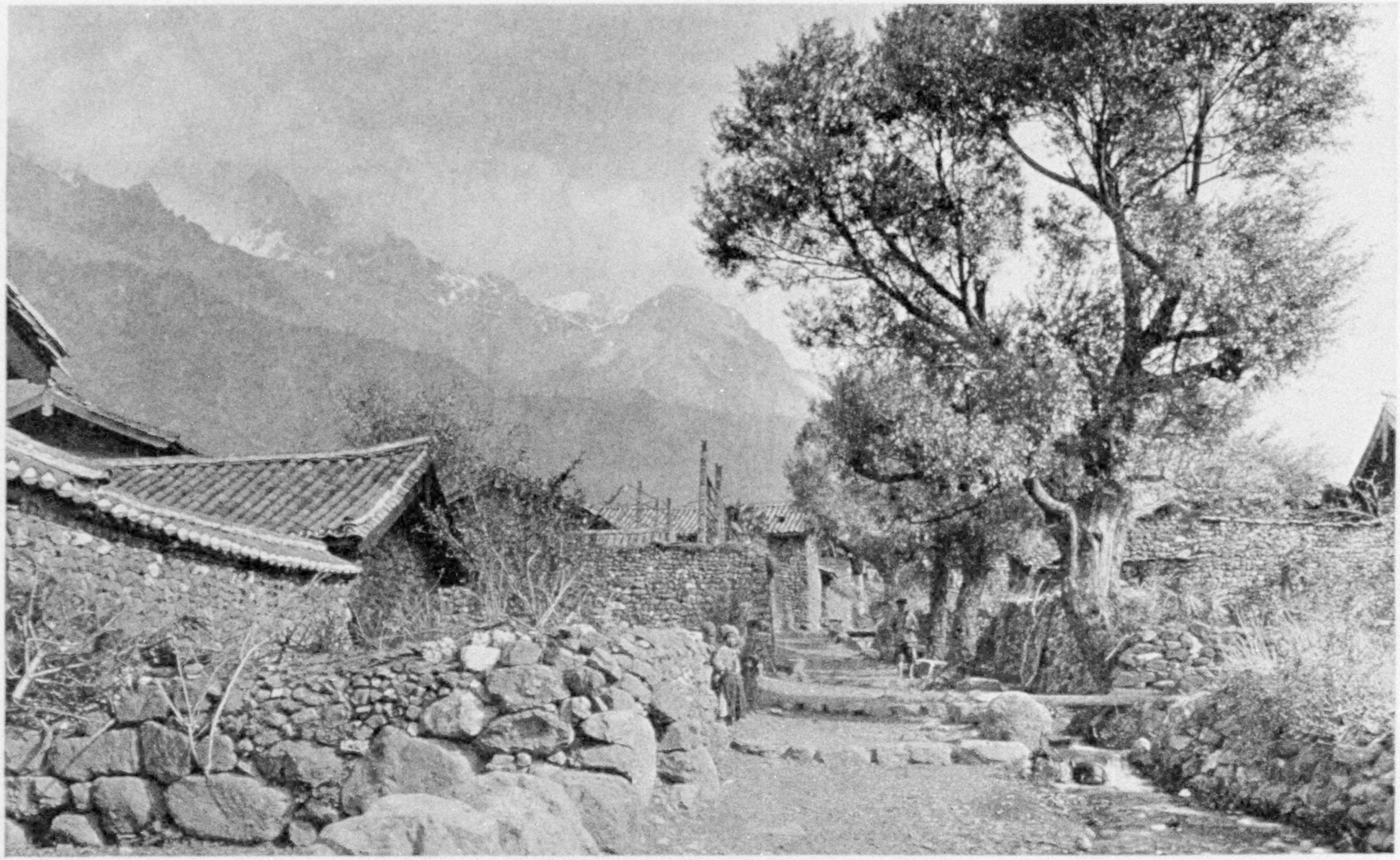
In the town of Likiang the author was forced to make his headquarters for about a month, owing to the sporadic raids of large bands of brigands, who burned villages only 30 miles away from his lonely Nashi village of Ngulukö on the Likiang snow range. In the distance to the east of the town the long white building is the British Pentecostal Mission, occupied by Dutch missionaries.

XUM



VIEW OF THE LIKIANG DAILY MARKET AND MARKET SQUARE

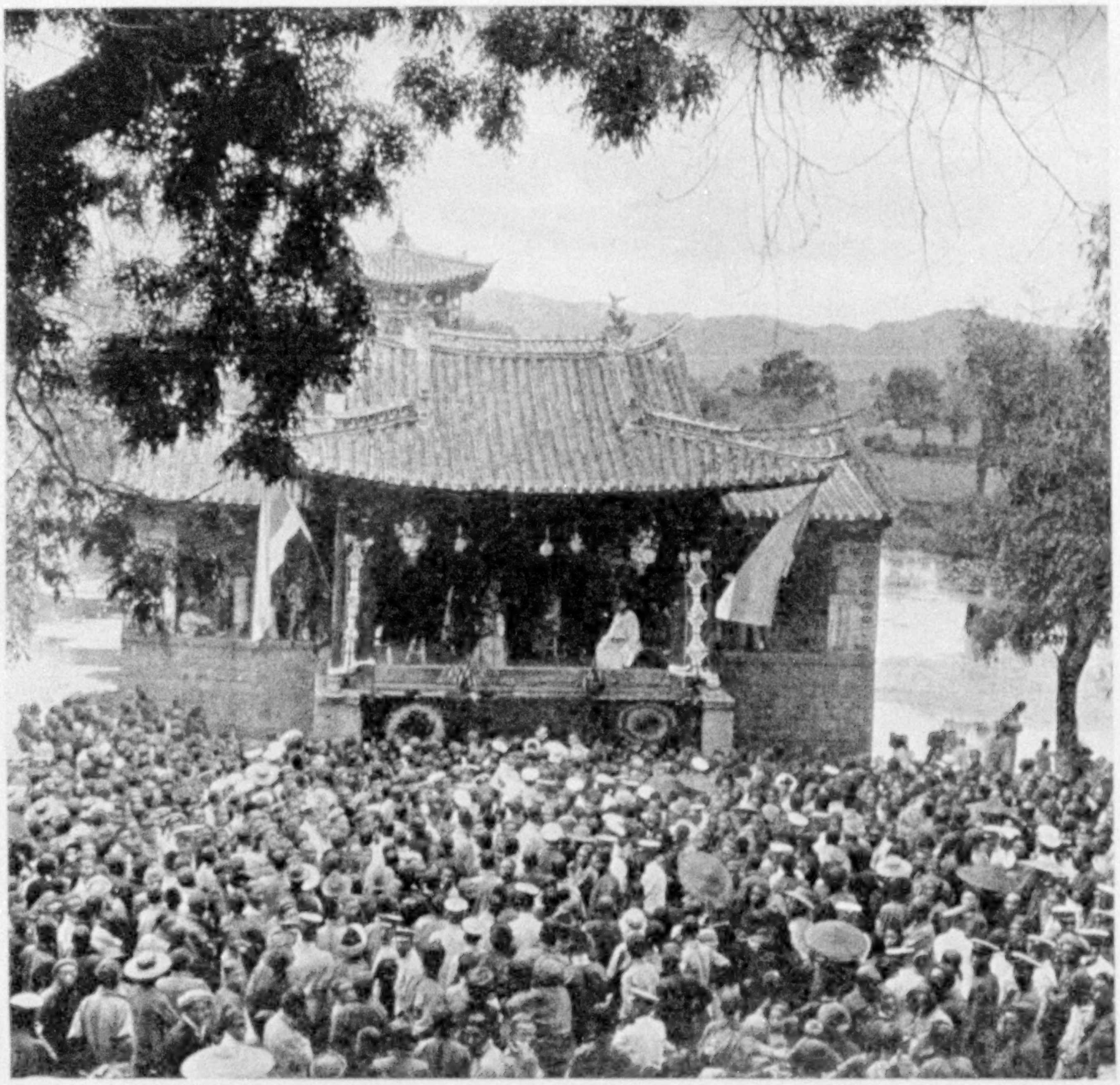
The Nashi women are the venders, and here are sold vegetables, meat, crockery, homespun cotton cloth, yarn, native shoes; open kitchens supply titbits and other unsavory Nashi morsels. The umbrellas are made of yellow oiled paper, the baskets of a small, bushy bamboo or canebrake. Members of the Minchia and Lolo tribes and Tibetans are frequent visitors. The market does not begin until afternoon.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION IN YÜNNAN PROVINCE

The building in which the expedition was housed is off to the left and cannot be seen in this picture. This is the village of Ngulukö, at the foot of the Likiang snow range. Ngulukö is about 40 *li*, or 15 miles, from Likiang, at an elevation of 9,400 feet.

XUM



THE OPEN-AIR THEATER IN THE GROUNDS OF THE LUNGWANG MIAO AT LIKIANG

The occasion is the annual Dragon King fair, in the third Chinese month—May 14–15–16. The actors are Chinese and are employed by the merchants of Likiang once a year. No admission is charged. The theater faces the temple entrance.

(3.) *Lu gku ta gku dje*—The stones began to speak.

(4.) *Dsh* (*Dj*) *Lu ngü ngü dje*—The world was moving about, so that nobody knew where there was land.

(5-6.) *Sz ne lu nyi gku* (6) *n'gi păr mua ngio la gkü dzu mua shä cho*—The rocks and the trees wanted to come down to the plains and began to dispute with the people the land, so the water became angry and steam rose to heaven which made stars and moon visible.

(7.) *Gyi păr dü ngio la*—After the water (steam) rose to heaven it returned to the earth in enormous quantities covering the world, which made everything to grow.

(8.) *Gyi păr lŏ ngio la*—After the descent of the water the rivers were formed as well as the lakes.

(9.) *Gyi yi lö shä cho gyi păr wua ngio la dzi yü wua shä cho*—After the water receded a house became visible which had not been seen previously. When they saw the house they copied it and built more.

(10.) *Ta pür lŏ nü dŏ*—They (Nluo and Ssĕ) taught the people to speak.

(11.) *Tshü pür sse nü do*—They (Nluo and Ssĕ) taught the people what could be eaten and what could be drunk.

(12.) *Ör pür pö nü dŏ*—ShiKia-fu appeared and taught the people to write these books.

Every Nashi village has one or more Tombas and every Tomba has his own place of sacrifice on the outskirts of the village. Such a place is known to them as Muang bö dà, meaning, literally, place of heavenly worship. It consists of an oblong pit facing north to south. The altar, a rock platform, is at the north end.

On the fifth day of the New Year the Tombas gather, with the male members of the village, to perform their annual offerings to the gods, but especially to the spirits responsible for all the evils visited upon man from the sky—such as floods, hailstorms, lightning, thunder—and for protection from wild beasts and thieves.

On the altar three trees are erected (see page 491), an oak on each side and a cypress in the center. The tree to the left represents heaven, the center tree God, that to the right the earth. The trees in their order are called Muang, Dö, and Khä. A blown-out egg rests on a bamboo tripod. A large basket of barley represents the father of the family, the small basket the first male child.

Stones, incense sticks, and bowls with wine as offerings are placed on the altar, in front of which are three large incense sticks called *chü men*, gaily decorated with orange-colored paper. When these are lighted, a pig and a rooster are placed between them on the ground. The blood of the sacrificed pig is smeared on the center rock and also on the stems of the trees, from which the bark has been cut.

The priest first chants from religious books. Then, after purifying and blessing the altar and offering, the pig is cleaned in the pit below and placed on the altar. The gall bladder is hung upon the tree of heaven, the kidney on the tree representing God, and the liver, or part of it, on the tree representing earth. The chanting continues, the evil spirits being petitioned to enter the egg.

The ceremony is concluded when the men of the village devour the offerings.

WOMEN ARE FORBIDDEN TO VISIT PLACE OF SACRIFICE

Women are debarred from this place of sacrifice and are not permitted even to approach the pit. Neither are they allowed to listen to the religious chanting or partake of the feast, which lasts for several days.

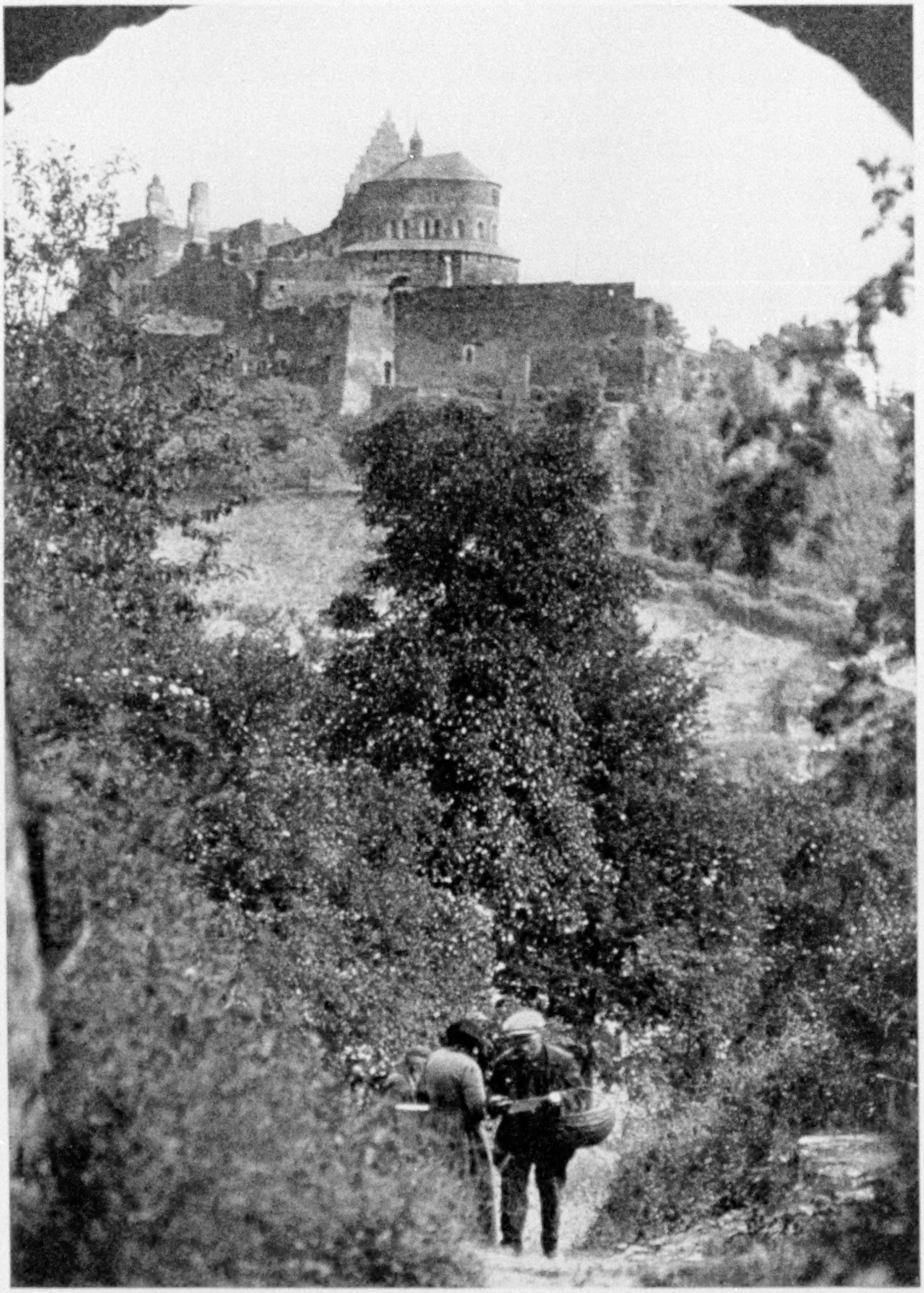
The lot of the Nashi women is a very hard one, and as the religious books tell of the happy days in the world of shadows, it is feared they would commit suicide if permitted to listen to religious recitals.

As evil spirits are supposed to have entered the egg after this ceremony, it is natural that sick Nashi do not generally eat eggs. I often tried to persuade ill people who had not taken nourishment for several days to eat eggs in milk, but I was always met with blank refusal and the statement, "If we eat eggs, we will surely die."

The Nashi have many ceremonies in addition to those described, and each kind of illness requires a different altar. The dancing, however, is apparently the same in all cases.

This is the first time an attempt has been made to describe the religious ceremonies of the Nashi, a little-known tribe which is fast losing its identity because of its gradual absorption by the Chinese.

XUM



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE VIANDEN CHÂTEAU FROM A CULVERT UNDER THE DIEKIRCH ROAD: LUXEMBURG

In the time of Napoleon a "junk dealer" bought this majestic building, tore out the copper and woodwork, on which he made a handsome profit, and left the château in ruins (see text, page 528).

THE GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG

A Miniature Democratic State of Many Charms Against a Feudal Background

By Maynard Owen Williams

Author of "Latvia, Home of the Letts," "At the Tomb of Tutankhamen," "Syria, the Land Link of History's Chain," "Adventures with a Camera in Many Lands," etc., in the National Geographic Magazine

"SIT tight and wait" is the best advice one can give a newcomer to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg; for, although he is liable to be offended at first, he will become fond of both land and people.

"What do you want a thirty-centime stamp for?" snaps the postal clerk, and one is tempted to reply, "None of your business." But it is only his way of asking, "Do you know the foreign rate has just changed?"

"Plenty of tables," laughs the head waiter, as with the timidity of solitude and strangeness you wait to be shown to a seat in the dining room. "Take any seat that pleases you," is what he means.

Within a week your postal clerk will tear apart a whole sheet of Marie-Adelaide stamps to give you a few of the best printed, and the head waiter will be lending you maps, telling you of old customs and places, and seeking to acquaint you with the poems and proverbs of his people, if they interest you.

Did you ever have a maitre d'hôtel in full regalia, and in the midst of his dining-room kingdom, hum you a song, so that you could check it with the tune sounded by the carillon? My excellent friend, who unwittingly offended me at first, did.

THE NATIVE KNOWS HIS RIGHTS AND DEMANDS THEM

Passionately independent, the Luxemburger inhabits a land plastered with pre-war "Verboten" and post-war "Défendu" signs, of which he is as blissfully oblivious as one is of the birthmark on the face of an old friend.

Not only does he sit tight as to his rights, but he examines the teeth of all authority in a way that makes one wonder why he is not more frequently bitten. A letter signed by the Prime Minister did not help me to enter the town hall during a church celebration, although numbers of people were being admitted. The *concierge* would not even read the letter after looking at the signature. "It's the Mayor, not the Prime Minister, who rules here," he proclaimed.

The land is like the people. One must truly fraternize with it. After a 125-mile motor ride in a country only 50 miles long, I returned disappointed. Since then I have tramped hundreds of miles and cycled hundreds of miles more and enjoyed them all, sunshine or rain. Survive the first day and you will enjoy, and regret, your last.

The Grand Duchy has an area of 999 square miles, marked down from four times as many, and a population of 270,000, also much below the maximum of former days.

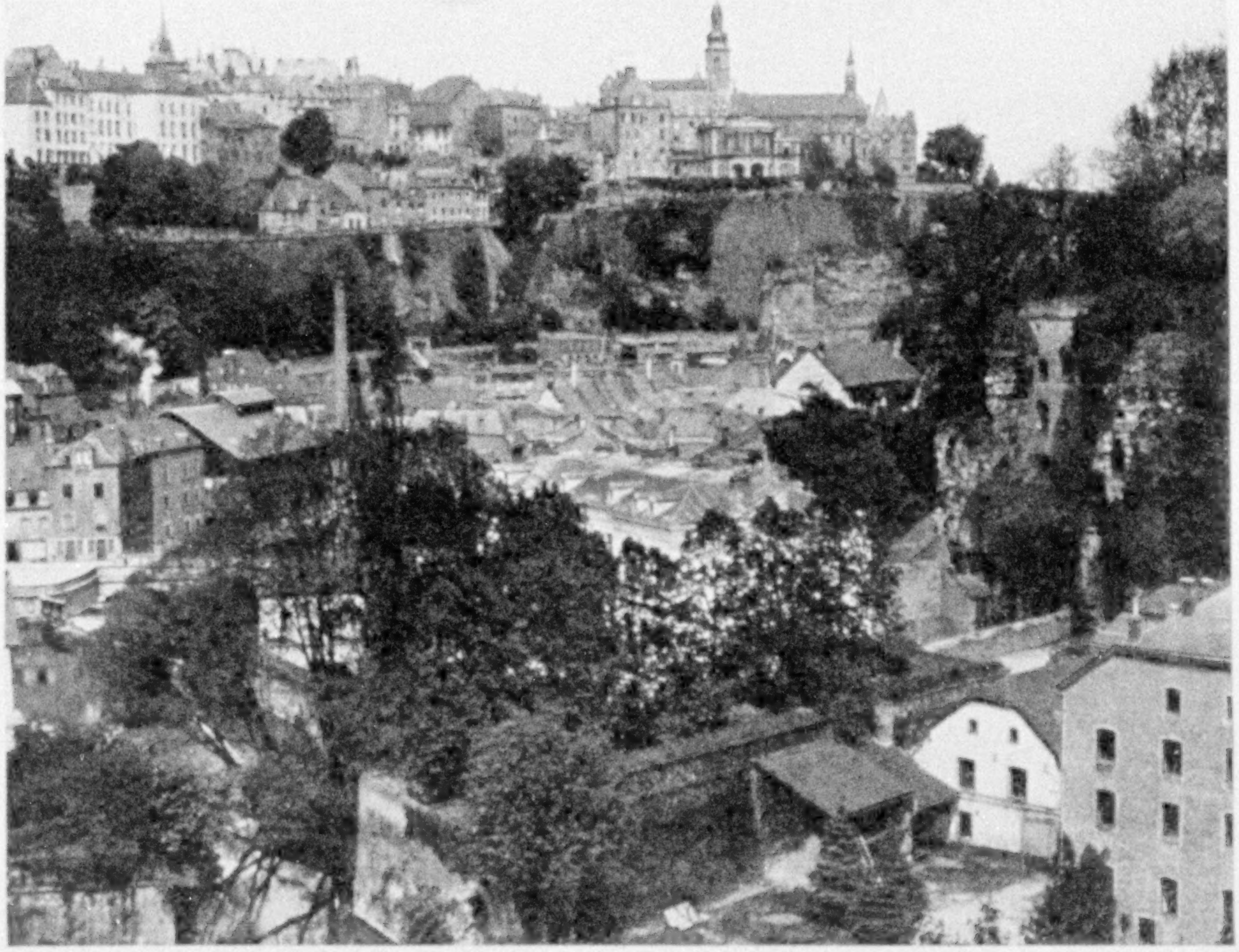
Ligurian, Celt, Gaul, Belgian and Treverian, Roman, Frank, Vandal and Hun, Merovingian, Carolingian, and Norman have all had their parts in the evolution of the people.

ONCE AN INLAND GIBRALTAR

For ages Luxemburg was an inland Gibraltar and a mighty fortress. It prepared for war and got it. Raise and raze was the constant game. In 1867 the fortress was dismantled. This was no blow to the pride of the people. Far from it. The guard that marched out was Prussian. Not only was the erstwhile-forbidding city now open to all, but it began to grow outward.

Beautiful parks, laid out by the man who made a floral paradise of the Casino at Monte Carlo, have taken the place of the old fortifications.

The Adolphe Bridge, spanning the gorge of the Pétrusse, makes the approach to the former fortress too simple.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

LOOKING ACROSS THE GRUND DISTRICT OF THE CITY OF LUXEMBURG TOWARD THE OLD FORTRESS SITE

The old fortifications of the capital of the Grand Duchy have been replaced by beautiful parks, which were laid out by the landscape artist responsible for the gardens at Monte Carlo (see text, page 501).

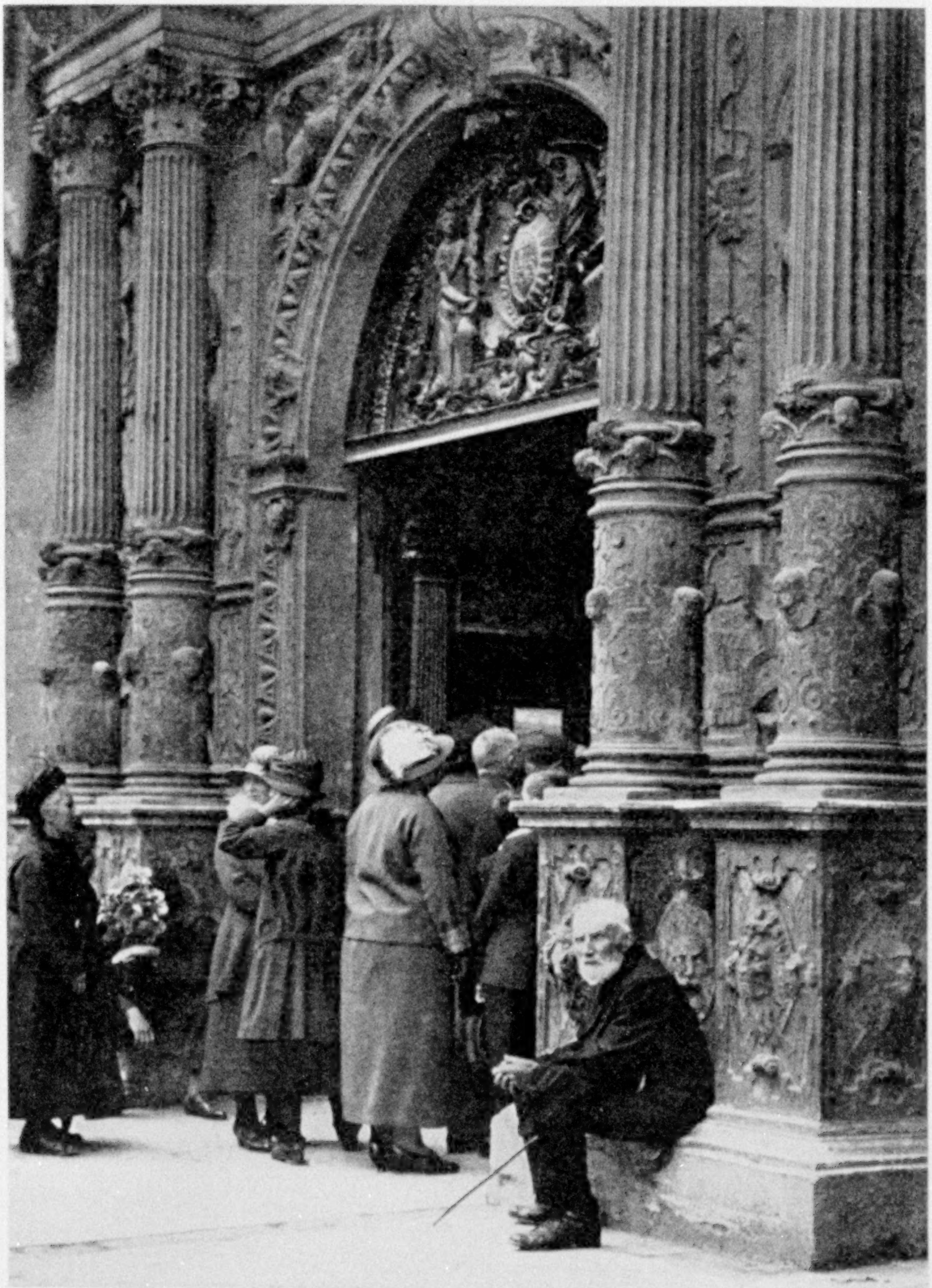
What from the encircling gorges is still a Gibraltar becomes merely another bit of plateau, which one reaches from the station without any perceptible climb. One may enter Luxemburg in a limousine without realizing what a commanding position the former fortress holds.

Just now an aviator, looping the loop outside my window, is poking fun at my use of "commanding." Yet ten years ago this room was entitled to that adjective. Two soldiers guarded the door night and day. Six telephone lines centered here. From August to October, 1914, von Falkenhayn, German Minister of War, sat in the place where I now write.

The most interesting features of Luxemburg are such views of the city as could have been had by a member of a besieging army in the crooked gorge of the Pétrusse or Alzette. Nothing within the town compares with the sensation of walking under the very cliffs on which it stands. I know of no urban view from a European railway so remarkable as that of Luxemburg from the Liège line; but it is a mild foretaste of what one feels when at the base of the city's rock perch.

From Dippach, seven miles away, or from the Trèves road, Luxemburg is merely a huddle of homes, with a skyline somewhat serrated by religion, learning, and charity; but from the walks that climb to the Corniche from below the emasculated broadside of the Bock, Luxemburg asserts its majesty and makes one sense it.

Within the town, the Cathedral is the most important edifice. The Renaissance entrance is ornately decorated with fierce lion heads, cherubim and saints (see page 503). The interior, whose shadowy distance ends in the wonder-working Maria Consolatrix, which makes Luxemburg

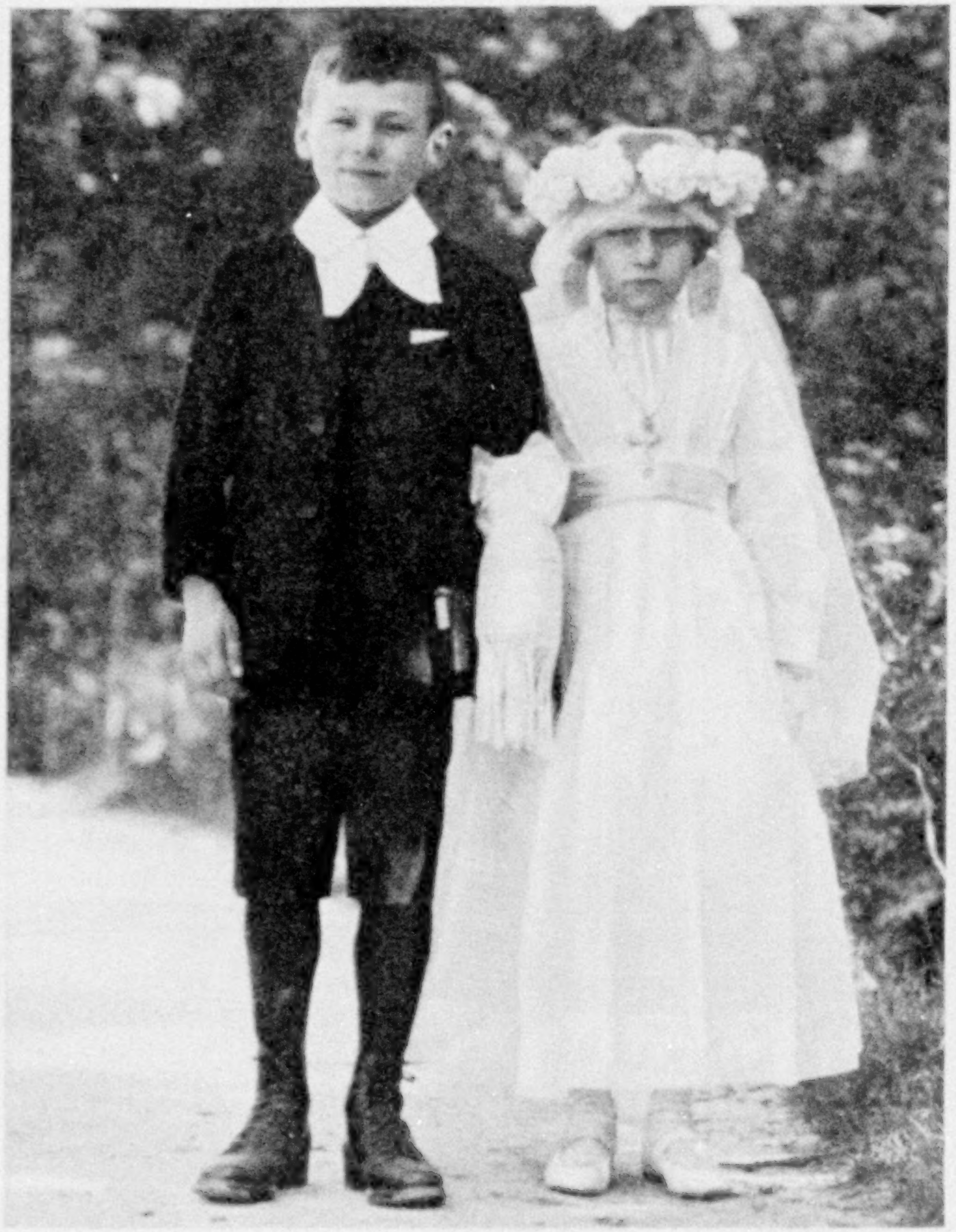


Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

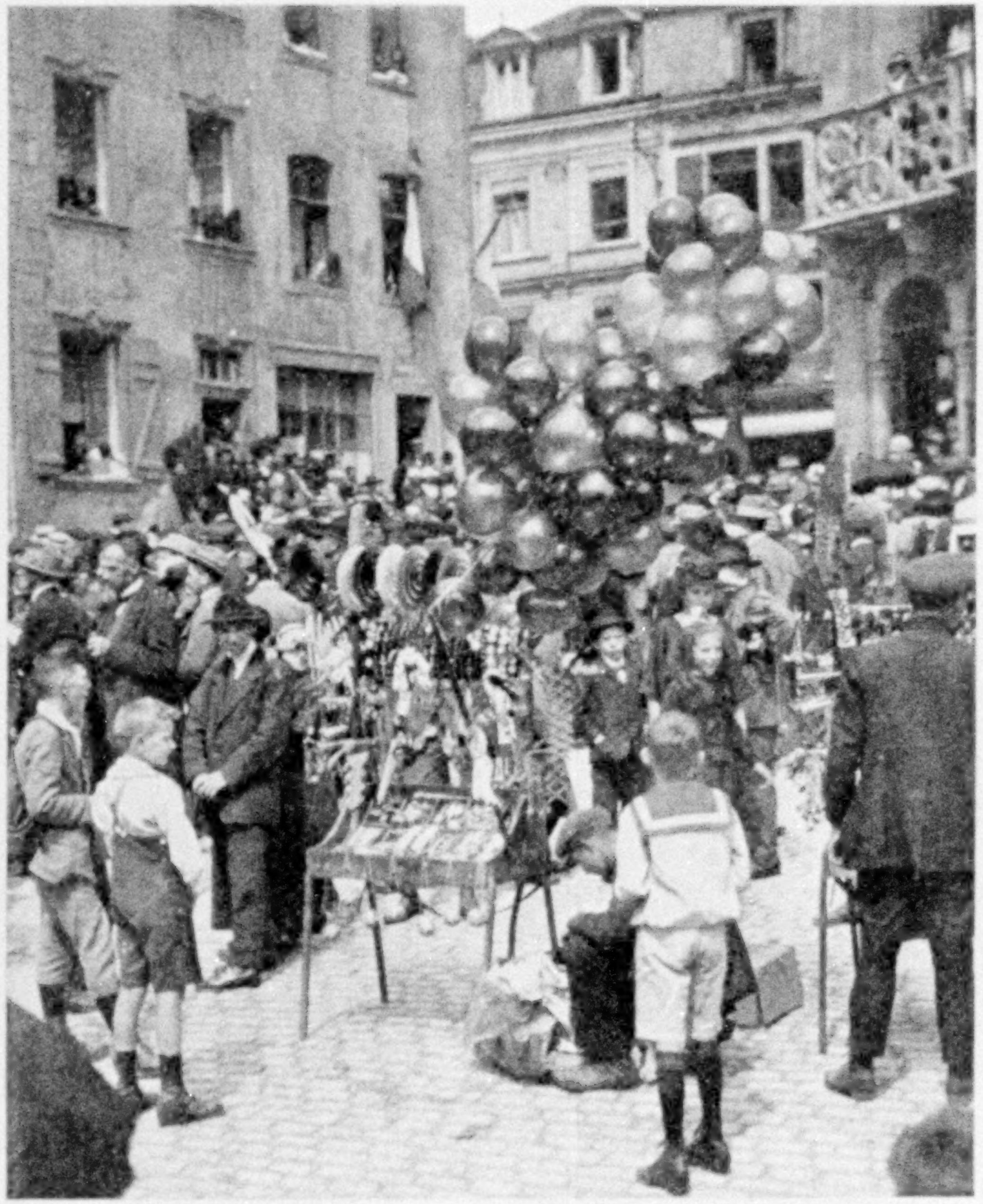
THE ENTRANCE TO THE LUXEMBURG CATHEDRAL DURING ONE OF THE OCTAVE SERVICES

The two most important religious celebrations of the Grand Duchy are the Octave Procession, in the capital, on the fifth Sunday after Easter, and the Dancing Procession, at Echternach, on the Tuesday of Pentecost (see also illustrations, pages 507, 508, and 509).

XUM

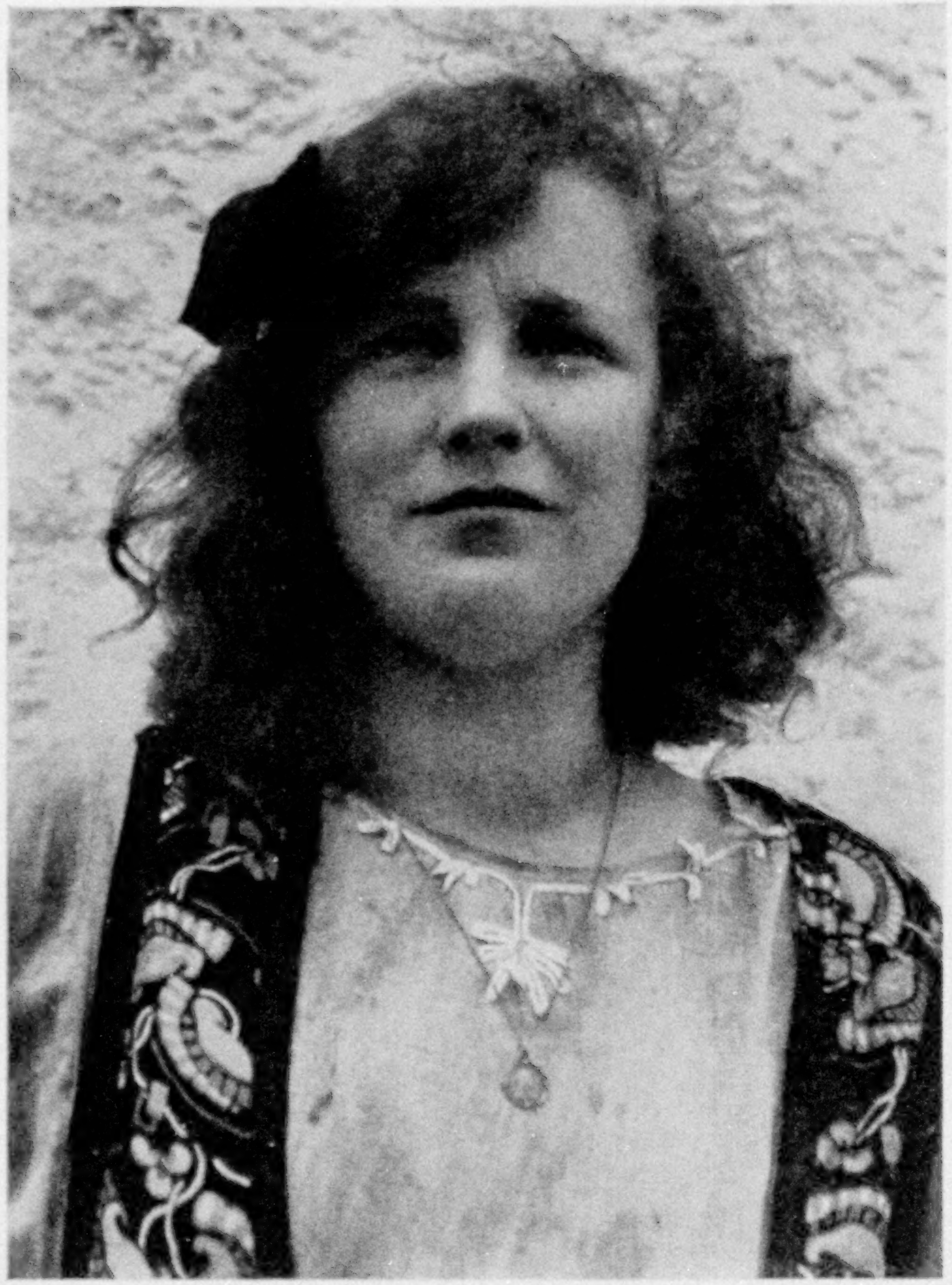


THEIR FIRST-COMMUNION CLOTHES



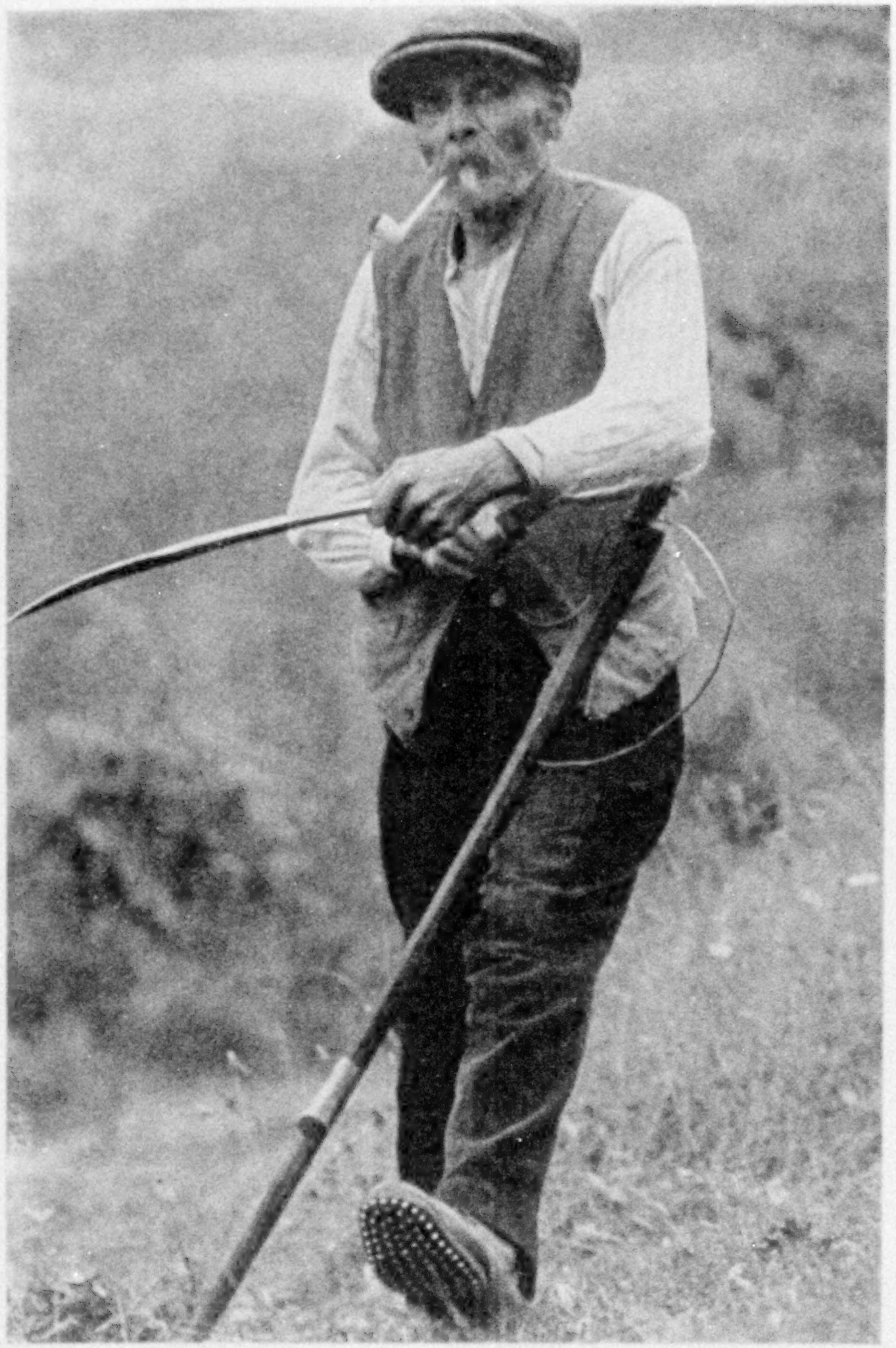
SELLERS OF TOYS AFTER THE ECHTERNACH PROCESSION

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams



SHE WILL WELCOME YOU TO HER FATHER'S INN IN ESCH-SUR-SÛRE

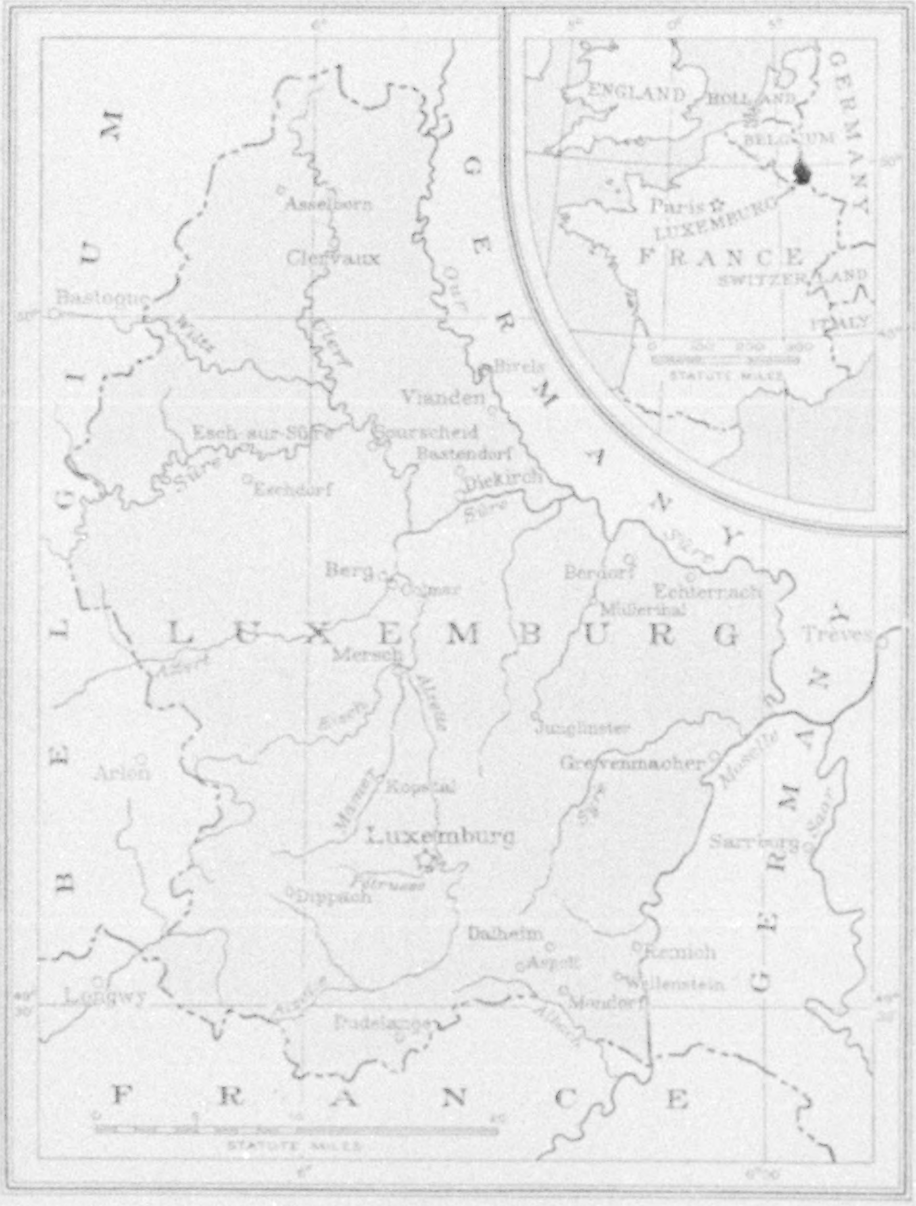
But she complains that she gets tired of having her picture taken by the automobilists who visit her town, which was formerly called Esch-in-the-Hole (see text, page 525).



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

THIS LUXEMBURGER FEARS THAT HIS AMERICAN ARMY FRIEND HAS DIED, BECAUSE HE HAS CEASED TO WRITE

The soles of the photographer's shoes were so slippery that he had to climb to this place part way on his knees. The native overcomes that difficulty by the use of hobnails.


ENGLAND
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
GERMANY
Paris
LUXEMBURG
FRANCE
SWITZERLAND
ITALY
STATUTE MILES
BELGIUM
GERMANY
Asselborn
Clervaux
Bastogne
Wiltz
Clerf
Our
Birels
Vianden
Esch-sur-Sûre
Gourscheid
Bastendorf
Sûre
Eschdorf
Diekirch
Sûre
Berg
Colmar
Berdorf
Echternach
Müllerthal
LUXEMBURG
Treves
Mersch
Alzert
Alzette
Eisch
Junglinster
Arlon
Grevenmacher
Moselle
Mamer
Kopstal
Luxemburg
Syre
Sarrburg
Saar
Petrusse
Dippach
Dalheim
Remich
Aspelt
Wellenstein
Longwy
Mondorf
Alzette
Albach
Dudelange
FRANCE
STATUTE MILES

Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A SKETCH MAP OF LUXEMBURG

The independent Grand Duchy, which is smaller than the State of Rhode Island by 240 square miles and has only about three-fifths the population of Washington, D. C., effected an economic union with Belgium in May, 1922, whereby the customs barrier between the two countries disappeared and Belgian currency was adopted for use in the miniature state.

another Lourdes, conveys no impression of unity.

Geometrical designs mark the heavy columns. The stonework in front of the organ is thick with figures of musicians with flute and mandolin and harp. There is the cenotaph to Jean l'Aveugle, the blind king of Bohemia, on whose vacant coffin lies a crucified Christ, with the wound in the right side polished by the lips of the faithful.

On the two small columns just inside the door are grotesque figures with shaved heads like those of East Indian priests or American Indian braves, with scaly bodies, wings, and fish tails, reminding one of Mélusine, the goddess-wife whom Sigefroid, founder of the Luxemburg state, lost through playing the peeper.

A PUBLIC LIBRARY UNDER LOCK AND KEY

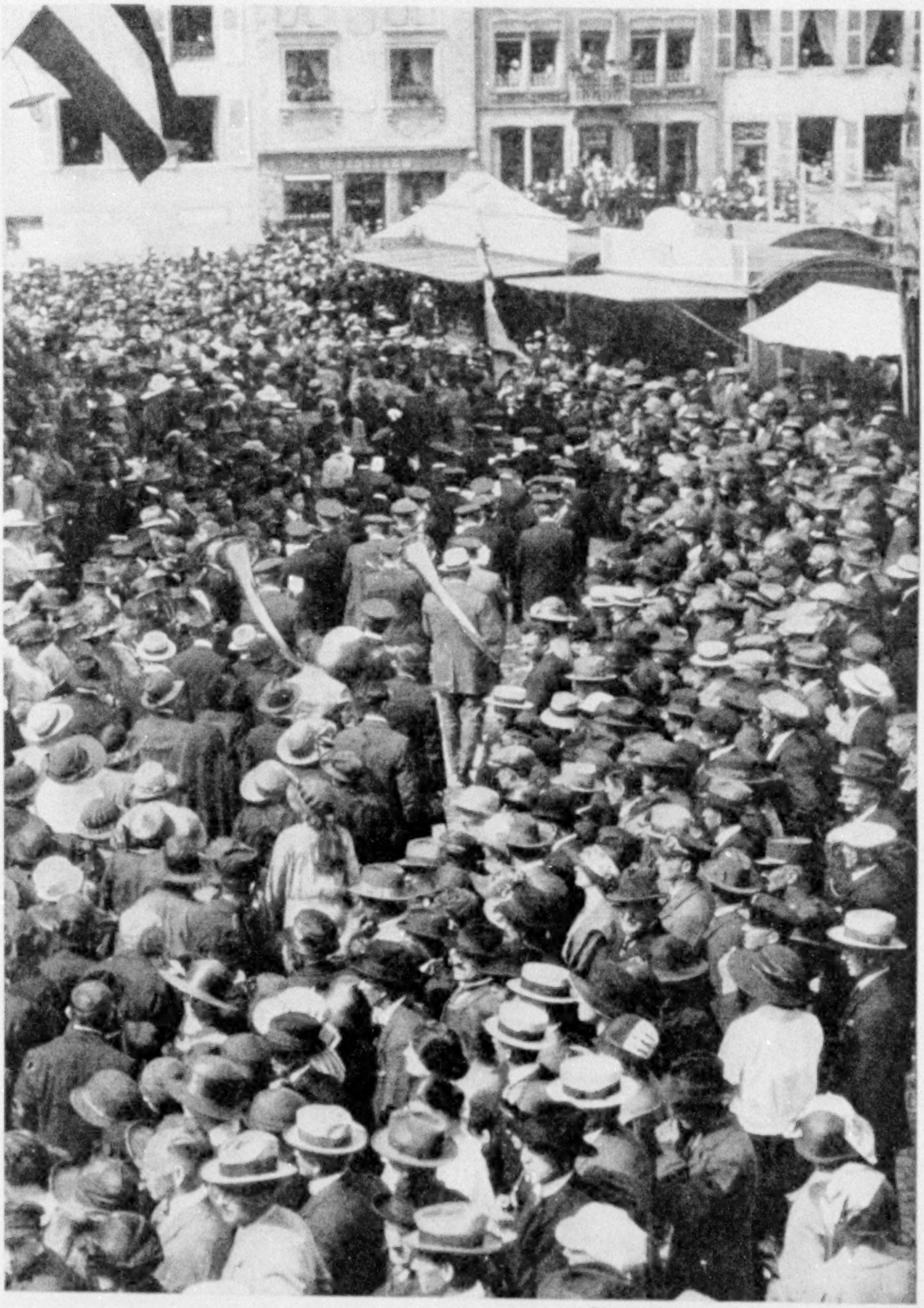
In the Bibliothèque Nationale, which occupies some old-world rooms high up in the Athénée, the librarian apologized for the lack of space, led me past rows of incunabula and later volumes in musty leather, unlocked a safe to show me two superbly illuminated volumes dating from the 15th century, and told me that Stevenson, Wells, Hardy, Galsworthy, and Bernard Shaw are the favorite writers of those who regard English as second to no other language in usefulness.

The visitor disturbs a concierge in order to enter this locked public library, and one man was the only other person in the reading room during the forty minutes I was there. Although the "average" Luxemburger gets four letters and two post cards a month, it is safe to say that too many mirror the sentiment, "Why buy a book? We have one."

The feature which links the capital with its state is the open-air market in the Place Guillaume, where dog-drawn carts are seen and where vegetables are sold from a combination of baby-carriage chassis and hand-built body which the women wheel in from the country or the station.

DRAMA LANGUISHES IN LUXEMBURG

Luxemburg has lovely roses and exports new varieties to many lands; but these beauties lack such a setting as the velvet lawns of Portland or of the



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE DANCING PROCESSION WINDING THROUGH THE MARKET PLACE: ECHTERNACH

This celebration, dating back for centuries, began as a religious ceremony. Each year it attracts thousands of visitors to the small Luxemburg town on the banks of the Sûre. Hundreds of serious pilgrims prevent the procession from being a "mere holiday pleasantry" (see text, pages 512-519).

XUM

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

SOME OF THOSE WHO PROVIDED MUSIC FOR THE DANCING PROCESSION

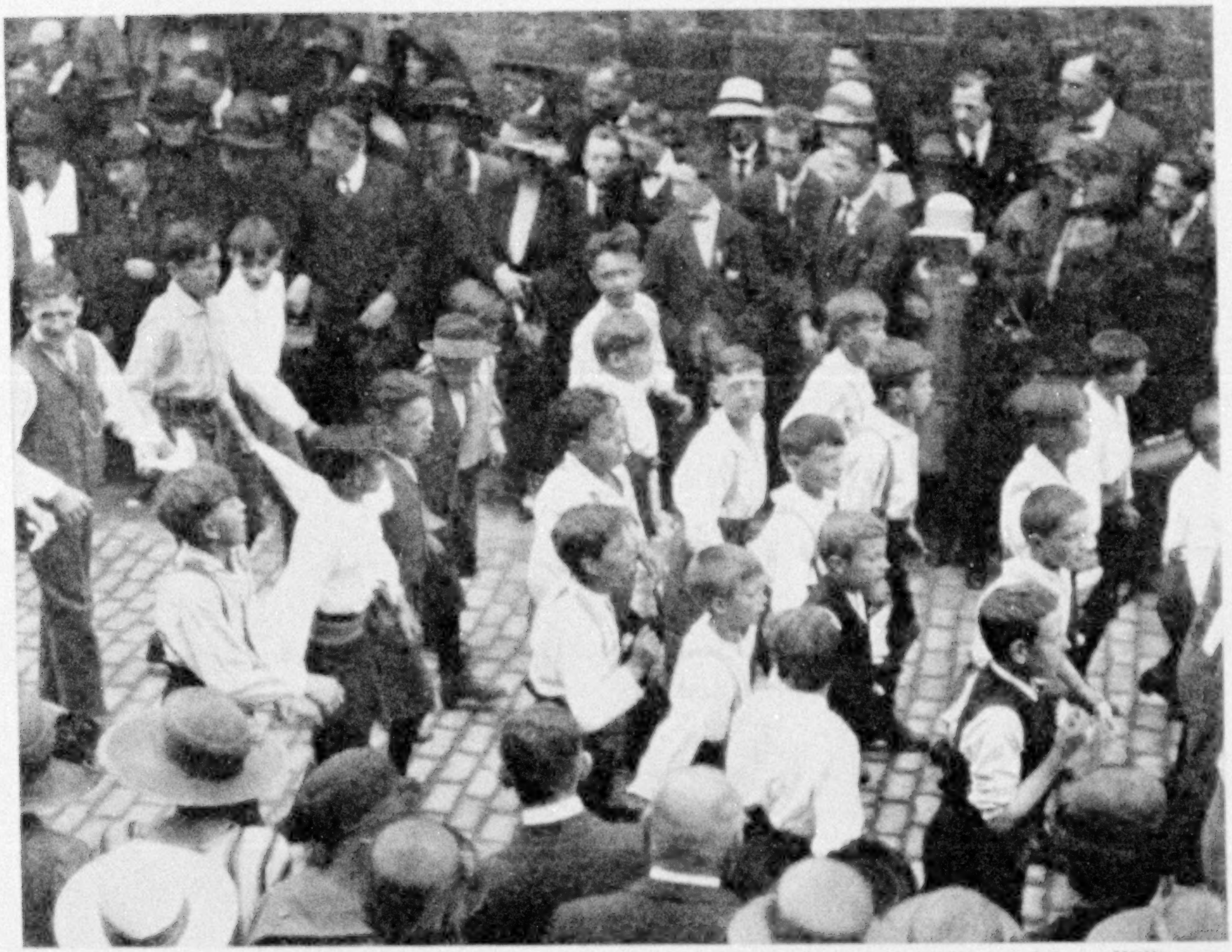
Riviera. Here again the sophisticated capital cannot compete with the lowly, lovely countryside.

In the valley gorges writhing around the base of the capital are the industrial suburbs, devoted to making gloves, cloth, and beer. Beside the streams, which only a poetic fancy could call crystal, the women launder billows of cloth with that old-world cunning which knows that even wet laundry is lighter to carry than sufficient water, and a light lunch, light gossip, and sunlight lighter than either.

In their season, white and purple lilacs overhang the narrow streams and semicircular arches are completed to circles below precipices over whose edge, like some adventurous, half-frightened schoolboy, the city peers.

Those who think of Luxemburg as a gay setting for Viennese light opera ("The Count of Luxemburg") would be surprised to know that the one theater, formerly a church of the Capuchins, built when Shakespeare was potting rabbits instead of plotting plays, is closed except for a brief Court season.

The largest of the "movie" houses recently died of malnutrition and the city's transient "gay life" rattles noisily around



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

BOYS PARTICIPATING IN ECHTERNACH'S DANCING PROCESSION (SEE PAGE 519)

in two or three lowly cabarets, one owned by a Mr. Jaas-Housse, who doubtless inherited his taste for such surroundings.

Music is bountifully and usually well provided, though thoughtless and unnecessary users of motor cut-outs usually disturb "Anitra's Dance," or "The Death of Ase." The Luxemburg motorist's ideal is to be heard as well as seen. The favorite center for aping the Chinaman who fastens tin to his wheelbarrow axles to make a noise, or the Egyptian shadoof man who equips his water-lift with oil-can resonators, is the Place d'Armes, Luxemburg's main street.

Your true Luxemburger is a man of simple pleasures, who would rather discuss a bottle of Wormeldinger Moselle than any thesis one might propose. His casino is a temple to Dionysus rather than to Fortuna, Thespis, or Terpsichore. Lady Luck has few charms for him. It is the graceful wineglass, dew-beaded on its slender stem, that puts the luxe in his Luxemburg, though beer is his common drink. His Janus-faced appetite is French in hunger, German in thirst, and sturdy withal.

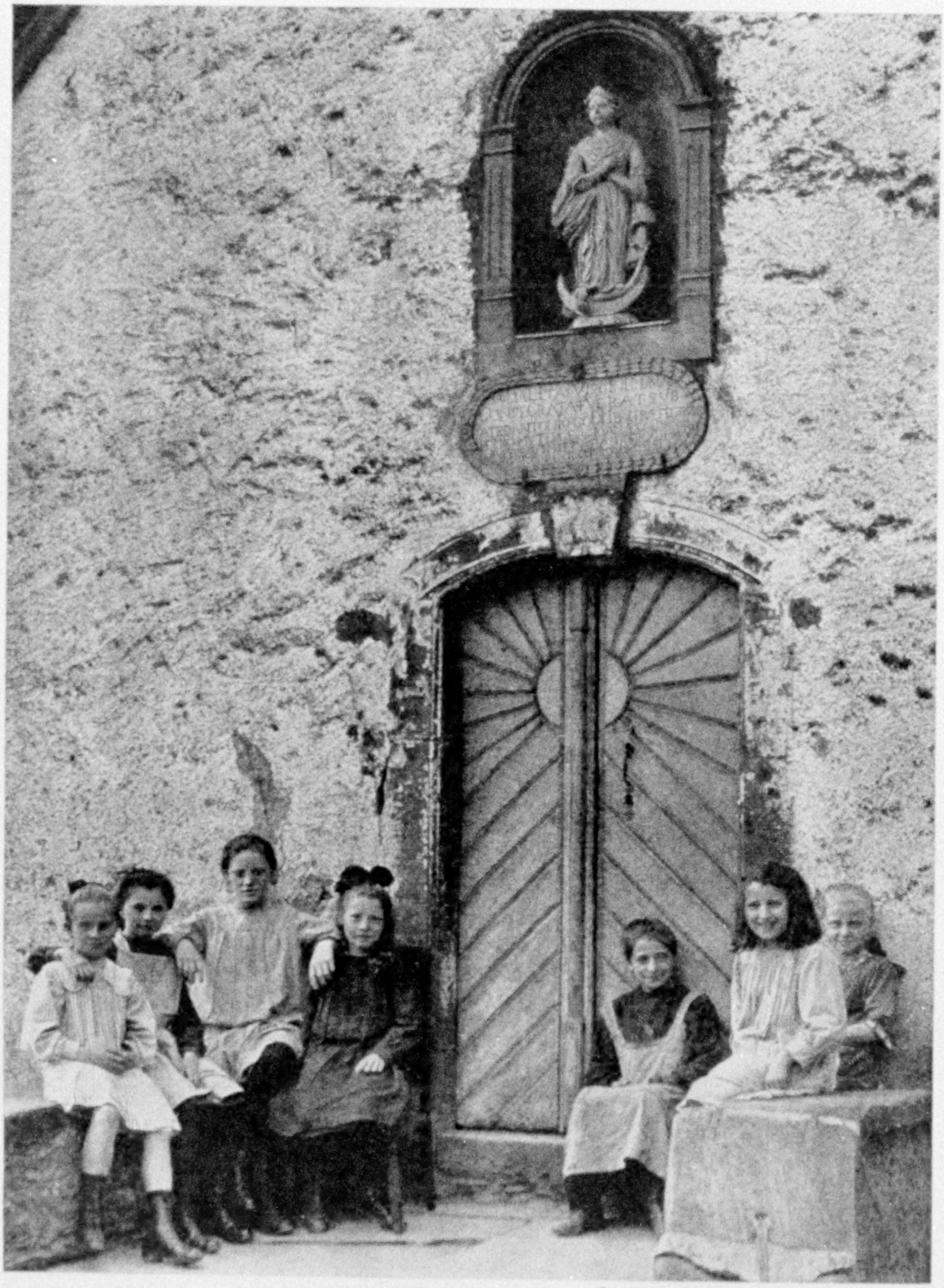
What the Sokol is to Czechoslovakia and the singing bands to Esthonia, the Roman Catholic Church is to the Grand Duchy. It is the chief unifying force in a land whose non-Catholic elements are negligible. During the Octave, now extended from eight to fifteen days, each church body in the Grand Duchy assembles, finds band and banners, and goes to the capital to honor the wonder-working Virgin and beseech her aid.

THE OCTAVE PROCESSION A BRILLIANT PAGEANT

The two great annual celebrations are the Octave Procession, in Luxemburg, the fifth Sunday after Easter, and the Dancing Procession, at Echternach, on the Tuesday of Pentecost.

No photograph can suggest the color and scope of the Octave Procession, in which thousands of simple folk, mostly

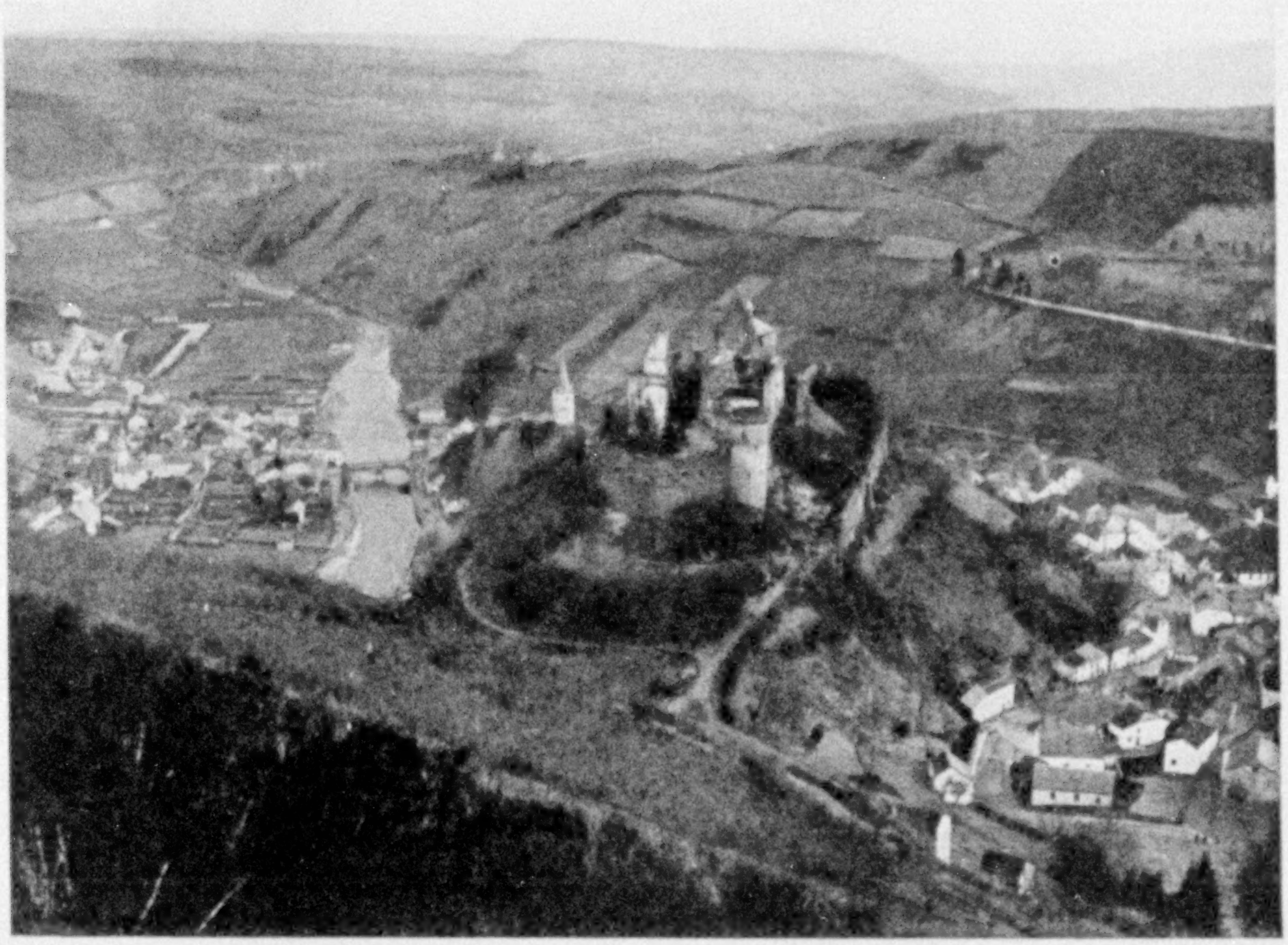
XUM



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

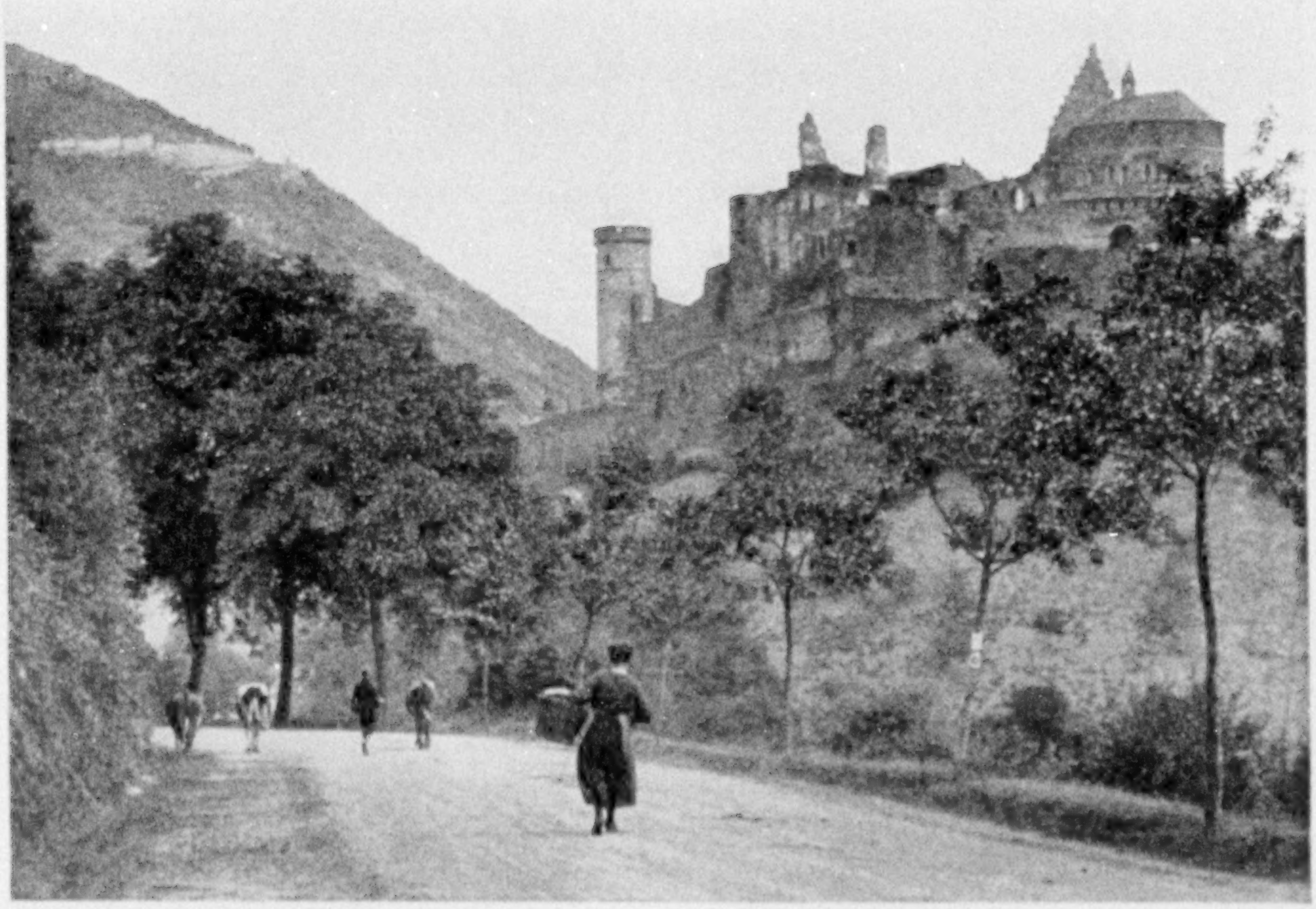
BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE CHAPEL OF THE SODALITY: VIANDEN

Only men are admitted to the order, but schoolgirls play on the steps, and the place of honor over the door is held by the Virgin.



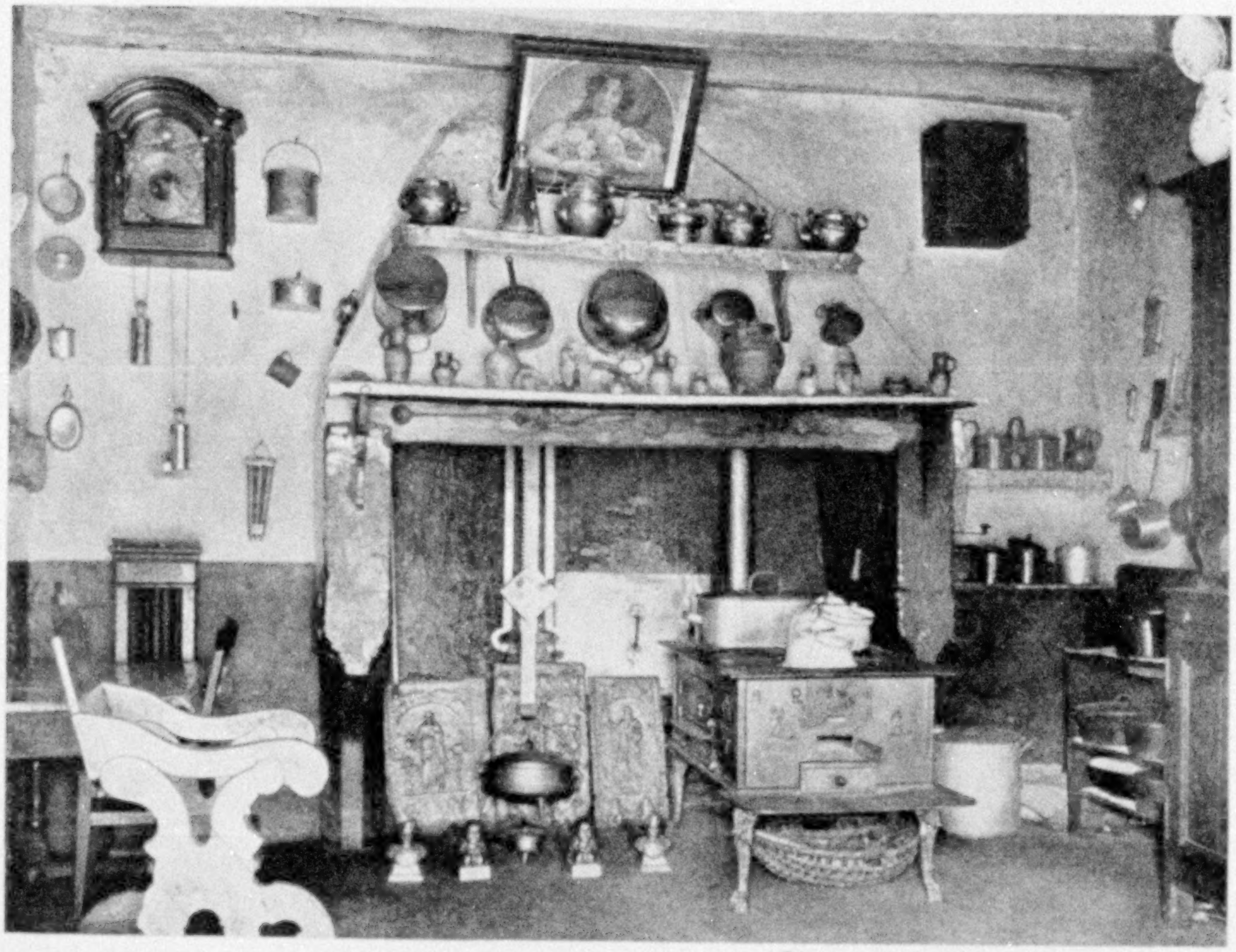
Photograph by O. Tippmann-Maroldt

VIANDEN AND ITS HISTORIC CHÂTEAU (SEE ALSO BELOW)



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE OLD VIANDEN CHÂTEAU FROM THE DIEKIRCH ROAD (SEE ALSO PAGE 500)



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE QUAINT KITCHEN ACTUALLY IN USE BY THE OLD COUPLE WHO LOVINGLY GUARD THE CHÂTEAU OF VIANDEN

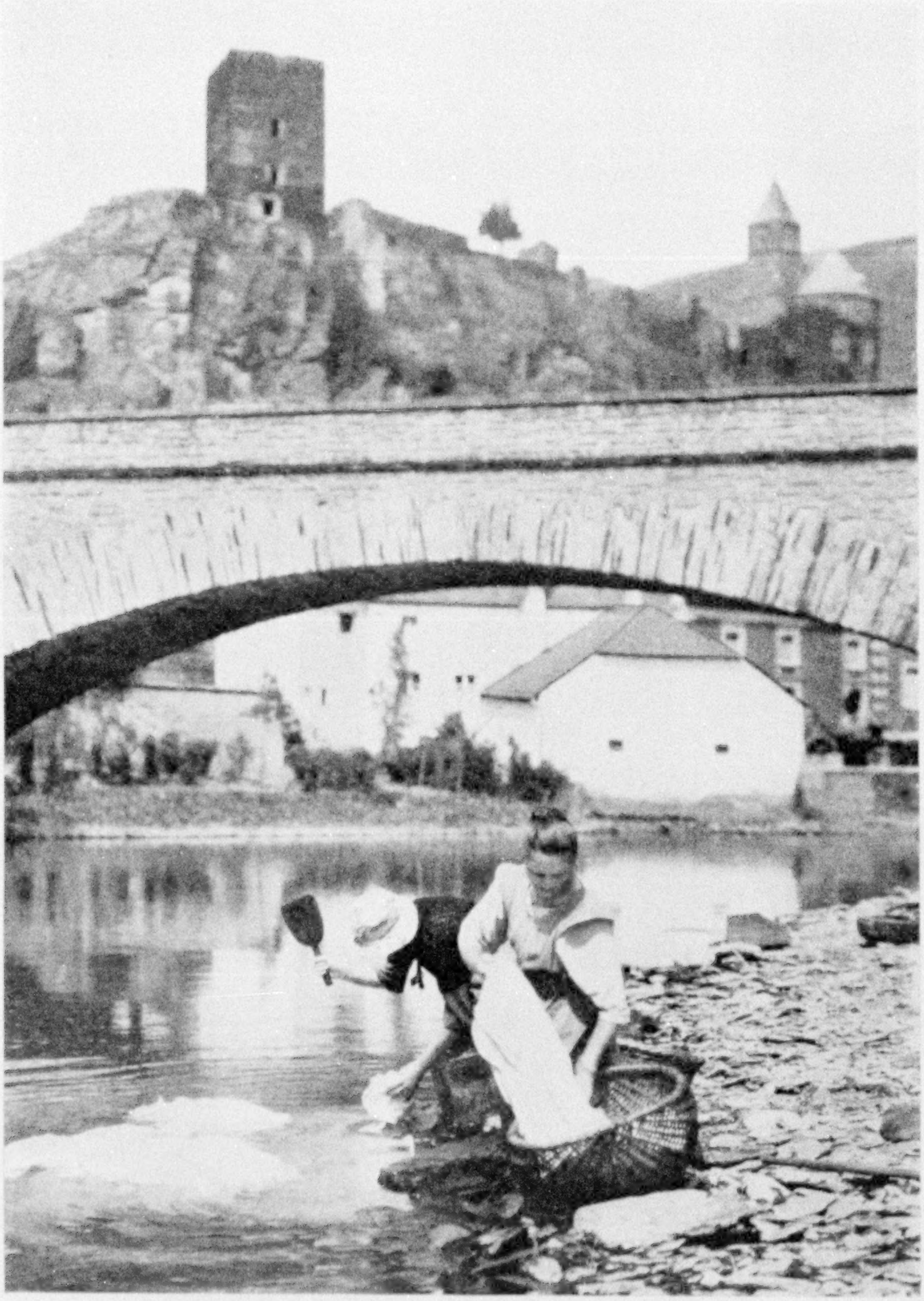
in black, chant their litanies; in which bright banners, carried in the line of march, vie with those hung across the narrow streets; in which façades of business blocks are so hidden behind rows of Christmas trees that one almost fancies himself in some woodland path and suspects that a large part of the reforestation service consists in growing pine trees for the Church; in which red and white, gold and shimmery blue, shot with silver, give a gorgeousness to the dignitaries, behind whose colorful robes and high miters one sees the simple, frock-coated figure of Prince Félix of Bourbon-Parma, consort of the country's sovereign.

Scores of young boys, temporarily subdued in scarlet and lace, accompany the figures of the Holy Family or of the miracle-working Maria Consolatrix. There is a long double line of first communicants—the boys in dark suits, with stiff shirts and white ties, and white bows on their left arms; the girls, like juvenile brides, in veil and coronet (see page 504). Tiny maids, wearing gold crowns and carrying gold flowers, many of them with wings fastened to their backs, succeed in looking humanly angelic and angelically human at the same time.

THE ORIGIN OF ECHTERNACH'S DANCING PROCESSION

The Dancing Procession at Echternach is unique. It started as a religious dance, but whether Christian or pagan one cannot now say. At the time of our Revolution the then "modern youth" introduced more of Terpsichore, and possibly Astarte and Adonis, into it than the Church could tolerate. Pilgrims, their dance-desire aroused by the procession, retired to the cabarets of the day to quench their thirst and continue dancing.

The then Archbishop of Trèves called a halt, forbidding both music and dancing and threatening to forbid the procession itself. Later the Austrian Emperor



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TAKING A SWAT AT THE LAUNDRY

"You can take my picture, but not my face," said the young woman of Esch-sur-Sûre, in the background, but she subsequently relented (see also illustration, page 505). Above rises a part of the old castle which formerly belonged to the ducal family of Lorraine.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A SCENE FOR THE BRUSH OF A MILLET: IN THE FIELDS OF REMICH

The bottom lands are not used for grapes, the best of which come from the crests of the hills.

canceled the whole performance—on paper.

"On with the dance!" said the people. And the dance went on. A hard-headed Hollander had the dance changed from the Tuesday of Pentecost to Sunday, thus hoping to save a work day; but his subjects were just as obstinate and more generous with their time, if not more reverent of the Sabbath. Back to Tuesday it came.

Once, without just excuse, it was not held, and the foot-and-mouth disease, from which the land is seldom entirely free, ravaged the cattle.

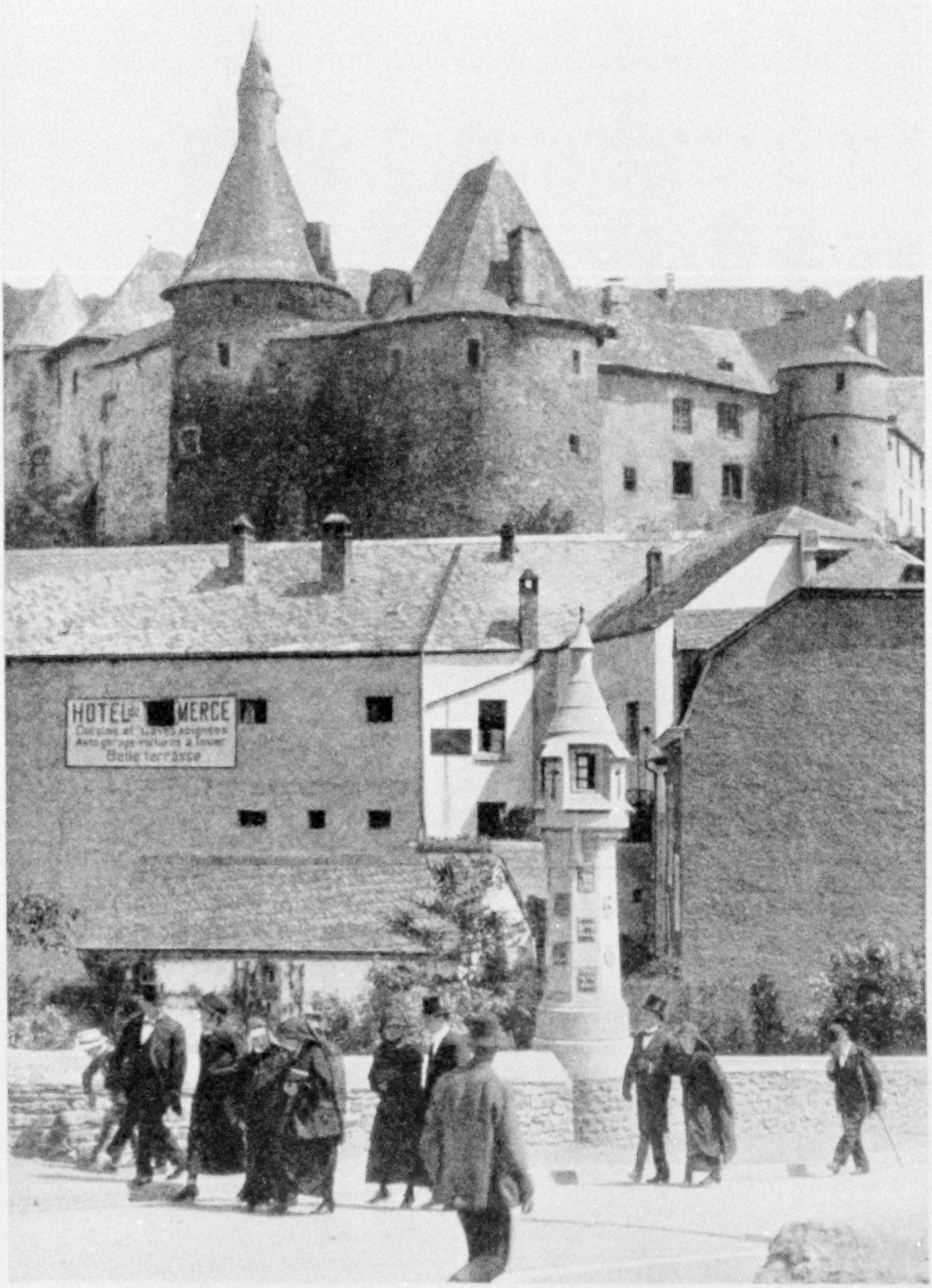
Each year the dance attracts more and more visitors, but is losing its character. Few dancers now use the conventional three steps forward, two back, which gave this procession its peculiar quality.

THE SICK HIRE PROXIES TO DANCE

The devout do not like to dance for char-à-bancs tourists; the young folk of Echternach, encouraged to dance by the Church, don't take it seriously enough, and the sick are not as generous in subsidizing proxies as formerly.

A group of gypsying peasants from Kopstal had come to dance in behalf of the feeble. The uncouth, but friendly, leader voiced the common complaint:

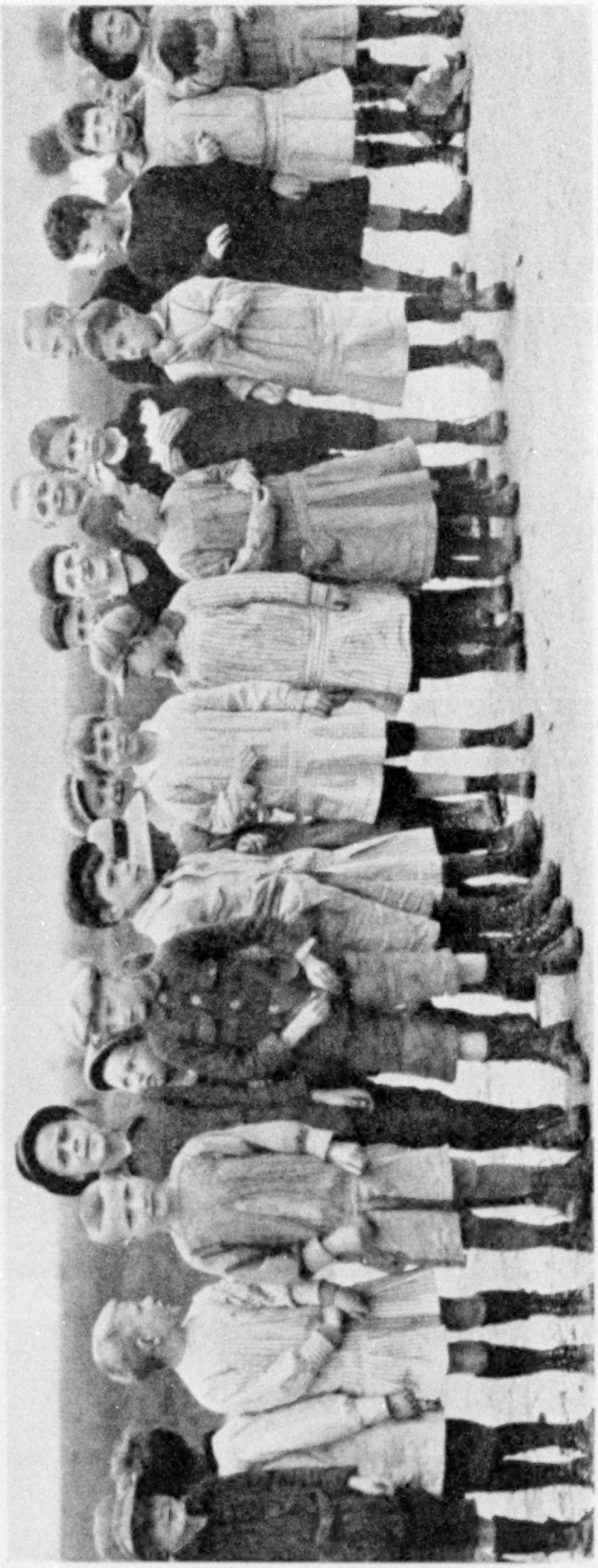
"Always the price has been twenty francs—a louis. If a man could find three different people to 'spring' for,


HOTEL du
MERCE
Cuisine et caves soignées
Auto garage voitures à louer
Belle terrasse

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

SILK HATS IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHÂTEAU CLERVAUX, MEDIEVAL STRONGHOLD OF THE SEIGNEURS OF LANNOY

This château, parts of which date from the twelfth century, is built on ancient foundations.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

LITTLE LUXEMBURG: SCHOOLBOYS OF REMICH

that was something. But it is still twenty francs. And what is twenty francs?" He spat between unshaven lips and yellow teeth to show his contempt for such a financial bagatelle.

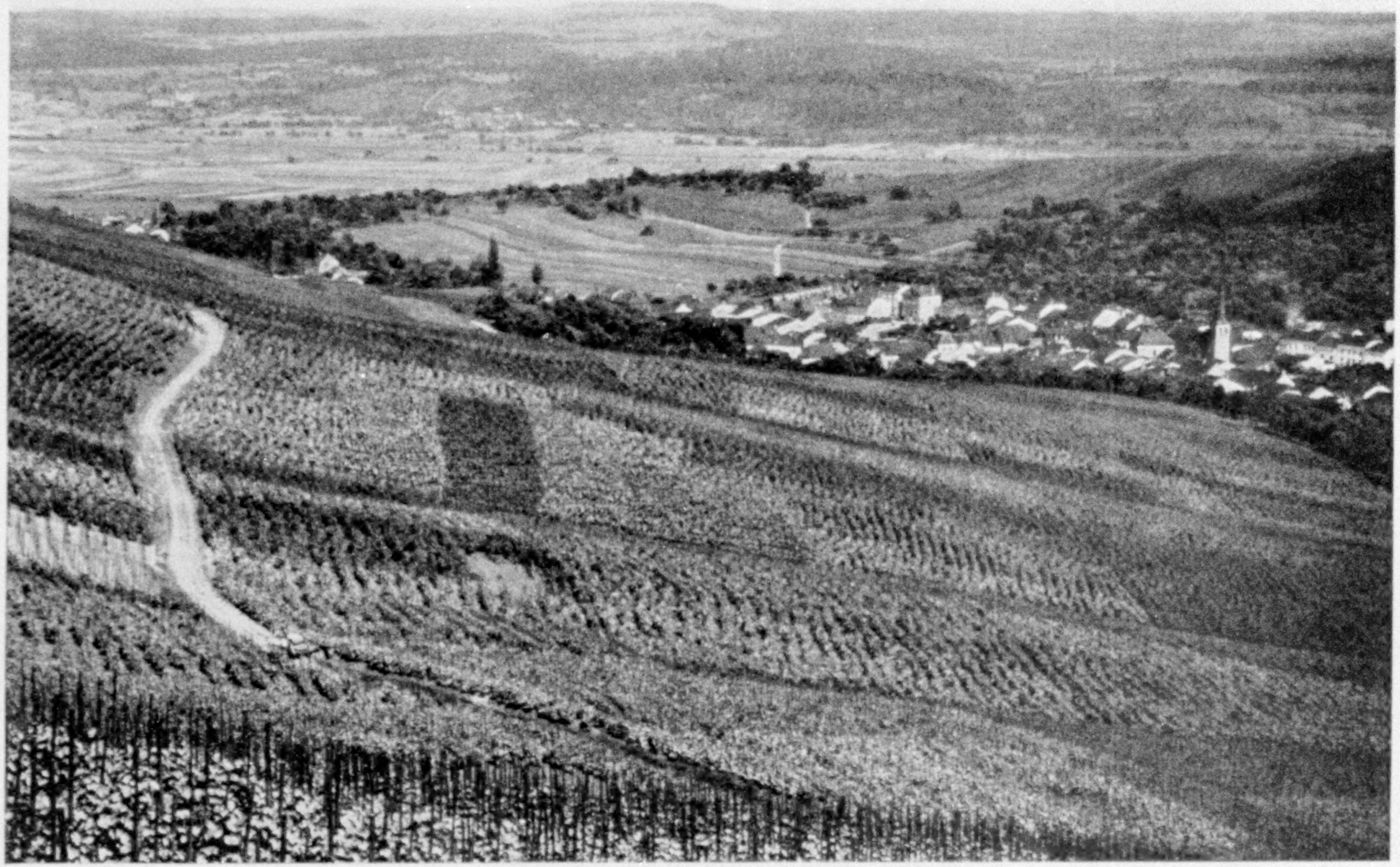
"You will not be able to endure the dance for long," said another informant. "All up and down the line there are bands and they all play the same tune. The distance mixes them all up. After a little the sound makes one mad. He cannot rid his head of it. The streets are jammed. There is nothing to eat. The heat is terrible. But worst of all that crazy old tune; it will drive you mad if you listen to it for long."

"Yes, it's a weary day for railway men," said a stationmaster. "People come from all over the Grand Duchy and from France, Belgium, and Germany. Many of them are sick and unfit for travel. It is cruel. You will want to weep when you see these poor folk fall from fatigue. There's nothing in it. It's just commercial. And it's cruel. Truly you will weep when you see it."

A café waiter pictured it from his angle: "You must go to Echternach to see the dancing. You will die laughing. Six of us will hire a car for 120 francs and ride over to see it. Funny old women jumping up and down, with their black bonnets bobbing, and pretty young ones—in thin dresses. And bands! You can't hear your nearest friend speak to you. It's a *fou-rire!* You'll be much amused."

THE DANCE BEGINS

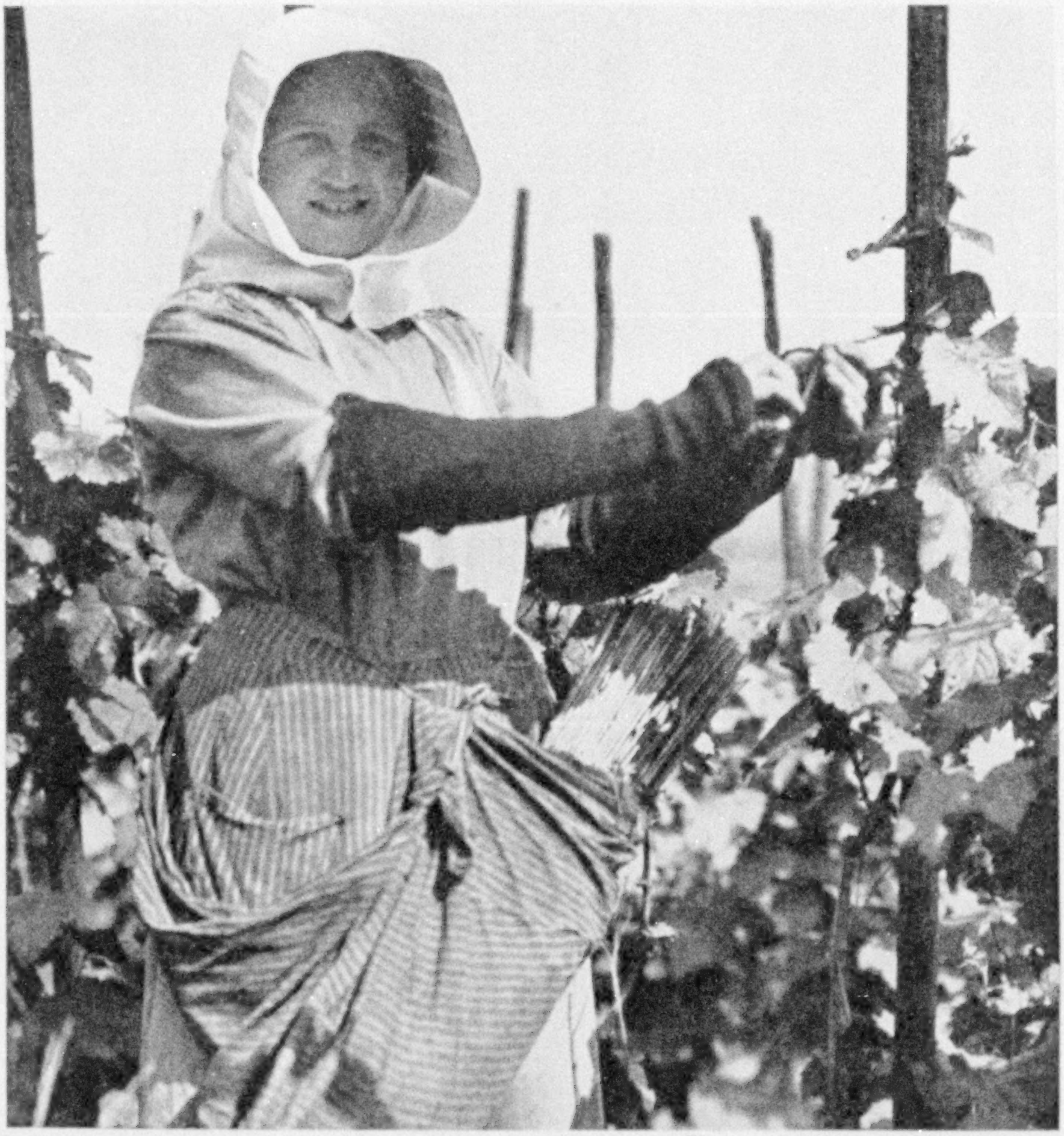
At seven in the morning a Sabbath stillness was on Echternach. The slightly



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

OVERLOOKING THE WELLENSTEIN VINEYARDS

The view is toward the east, with the valley of the Moselle below. "Soft slopes, crazy-quilted by crops, swell upward. . . . Simple steeples distinguish each group of whitewashed houses" (see text, page 524).



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TYING VINES TO THEIR SUPPORTS

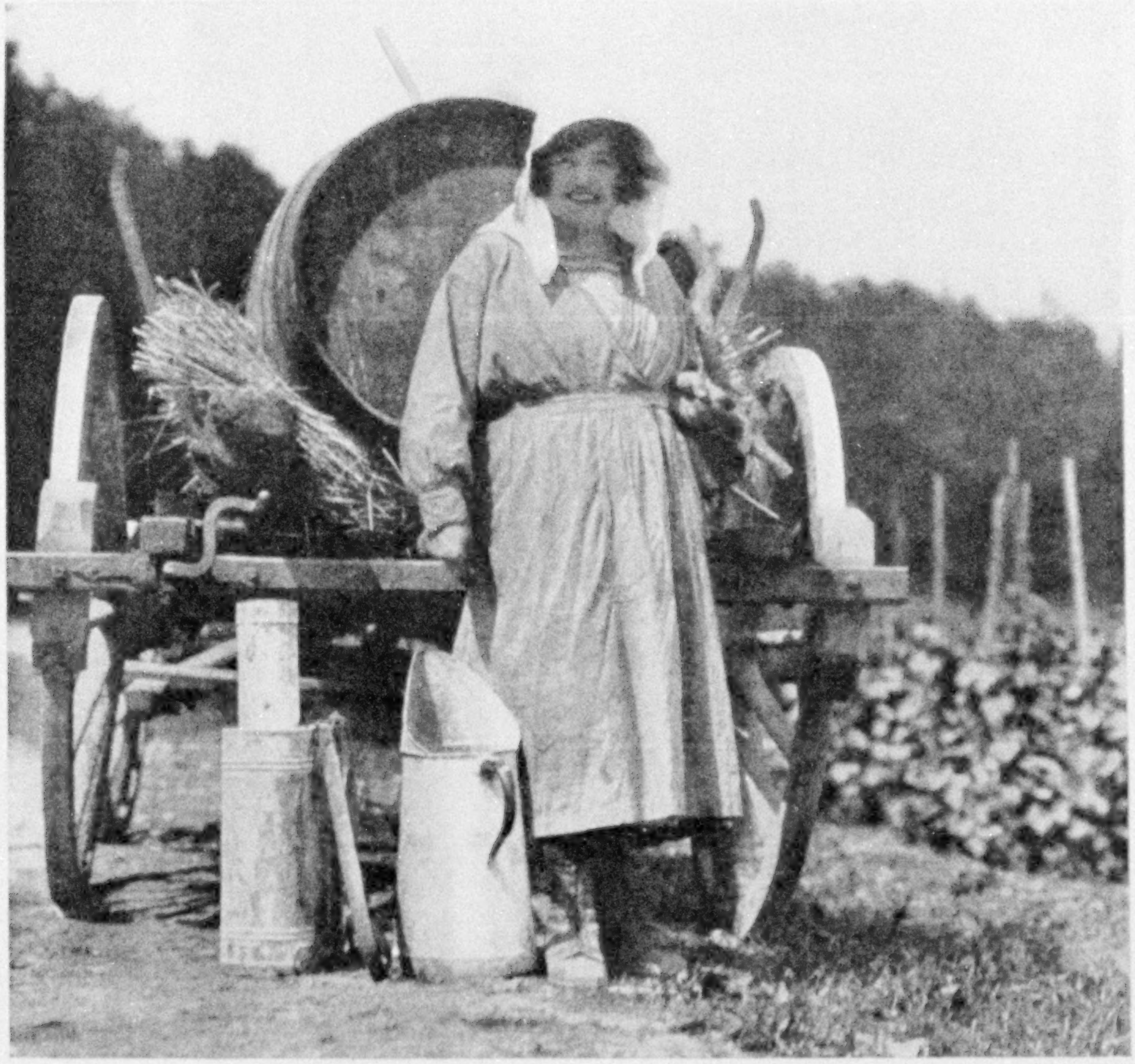
Straw is used for this operation and is thoroughly wet before one starts work. The method of tying differs according to the locality. Here, at Wellenstein, the vine is bent into a circle, which spreads the leaves wide to catch the sun, but keeps the fruit high and dry.

arched bridge over the Sûre, across which the procession was to come, was softened by mist, and the cowled figure of Jean Bertels silently awaited another chapter in the history of the land whose tale he first chronicled.

Then the crowds appeared. Trampers came in from Germany. Green, peaked hats, with shaving-brush ornaments, appeared in company with leather-trimmed breeches and bare knees. Apple-cheeked fräuleins strode in, bearing rucksacks and wearing bright stocking-caps that went well with their fair complexions.

Finding a place beside the 60 stairs, which, until 1906, the dancers multiplied to some 300 (three steps forward, two back, making one step gained in every five) in climbing to the parish church of Peter and Paul, I awaited the procession. A heavy woman in the street below insisted on being dragged up, skinning both her forearms on the old iron fence.

In the massed streets a lane began to



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A VITRIOL GIRL OF WELLENSTEIN

Tucked away in a fold of vine-clad hills southwest of Remich is the small village of Wellenstein. From above it, on the road to Mondorf, one has a magnificent view of vineyards. This young woman mixes vitriol and carries it down the hill to men who are spraying their vines.

form. Then came priests and banners and acolytes and hundreds of men in solemn "Sunday clothes" chanting a litany. Down the street a band began to play. It was as if a circus shrieked up behind a funeral. Then I could see young men and girls joined by handkerchiefs and dancing gaily.

To the right, the solemn litany chanted by slowly moving forms in black; to the left, the blare of bands and countless white shirts and bright dresses rising and falling in irregular waves, where young folks, held back by their elders, danced in their steps like thoroughbreds reined in. As some comely creature danced by, with eyes flashing, the waiter's words took form—"pretty young ones—in thin dresses."

There were hundreds of what he described as "funny old women in black bonnets." But there was nothing funny about them—or pitiful. Among the thousands of persons photographed on my mind or on my films, I detect no sign of suffering. But hundreds of serious pilgrims prevented this slow-moving procession, separated at times by an almost invisible line from the impinging spectators, from being a mere holiday pleasantry.

XUM

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

WATCHING THE TRAIN GO BY

To this day I cannot recall the tune that was to haunt me so or drive me mad.

Through the market place, in front of the medieval Dingstuhl, or town hall, the procession made its way between catchpenny carnival stands and high "rubberneck wagons." The windows were full of wealthy visitors who had rented reserved seats above the din and dust of the crowd.

Into the vast grounds of the old cathedral this motley procession danced, and on into the polychrome interior of the former abbey church, in which French revolutionaries once stabled their horses and a potter had his ovens.

GAY SCENES AFTER THE CEREMONY

Three hours of dance, noise, pomp, and perspiration were over. In the market place, giant swings began to bob back and forth. A merry-go-round, run by a boy-power treadmill whose mystery was only partly preserved by a scarlet valance, was busy. The cafés held overflow meetings in the square.

A man with a magic knitting needle, which made horrible cerise flowers, big as cabbages, blossom on an honest square of rough crash, was charming money away from country women, whose knotted fingers he tenderly directed in an attempt to prove that anyone could work the same monstrous miracle.

Crackers and candy were selling fast. Balloons and squawkers were "quieting" tired children. Boys sucked sweet sirups out of tiny bottles through glass "straws."

A visitor from the Mondorf baths rushed by. "How'djyu come out? I got some wonderful stuff. We had the best window in town. Great show, wasn't it? Well, see you later. Must get back for lunch. Old bus is tuning up now. Cheerio!" And his telegraphic diction was swallowed in the crowd.

When twilight came I wandered around the town alone. In the cathedral, country folk were still streaming past the Carrara marble casket, whose whiteness seems so brilliant in this highly colored interior dotted with yellow spirit flames. Each

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL

pilgrim passed up a rosary or a candle to be touched to the time-yellowed sarcophagus of Willibrord, the English saint, cased in this pure white shrine.

BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE DUCHY

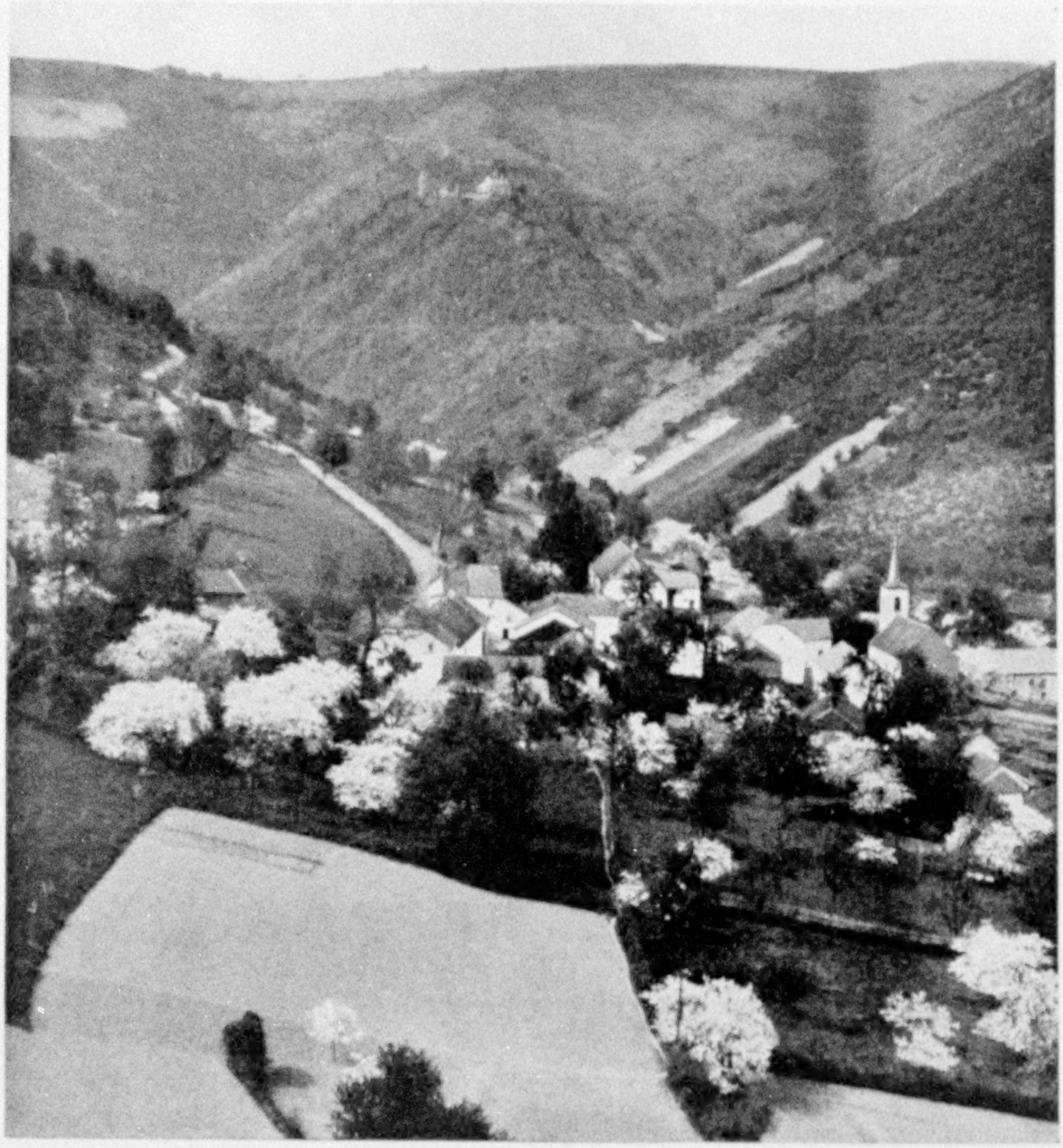
On my return to Luxemburg, after a tramp through the country, a friend, eager for praise of that little land which the Luxembourgeois so love, asked me what I had seen.

"Cows and castles, grass and flowers, forests and winding streams," I said.

And he was pleased.

There is no outstanding beauty spot in the Grand Duchy. Each cherished scene has its champions. The whole is greater than any of its parts; the state more lovely than any site within it.

Vianden, with its fine old ruin; Clervaux, with its picturesque château going to the dogs, geese, and goats, and its Benedictine abbey luxuriously growing on the heights; Remich, through which the Romans were first to enter and last to leave; Mondorf, whose waters cure everything but baldness; Berdorf, where the caretaker sweeps aside the skirts of a Christian altar, lets down a polychrome panel depicting Biblical scenes, and reveals the naked limbs of Hercules and Apollo, the draped forms of Juno and Minerva; Junglinster, with its fine frescoes and funerary stones in the village church; the Müllerthal, where summer visitors in tulle and lace taunt the savagery of the countryside and a queer old character, in an American army shirt, strikes a photographic pose every time an auto stops; Diekirch, known for its environs, whose brewery overawes its schools and churches; Esch-sur-Sûre, with its crim-



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

LOOKING DOWN ON THE LITTLE TOWN OF BIVELS WHEN THE FRUIT TREES ARE IN BLOOM

On the hills across the Our, which here marks the boundary between Luxemburg and Germany, is the old ruin of Falkenstein.

son geraniums hung in bright-green baskets against salmon-pink walls—all have their devotees.

IDYLLIC SCENES DEFY DESCRIPTION

None of them so appeals to me as the land itself, behind whose placid beauty there is a peculiar fascination. I left New England when still young, but there is something about the Ardennes that carries me back to Green Mountain days, when mother was riding a "safety" bicycle along such shady roads as those beside the Eisch, the Mamer, or the Sûre.

Time and again I have tried to analyze this charm of a land and a people content with mediocrity. Late one afternoon I cycled out without camera or notebook, playing hookey from work. Across the southern hills I rode and care slipped from me. At the risk of breaking the spell, I dismounted and sought to analyze it.

The July air was cool and pure. White

clouds hung against a sky really blue. On the landscape which a month before had been a symphony of greens, broken only by the purple of plowed land, the chin-high grain was turning sere, and scythe or mowing machine had left its mark along the rounded hills.

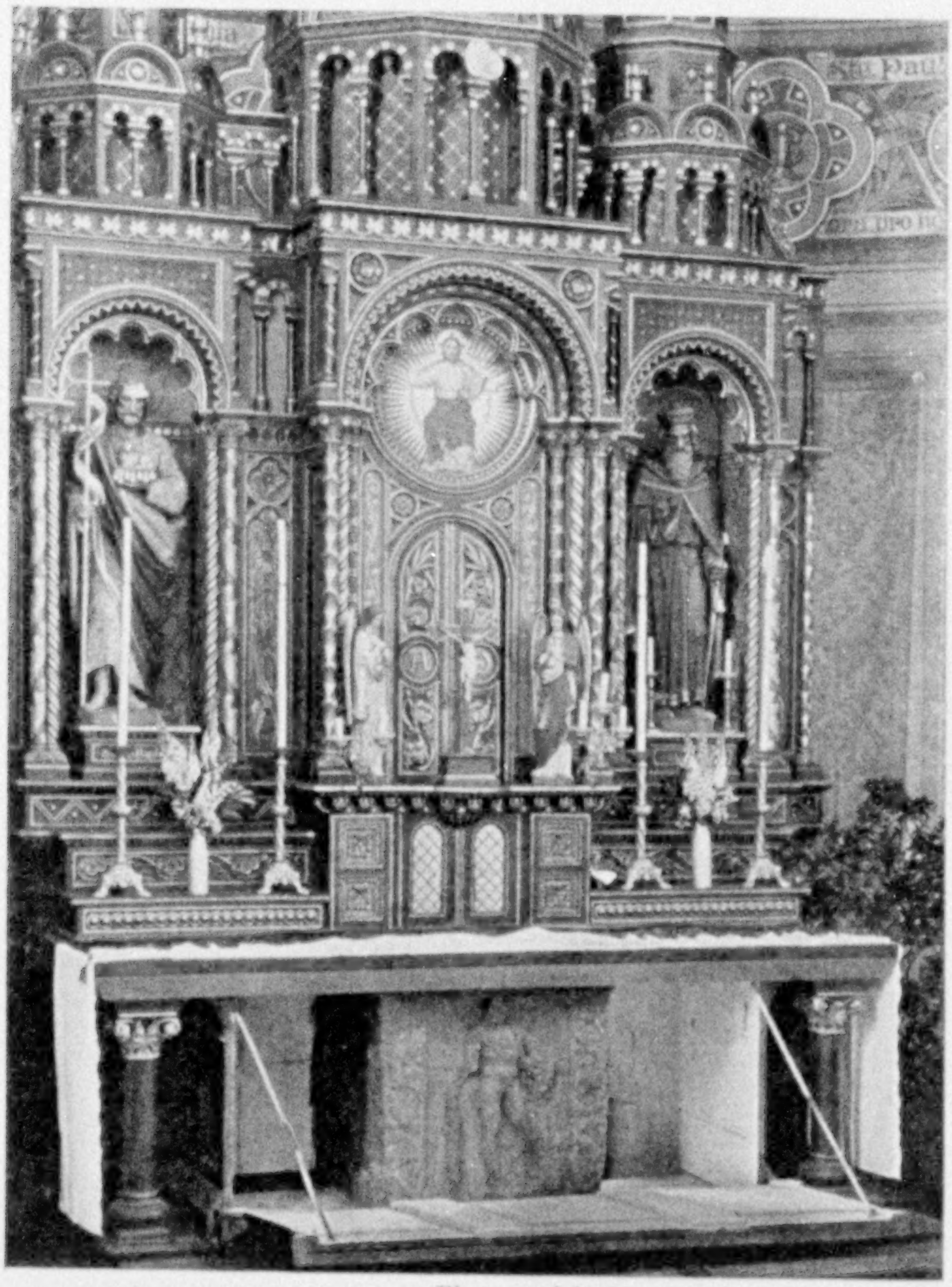
In a hollow, there was an acre or so of woods, brilliant green after the rain of the Glorious Fourth. The rough road wound down past a nondescript vegetable and flower garden in which a rose arch flaunted its beauty. There was a small steeple like that at a Virginia crossroad. A farm wagon, homeward-bound under the sunset sky, rattled along with the hame-chains jingling to the stride of the heavy Belgian horse.

Trees loaded with cherries, red and black, lined the road. Small boys were out on the branches or shinnying down the trunks, with clown smiles outlined in fruit stains left by juicy fingers.

A young girl before her door stroked the backs of two tame goslings, whose big fat bodies were still covered with fluff instead of feathers. Past an unexpected château a herd of spotted cattle slowly filed and in a barn a cow called to be milked.

NOTHING TO EXCITE WONDER, BUT MUCH TO PLEASE

Nothing in all that scene for Baedeker to star, yet one might besiege tourist agencies and bribe concierges for a whole summer and never equal it. Here was material for a Millet, a Monet, at first hand.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A CHRISTIAN ALTAR WITH A PAGAN ALTAR TO HERCULES, APOLLO, JUNO, AND MINERVA BELOW IT: BERDORF

Two airplanes hurried homeward toward Metz, whose cathedral tower I should see, but couldn't. In the west were wisps of white from the never-idle steel mills whose 32,000 industrial workers, many of them aliens, give the Grand Duchy its leadership in iron and steel, of which it produces more per capita than any other land.

I had circled Dalheim several times, but had never before stood on the site of the Roman camp, founded when a famous soldier was commenting on tripartite Gaul and calling the Belgians brave.

The monument, set up in 1855, is a massive square column, atop which a heavy-bodied eagle practices vaudeville stunts on a gilded ball. One wonders how he ever got up there. Certainly he did not fly.

The French inscription might have been written in Laconia. "Rome camped here." But some one felt called upon to burst forth in a Latin ode to Ceres among fields which do her greater honor.

The countryside, never twice the same, has a general uniformity, except for the regions where bare cliffs inspired the château-builders. Soft slopes, crazy-quilted by crops, swell upward toward dense woods of pine or beech, among which some tiny Christian chapel, now largely deserted for a more accessible shrine, commemorates the site of a Druid place of worship. Simple steeples distinguish each group of whitewashed houses, whose old thatched roofs have mostly given way to fireproof tiles of tin.

TOWNS ARE DESERTED BY DAY

Throughout the country the women work in the fields, wearing just such sunbonnets as our mothers wore before it required a droopy Panama and a batik scarf to preserve one's complexion. Young children are taken out into the open, sometimes in a basket strapped to the mother's back. During the day the towns are almost deserted.

The north of the country is reputed barren, the south fertile; yet haycocks are massed as high and as close near Asselborn as in the iron country near Dudelange or in the "Bon Pays" near Aspelt. The first mowing machine I saw was on the Oesling plateau. The general difference exists; but the exception is so common that I doubt if many Luxemburgers, robbed of specific landmarks, could tell in which part of their country they were.

Nature decks the undulating landscape with one flower after another. In May the apple blossoms were strewing their fragile petals on miles of well-kept road. Then came the pink-and-white candelabra of the horse-chestnut and white and purple lilacs, spreading their perfume far and wide.

When speaking of the quiet beauty of Luxemburg, I make a mental reservation in favor of the *genêt* (broom). Never have I been so stirred by color as on one hot day when, topping one of the highest shoulders of the Grand Duchy, I wandered down to the great brown mass of Bourscheid château through square miles of glowing gold.

For hours I thrilled over this wondrous spectacle and for days returned to match my lens and color plates against that Munchausen's-duck combination of sun and freedom from wind through which alone success could come. One had but to point a camera at a huge bank of genêt, motionless as a posing pony, to have it quiver with fear or enthusiasm until it seemed that its countless little Dutch caps would be shaken off. If the wind died down, a cloud passed its sponge across the golden mass, dimming its luster. Truly, the way of the photographer is hard.

In Luxemburg one can easily let his adjectives run away with him. Several writers have already done so. In general, this little state is to spectacular beauty what Vermont or New Hampshire is to the Grand Canyon or Yosemite.

If the sight of sheep grazing on a green slope arouses no atavistic love of the open; if the sound of a whetstone sweeping a thick blade or the swish of a scythe through heavy grass strikes no responsive chord in your heart; if the "scent of new-mown hay" is a facile phrase rather than a vivid sensation; if soft slope after soft slope shading away to blue haze does not grip you, the Grand Duchy will not appeal.

A CONFUSION OF COUNTRIES

No one expects lasting fidelity of the traveler. He may even be so odious as to compare unfavorably the features of some half-forgotten love with those of a new favorite. But for the time being he is supposed to place his supply of panegyrics at the disposal of his hostess.

We rolled down a long hill, turned a corner—just in time—and came face to face with a scene full of charm.

"How it is beautiful!" said I to the chauffeur. "Regard the straw-roofed houses near the stream; regard the peasants and peasantesses at work in the fields; regard the romantic ruin, perched like a tired-out prey-bird above the little homes—oh, how it is beautiful!"

No response.

"Not so?" I insisted.

"That's Germany," was the reply.

"I never saw so much smoke from a Luxemburg foundry before," I said to a

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

HAYMAKING NEAR BASTENDORF

pleasing young woman in Eischen who had changed to her good clothes to bring me the four-egg omelet dotted with circles of sausage which constitutes one's rural lunch.

"That's in Belgium," she said.

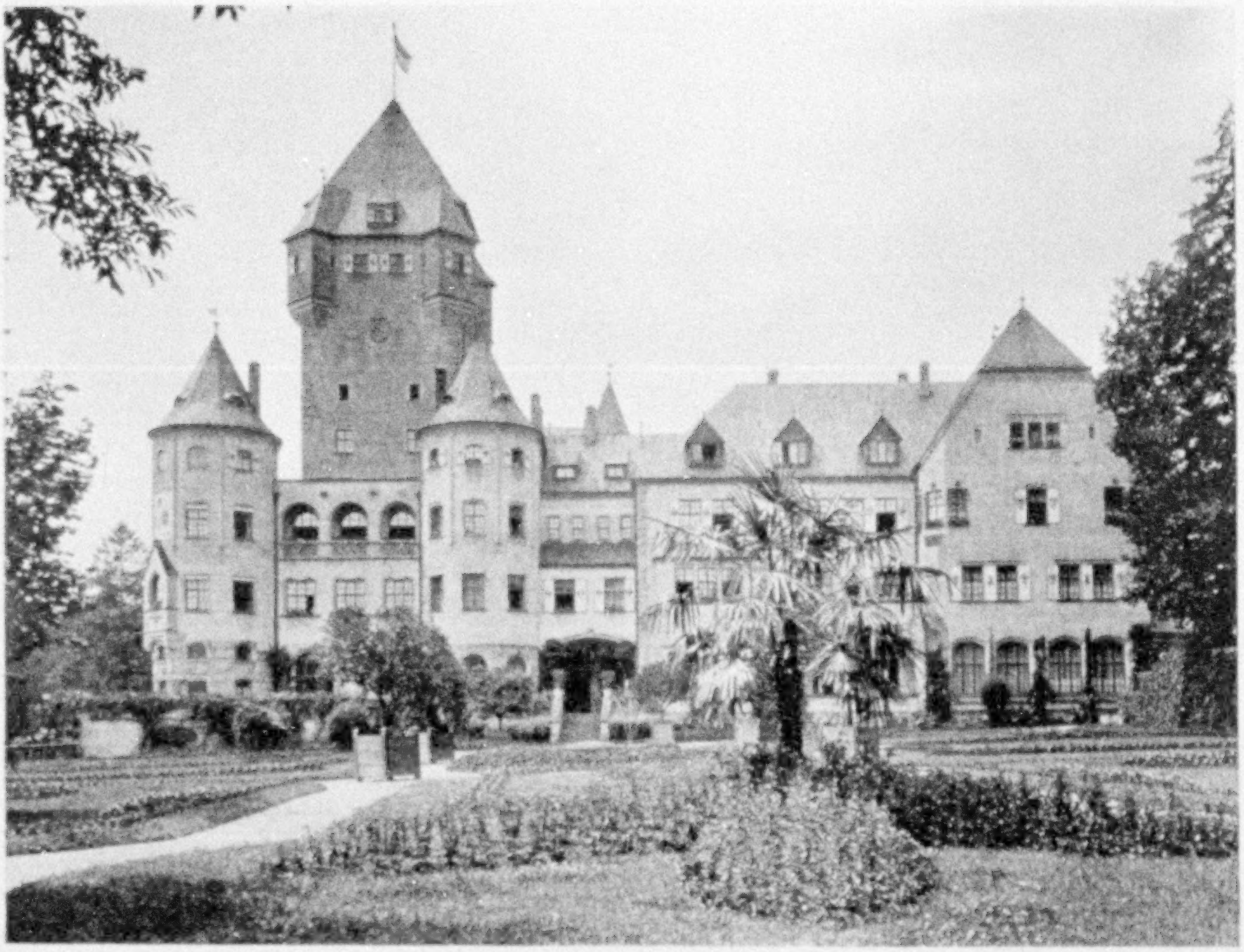
LUXEMBURG'S "LITTLE SWITZERLAND"

The chief boast of the Luxembourgeois is that triangle of country between Echternach and the Müllerthal, known as "Little Switzerland." This tangle of forest and mountain stream, chaotic with Titanic rock formations, is no credit to Switzerland; but it is worthy to stand on its own merits as a magic land of trolls, where one may wander in delight for hours and days, only disturbed when encountering the film tabs, cigarette cartons, eggshells, and iron railings which mark a recognized "sight."

One of the favorite outlooks near Echternach is the Bildcheslay, where one crosses from the main cliff to a detached tower of rock and looks down, past Cleopatra's needle, on the city of St. Willibrord.

One of the quaintest bits of the Grand Duchy is Esch-sur-Sûre, which clambers over a tower-fanged jaw of rock around which the river swings in a graceful curve. It used to be called Esch-in-the-Hole, because there was no road leading to it. A short tunnel enabled the town to exploit itself, and now the stream of automobiles on Whitsunday is a procession. "I get so tired of having my picture taken," said pretty Mlle. Ferber, the innkeeper's daughter, as she carried beer to another motor party.

On the abandoned carriage road to



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE GRAND DUCAL PALACE OF COLMAR BERG

Eschdorf I found a lot of young humans and goats being kids together.

THE "DORFS" AND THE "ANGES"

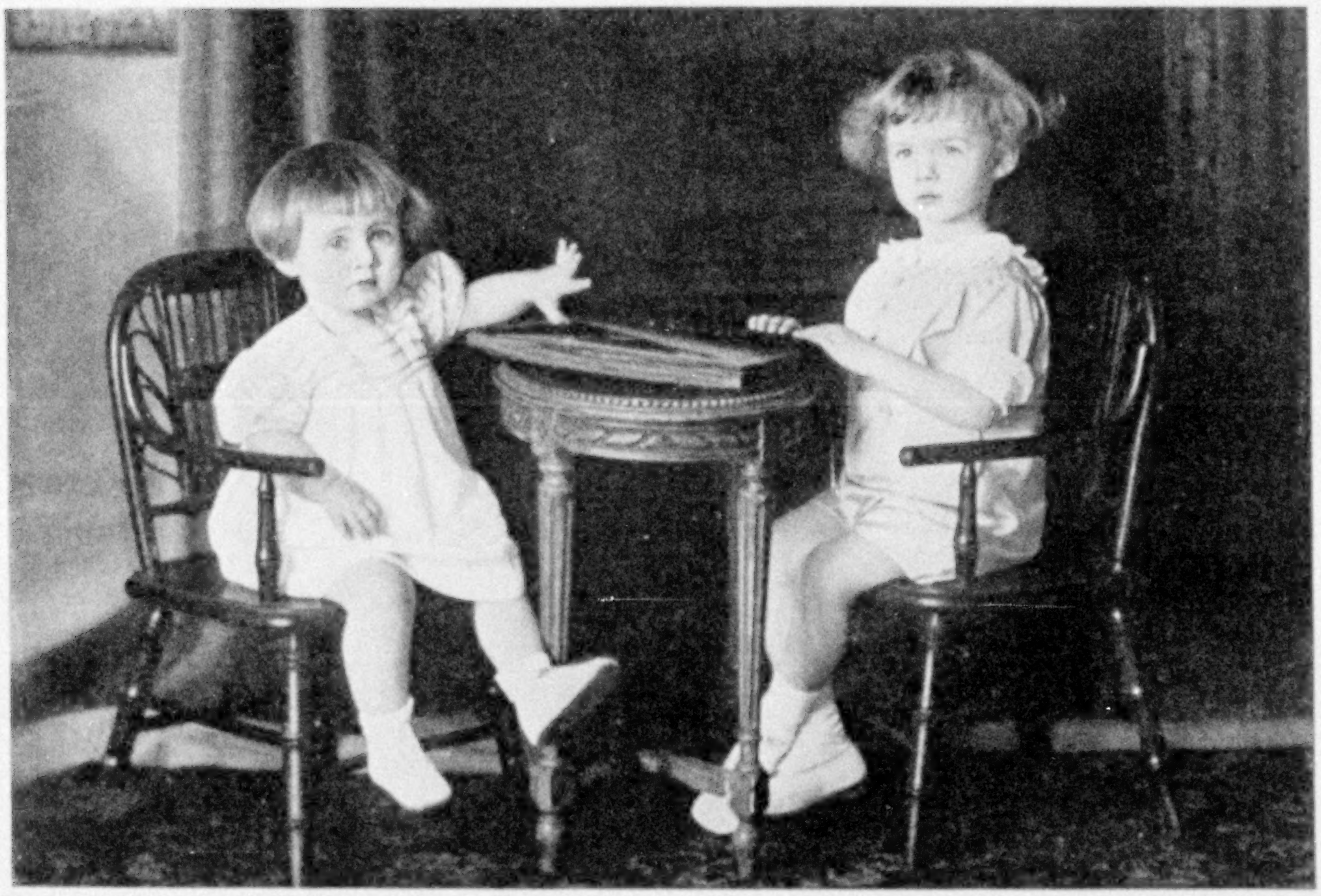
Eschdorf occupies cloudland and enjoys a wonderful view across the rolling elevation, which, a little to the south, reaches the culminating ridge of the Grand Duchy, 1,827 feet above the sea. The highlands constitute the "dorf" belt: Mon-, Ars-, Esch-, Basten-, Gils-, Betten-, Reis-, Wallen-, Bollen-, and Berdorf, some on the hill, some in the valley, but for the most part a farming family.

Not so the "anges," whom the Germans call the "ingens." They are miners and refiners of steel. Pét- and Differd-, Dudel-, and Dommeldange, are the busiest of this family, full of snake-charming steel workers in iron-floored serpent pits, who seize the white-hot, spark-spitting reptiles just behind the head and pass them back and forth between rollers which decrease their girth and increase their length, until the air cools their radiant skins to dull blue-black.

At Dudelange is centered the social service work of the "Arbed," whose name on an imposing building in the capital makes one think it must stand for the Chamber of Deputies or some high governmental body. It is, however, only one of those shorthand names to which Europe has taken so fondly, and stands for Aciéries Réunies de Burbach-Eich-Dudelange. The directors take great pride in their forest school for children with tubercular tendencies, in their palatial children's home, in their splendidly equipped hospital, and in the care they take of their superannuated workers.

WHERE "IMMORTAL HATE" HAS DIED

In 1794 Dudelange was sacked and the inhabitants massacred by French troops on whom the villagers had fired, thinking them marauders. According to Mr. George Renwick, mass is said there on May 17 for the souls of those slain. To quote from his spirited book: "Luxembourg: the Grand Duchy and its People": "The memory of that butchery and its



Photograph by Aloyse Anen Fils

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCE JEAN, HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE, AND PRINCESS ELISABETH-HILDA OF LUXEMBURG

Prince Jean will be four years of age next January, while Princess Elisabeth will have two candles on her birthday cake two days before Christmas.

losses is one which nothing that France could ever do could possibly wipe out. To-day the ill-will finds fiery expression, as though the deed were of yesterday's doing."

The coincidence of reading that on the morning of May 17 hurried me off to Dudelange. No one with whom I spoke in the town had ever heard of the massacre. The French, aside from the fact that they are not Luxemburgers, were acclaimed well-nigh perfect. The one priest I found knew nothing about any such mass, and in the German church calendar posted on the door I could find no mention of the service. In these trying days, it is a pleasure to record the death of an "immortal" hate.

My visit to the children's home was delightful. The tots came running to me with that confidence born of loving care. Had my visit been announced, I might have suspected the charming matron of having filled the home with models for baby-food advertisements, but I was forced to conclude that this must be the place where these child prodigies are grown. Such an output, coming as the by-product of a "soulless corporation," was a far more inspiring sight than any hate-mass I could have witnessed.

THE FIRST GERMAN SHOT THAT HIT NEUTRAL TERRITORY

It was at Remich, bowered in Moselle vineyards, that the first German shot hit neutral territory. Too late for lunch, I had taken chocolate at a neat pastry shop. My friendly hostess pointed out the hole in the window and her husband came out of the bakery to pose beside the place.

Later, I discovered what romance I had overlooked. According to the tale, the Germans, days before war was declared, sent over peremptory orders that no light was to be shown. The matron of the chocolate shop lighted a candle for a moment when—Bing!—a German bullet, fired from a mile away, passed between her and her candle.

"Some shot," said I.

Think of missing such a story—world history at its source! On my next visit to Remich I hastened to this modern

Helen, who drew the first shot of the World War, and asked to take her picture.

"Where did you hear anything like that?" she asked. "That shot was fired at 2:45 a. m., on August 2, 1914. My husband and I were in bed at the back of the house and, m'sieur, we stayed there."

She was not bent on having her picture taken, so I had to content myself with taking down the names of "her boys." They were Harry T. Doran, of Toledo, Ohio; O. F. Braden, of Rowan, Iowa; John W. Burns, of Laporte, Indiana, and Robert F. Bessee, of Springfield, New York.

OUR DOUGHBOYS IN LUXEMBURG

The stories of our own doughboys in Luxemburg would fill a book. "They know the country better than we do," said a pretty girl in Diekirch, telling of the dances she had with an American colonel in one of the châteaux beside the Sûre. "If you want good pictures, why don't you get them from your Signal Corps?" She told me of how, on finding them burning some of their books which they could not carry home, she was loaded down with enough reading matter to last for years.

Not all the books were destroyed or brought home. In Vianden, sitting at tea one rainy afternoon after cycling over the Oesling from Trois Vierges, I spent a delightful hour with "Stover at Yale," left behind by one of the Yanks. Our army evidently had its lovers of classics, for on the hill opposite that old castle from whose counts descended William the Silent and the present sovereigns of the Netherlands and the Grand Duchy, several doughboys had read "A Tale of Two Cities."

In Napoleon's day, châteaux were cheap. Vianden Castle was then habitable. A man with a predilection for profit rather than patriotism, and for junk rather than beauty or history, bought the magnificent pile for the copper and woodwork there was in it, tore it out, made a handsome profit, and left the place as ruinous a ruin as one could wish.

Much the same thing happened at Bourscheid and at Clervaux.

Her Royal Highness Charlotte, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, and Prince Félix received me in the Grand Ducal château at Colmar Berg. There, among the priceless crystals and porcelains, tapestries and heirlooms of the House of Nassau, they welcomed me as simply and as warmly as had anyone in the land (see page 526).

Prince Félix described THE GEOGRAPHIC as the best magazine he knows and asked about my camera, whose working had mystified him during the Octave Procession.

Her Royal Highness asked me to tell her about the birth and growth of the National Geographic Society, of which both she and Prince Félix are members, and showed a sincere interest in its success. Little Prince Jean had eaten too many cherries the day before and was in bed with a fever, but, much to my surprise, was brought down, so that his picture could be taken with his chubby little sister, Her Royal Highness the Princess Elisabeth-Hilda. The tiny Princess Marie-Adelaide, my contemporary in the Grand Duchy, did not appear.

REGAL DIGNITY MELLOWED BY FRIENDLINESS

A less gracious welcome might have left me ill at ease. Effusiveness would have stood out glaringly against the background of Luxembourgeois reserve and conservatism. I had seen the royal pair leave the outdoor mass during the Eucharistic Congress, when Her Royal Highness, girlish and graceful, swept through the crowd, a charming, queenly figure beside her dark, handsome husband. Here, at Colmar Berg, their regal dignity was mellowed by friendliness and by the delightful way in which the Grand Duchess gives her entire attention to her visitor.

Rumor has it that, when young, Luxemburg's ruler found a coal chute slide too tempting in spite of her white dress, and Prince Félix says that in school he got as many kicks as the next one. Democratic sovereigns of a democratic land, in which royalty as an institution is little favored, these two are ever growing in popularity as rulers and first citizens of a tiny land which it is a rare pleasure to know.

When beech groves, touched with autumn frosts, rival the golden glory of genêt, I hope to come again to Luxemburg, beside whose still waters the soul is restored.

THE SARDINE FLEET IN THE HARBOR OF CONCARNEAU

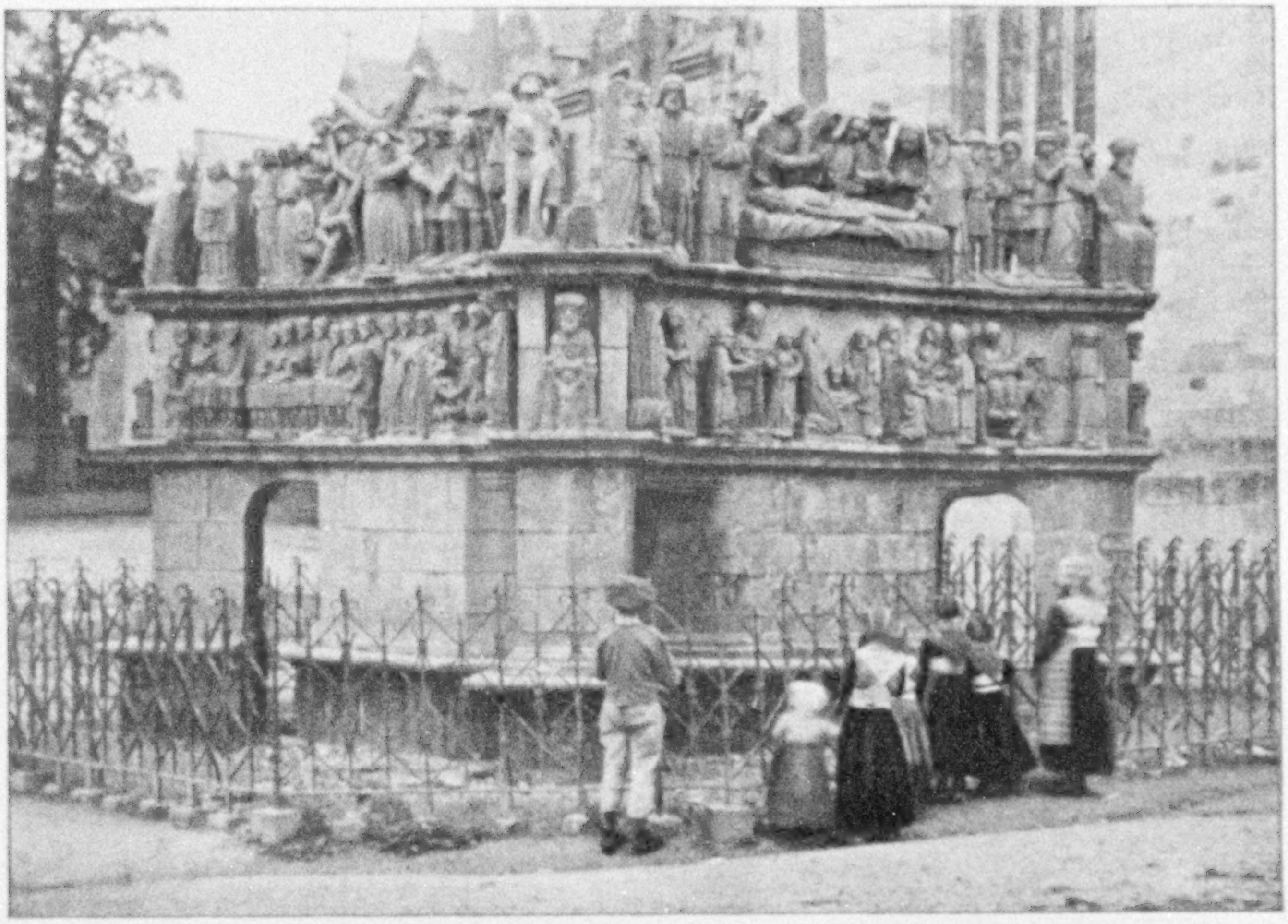
The blue nets of the fishermen and the brown and white sails of the small craft make this ancient harbor of Brittany a haven for artists. Out of a population of 10,000, more than 3,500 are sardine fishermen, and 3,000 men, women and children are employed in the sardine factories.

PARIS
RESTAURANT ABAD

© Autochromes by Gervais Courtellemont

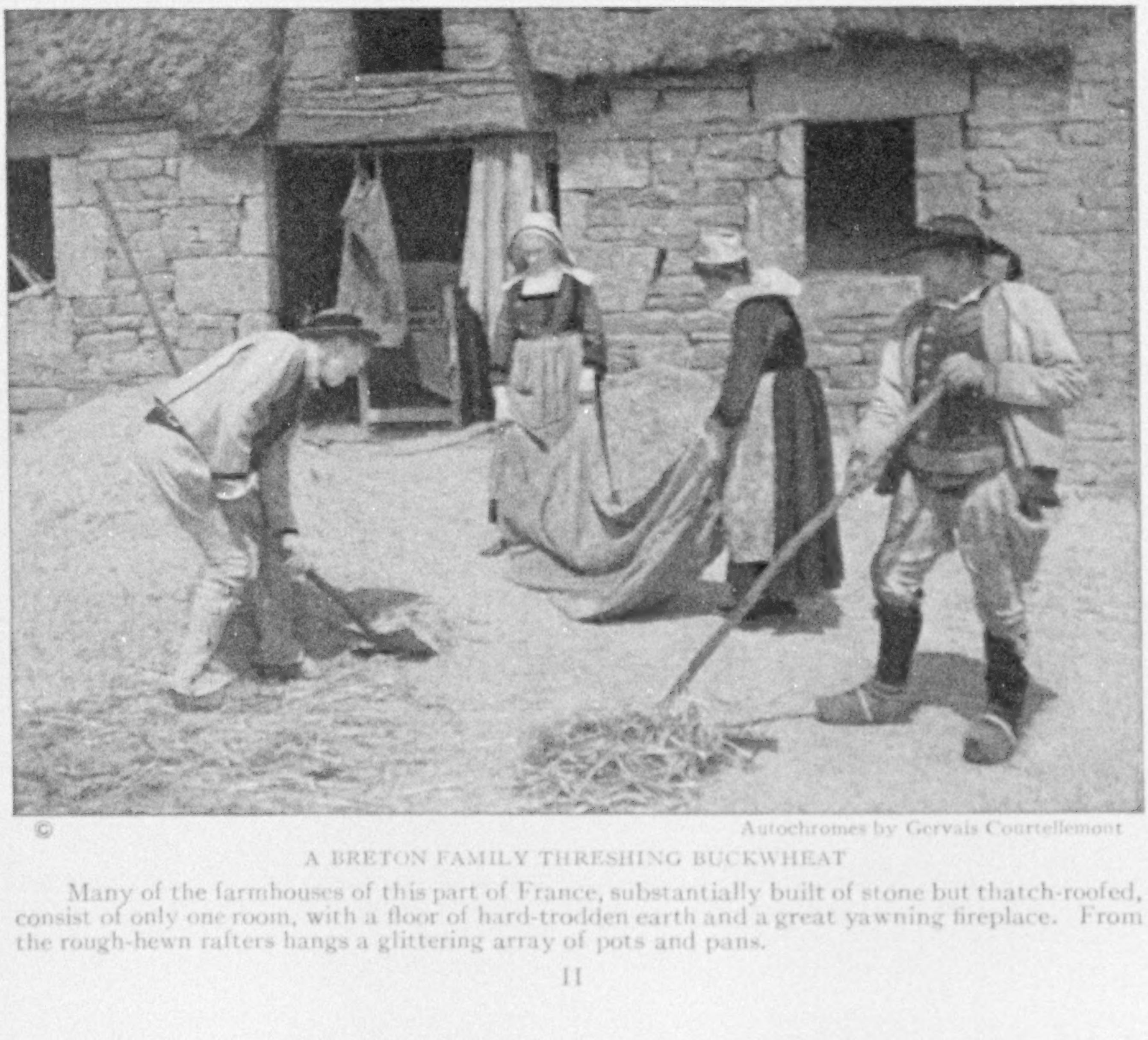
THE WOOD MARKET IN A PYRENEAN VILLAGE

The Bigorre district of southern France, in which these peasants live, is famous as a winter resort. The town of Bagnères-di-Bigorre, one of the chief thermal stations of the Pyrenees, is visited annually by some 30,000 patients and tourists.



THE CALVARY OF PLOUGASTEL

This, one of the finest monuments in Brittany, dates from the sixteenth century. Its sculptured tablets depict scenes from the life of Christ—the Flight into Egypt, the Marriage of Cana, the Foot Washing and the drama of the Passion being elaborately set forth.



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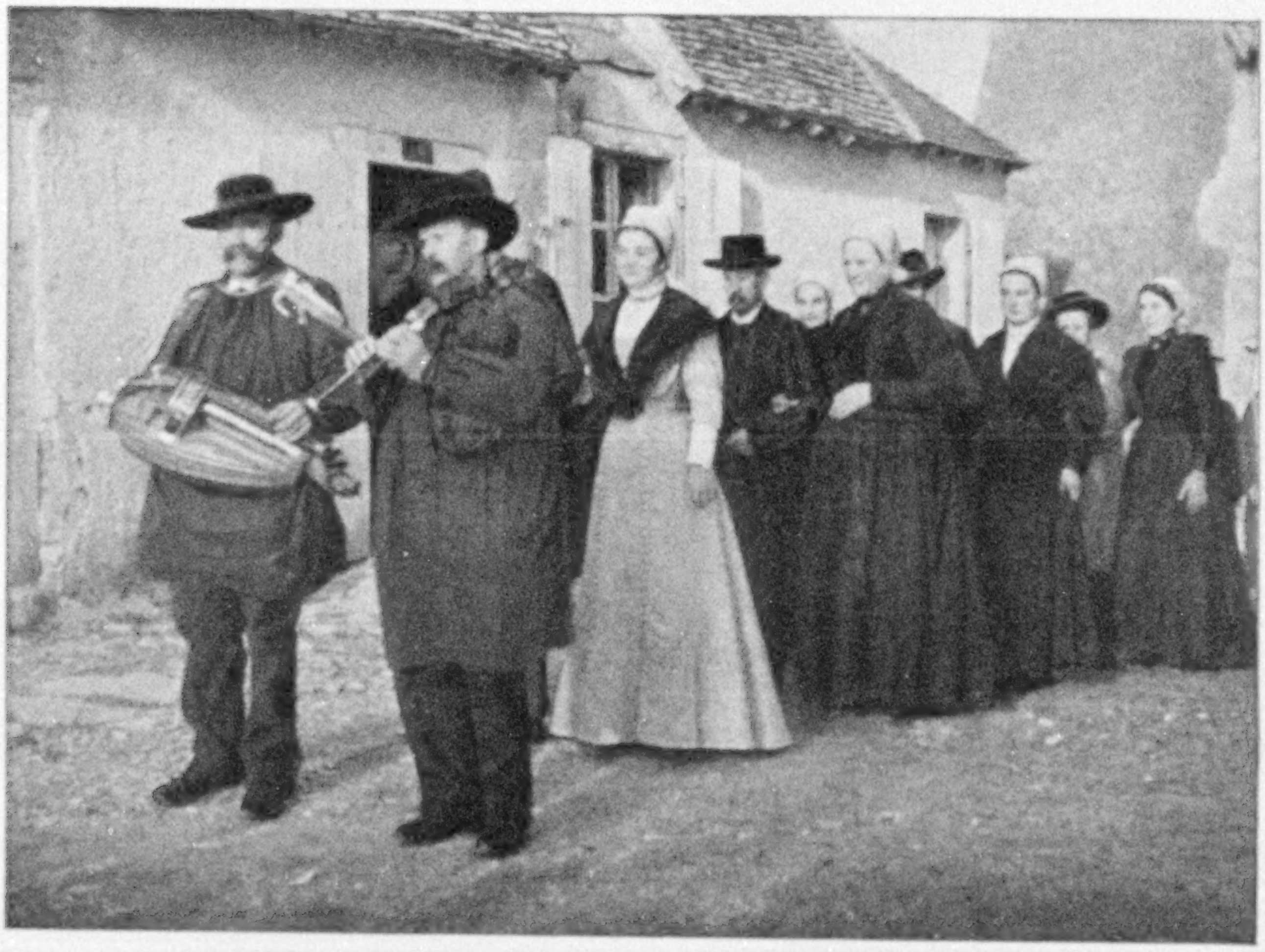
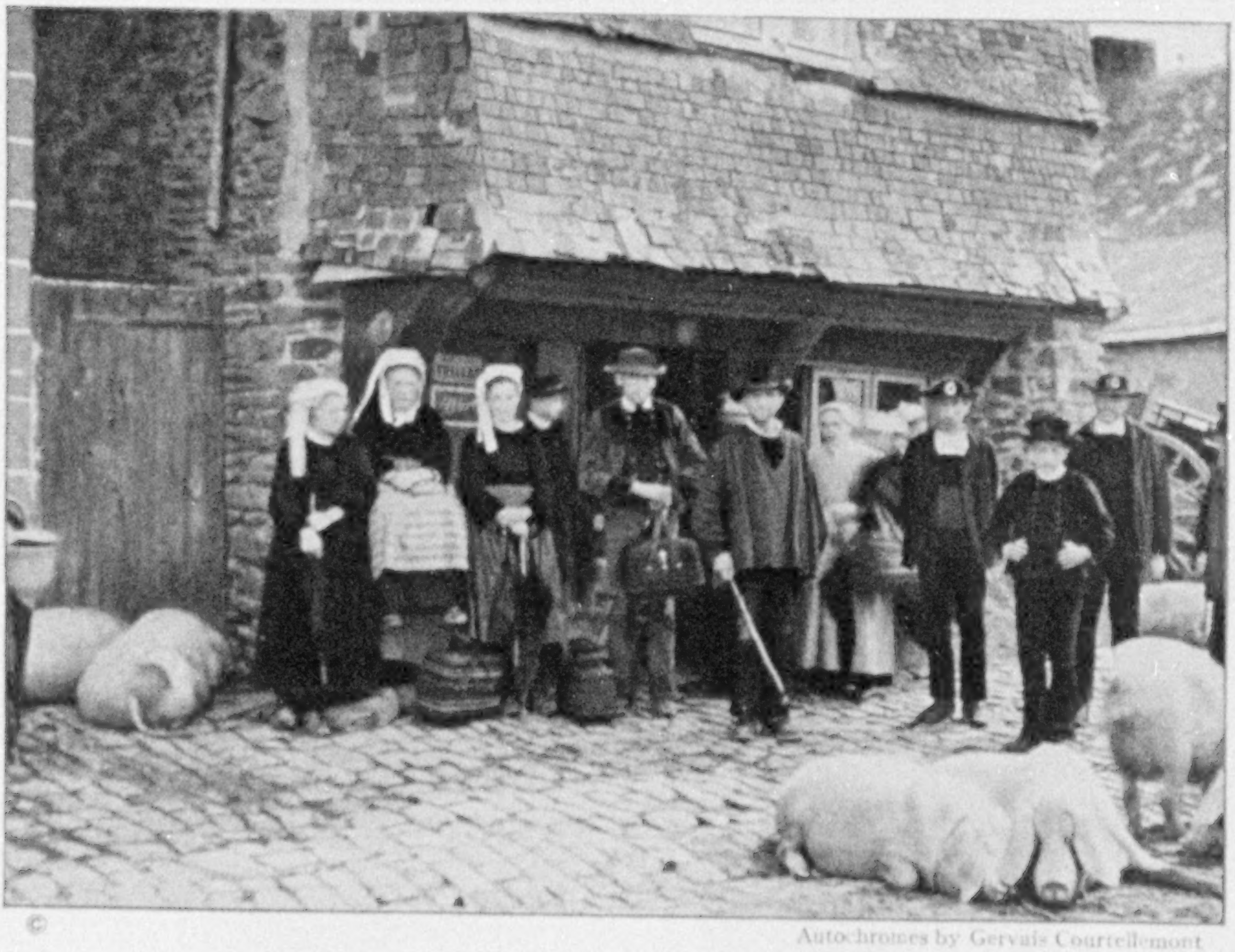
A BRETON FAMILY THRESHING BUCKWHEAT

Many of the farmhouses of this part of France, substantially built of stone but thatch-roofed, consist of only one room, with a floor of hard-trodden earth and a great yawning fireplace. From the rough-hewn rafters hangs a glittering array of pots and pans.



A MARRIAGE PROCESSION IN THE PROVINCE OF BERRY

The rural life in this part of France has been charmingly described in the rustic novels of George Sand's later life. During the reign of Charles VII, Bourges, the chief city, was for a short time the capital of France, until the delivery of Orleans by Joan of Arc.



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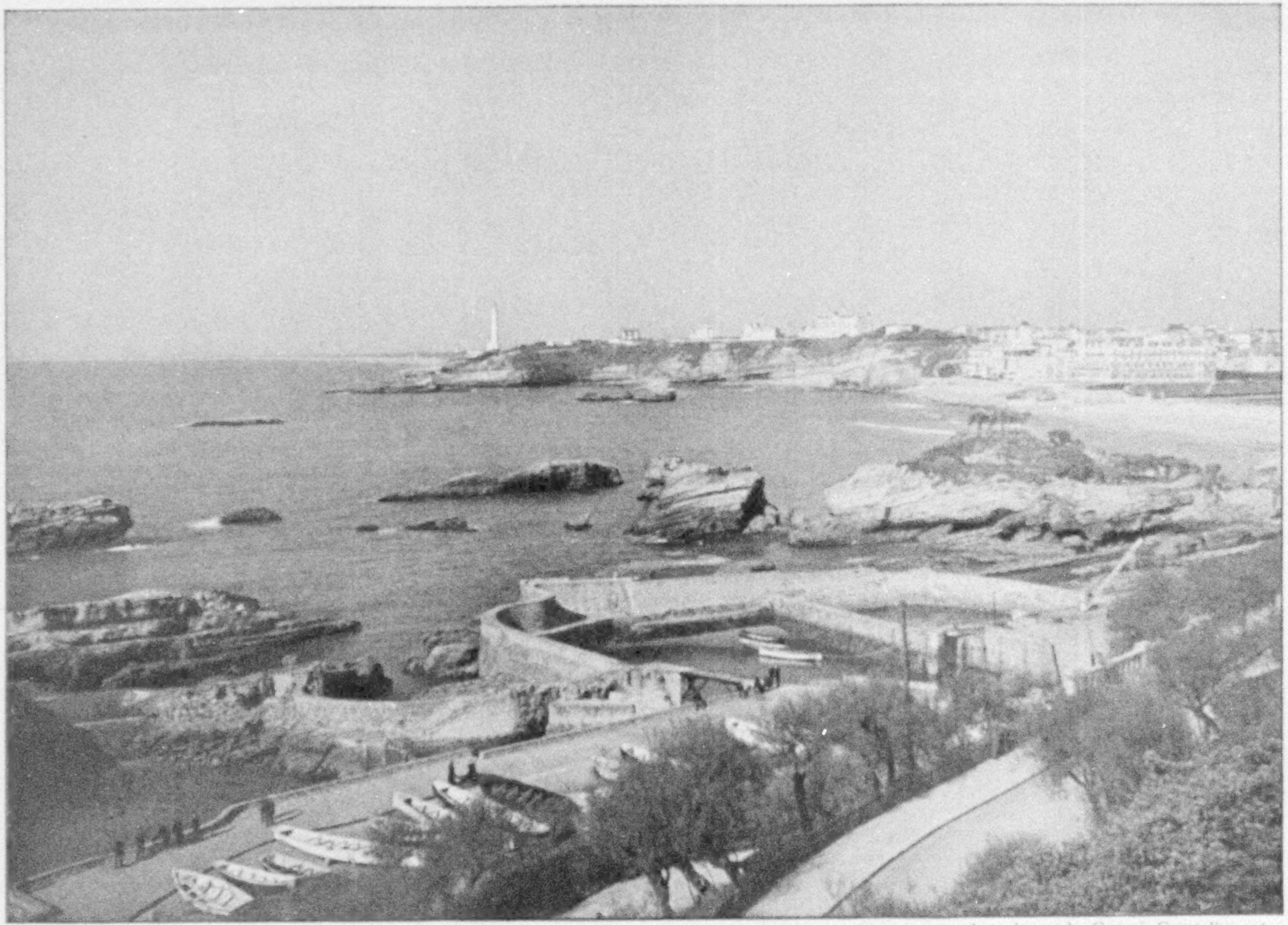
THE PIG MARKET AT QUIMPERLÉ

The sea and farms provide the chief means of livelihood for the more than three million Bretons living in an area slightly larger than the State of Maryland. In addition to their pigs, many goats are kept by the peasants, for meat, milk and hair.



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BIARRITZ ON THE BAY OF BISCAY

This famous watering place of southwestern France owed its rapid rise to popularity to the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. In more recent years it was a favorite retreat of the late King Edward VII of Great Britain.

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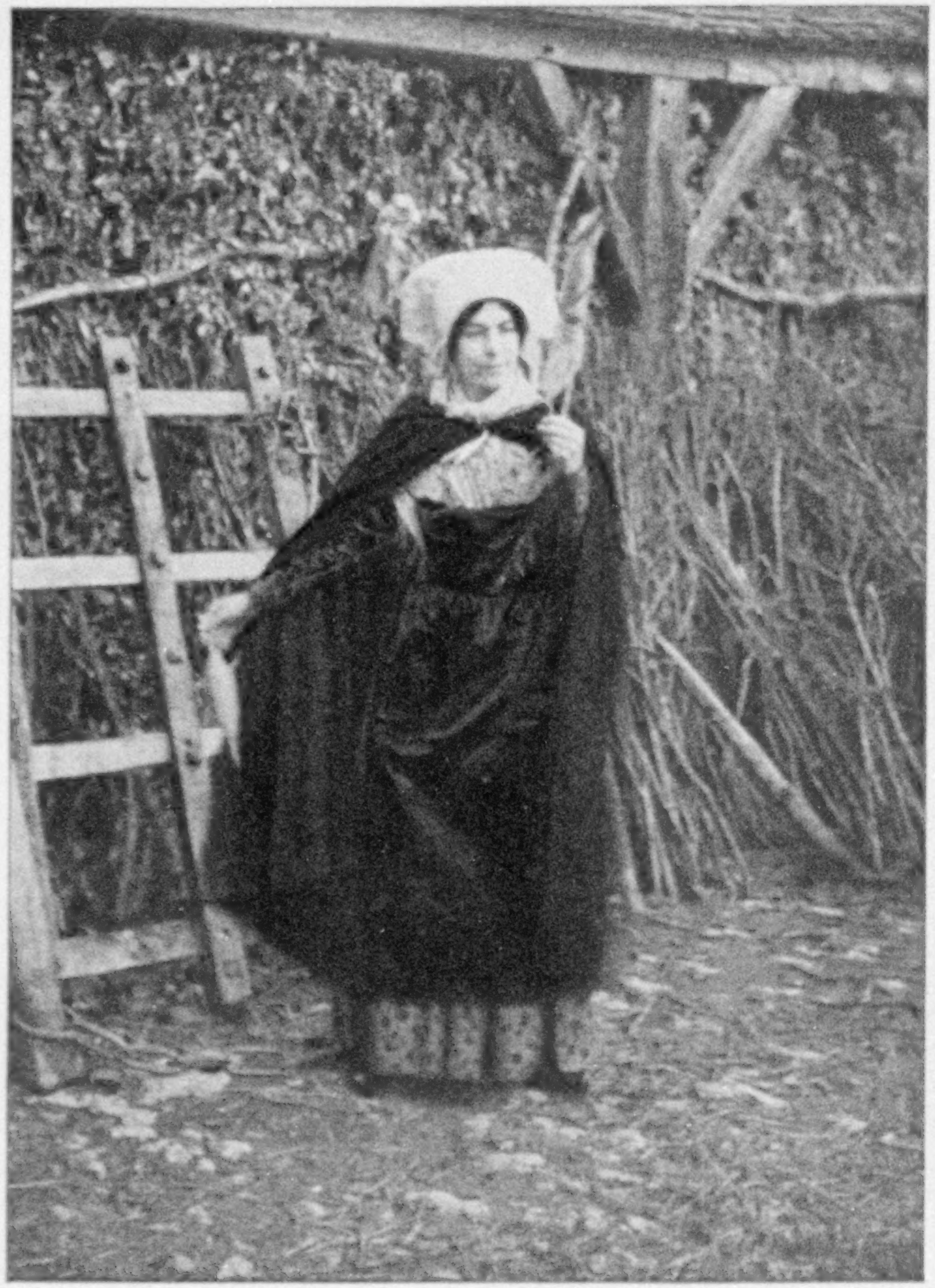
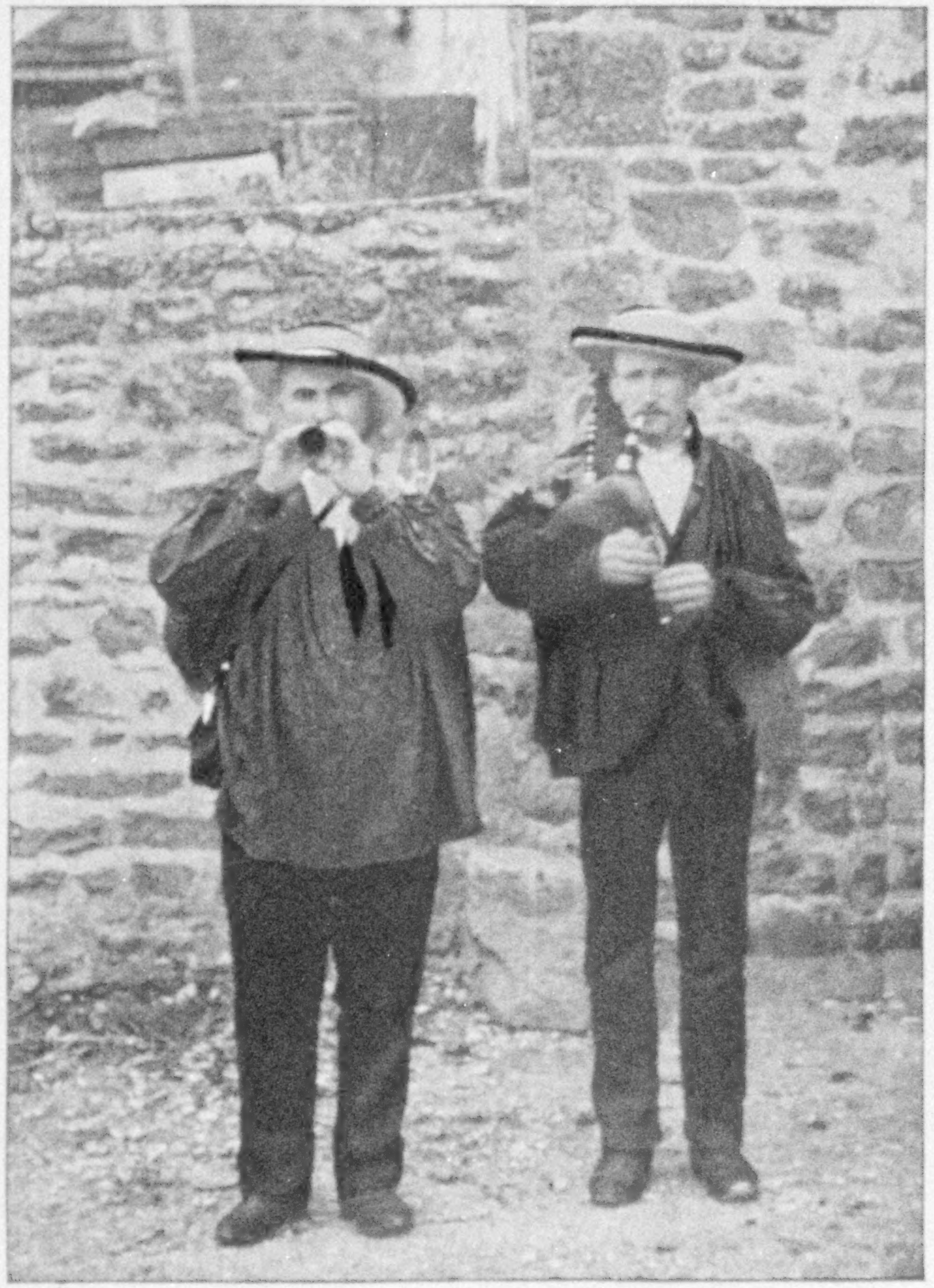
THE AZURE MEDITERRANEAN, THE ROSE-HUED ROCKS AND VERDANT PINES COLLABORATE IN COMPOSING ONE OF NATURE'S SCENIC MASTERPIECES ALONG THE FRENCH RIVIERA



WEARING THE COSTUME OF THE PROVINCE OF BERRY



MUSICAL FISHERMEN OF DOUARNENEZ: BRITTANY

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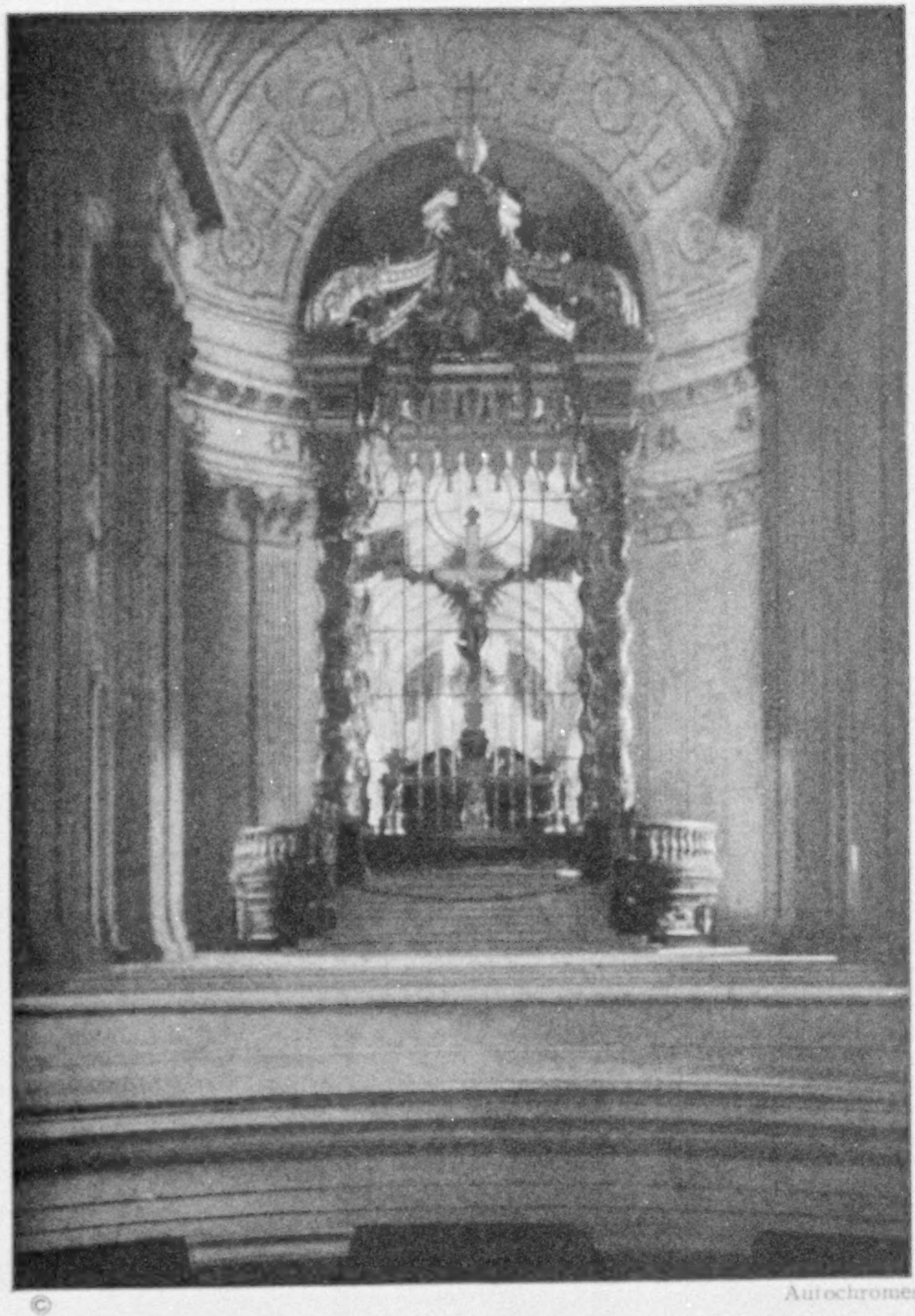

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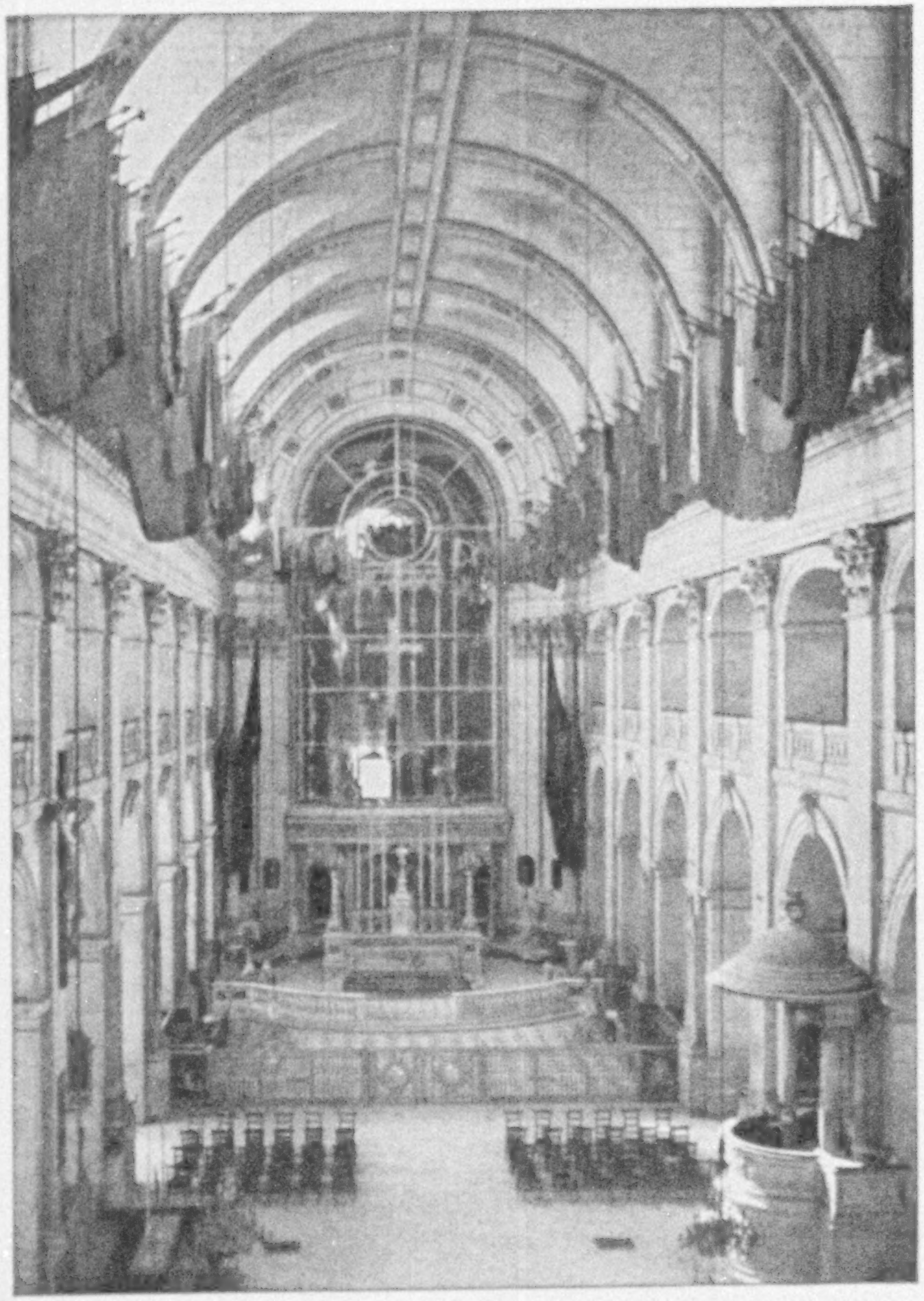
LOOKING TOWARD THE CHAPEL OF LES INVALIDES ACROSS THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

At the entrance to the crypt which contains the massive sarcophagus are engraved in French these famous words from the Emperor's will: "I desire that my ashes rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."



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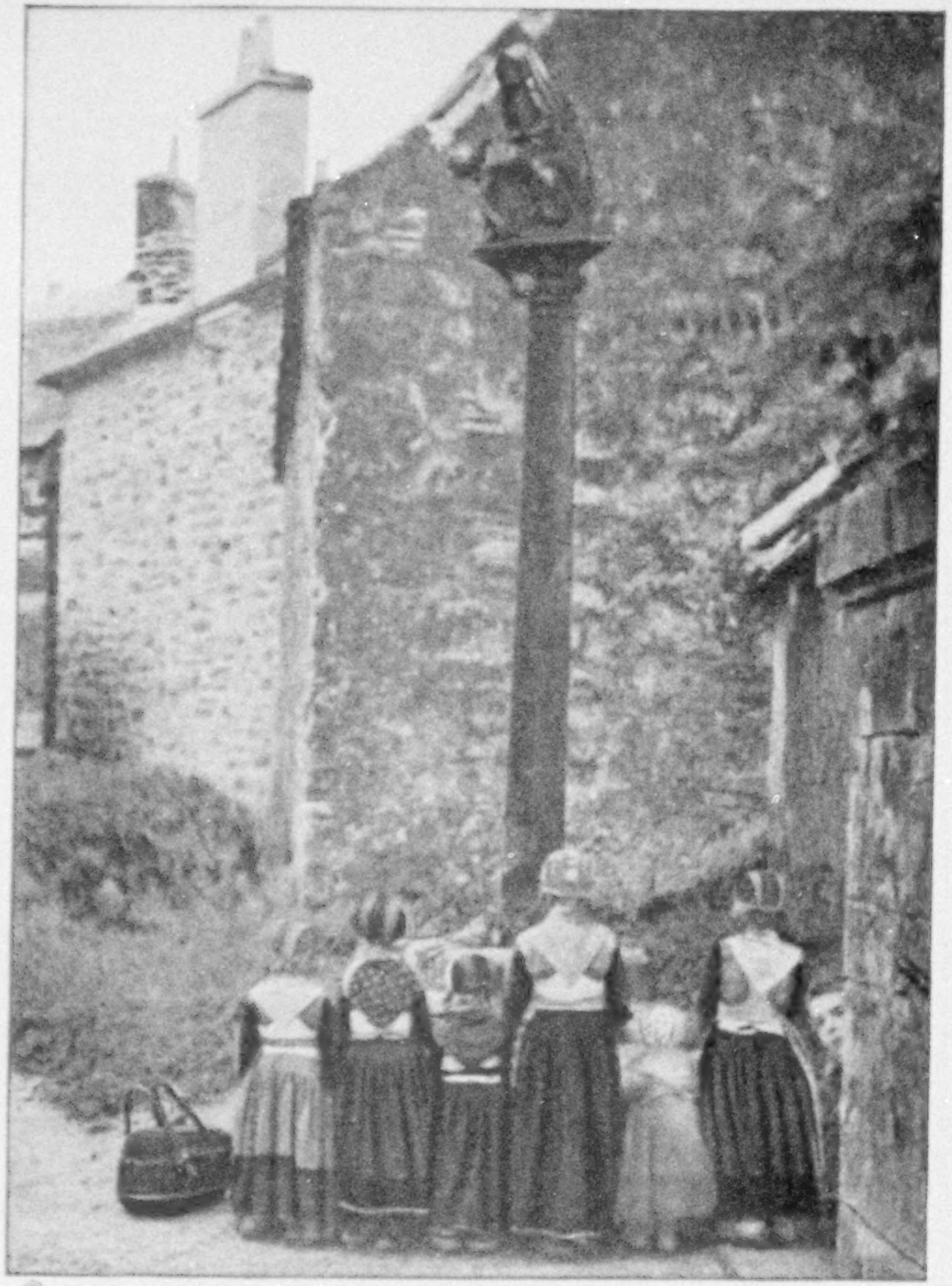
BATTLE FLAGS HANGING IN THE INVALIDES CHAPEL ADJACENT TO NAPOLEON'S TOMB

The Hôtel des Invalides proper was built by Louis XIV and once sheltered 7,000 wounded soldiers of France. To-day it is chiefly a place of pilgrimage for those who pay tribute to the memory of "the greatest military genius of the modern world."



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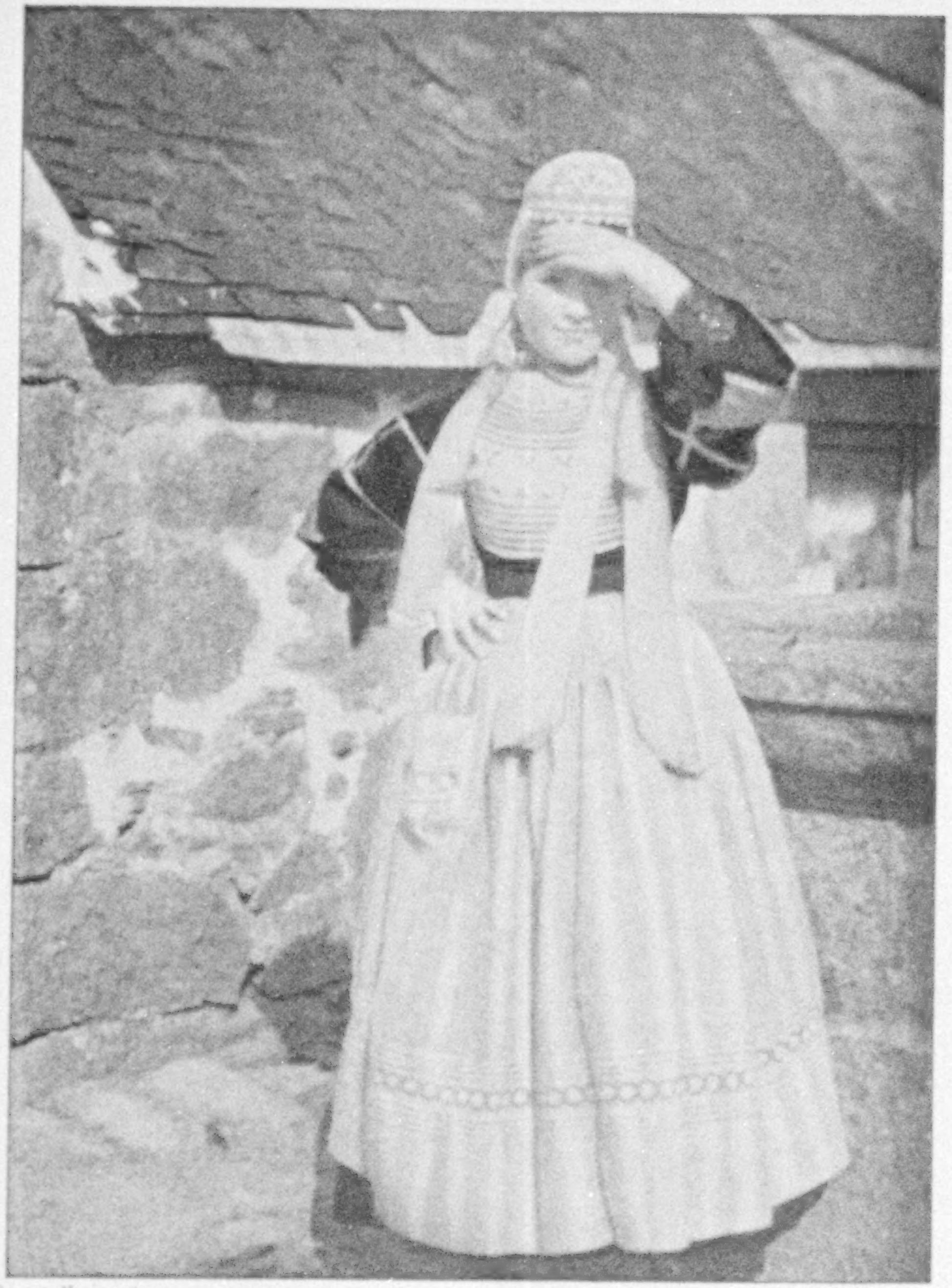
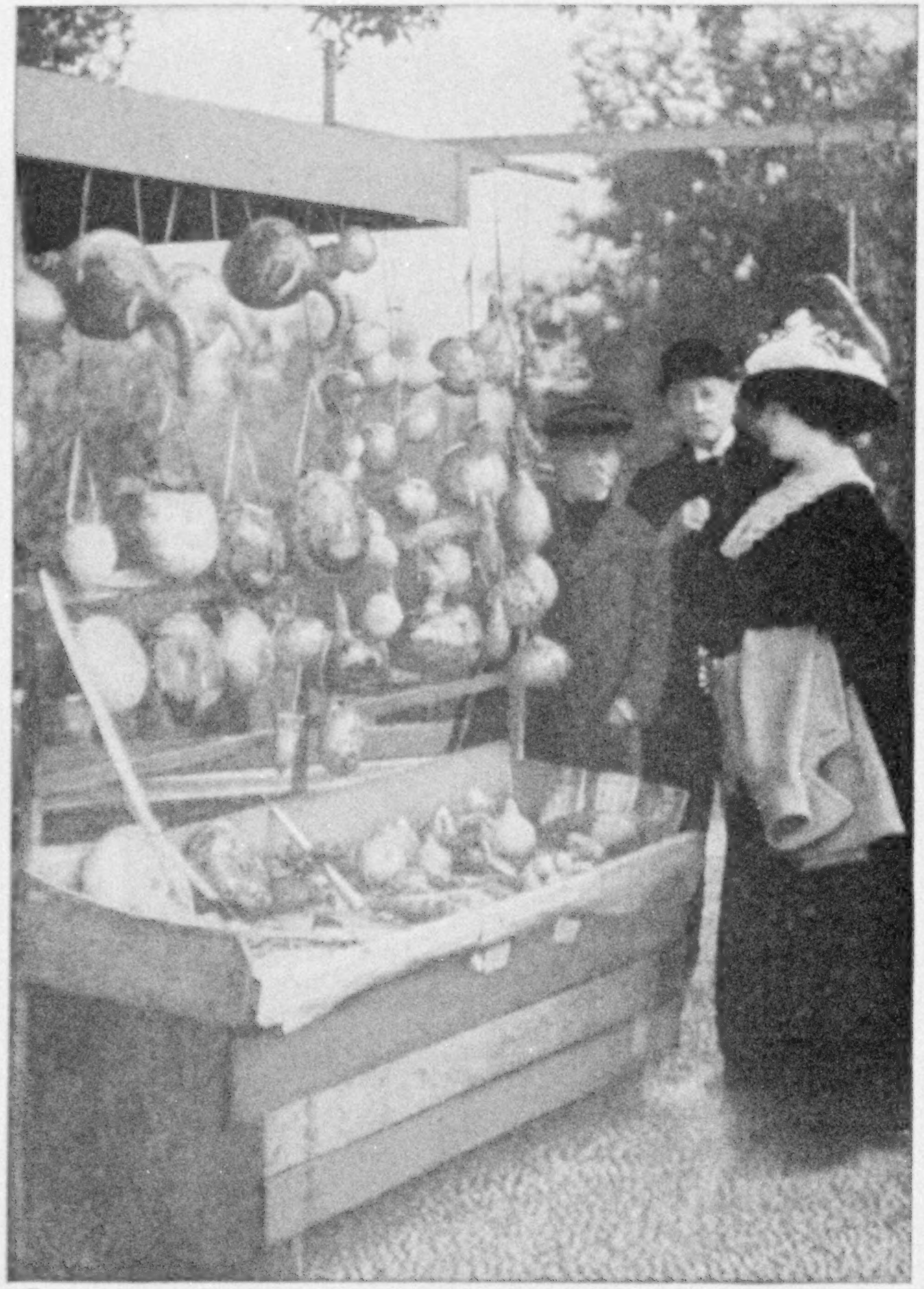
BEFORE A SHRINE AT PLOUGASTEL

The costumes worn by its peasants have made noteworthy this village across the bay from Brest. On June 24 each year thousands of visitors and pilgrims assemble for the religious festival known as the "Pardon" of St. John.



HER HOME IS PONT L'ABBÉ

This Breton girl is from a town of embroiderers, where one finds on every hand shops whose sole business it is to sell those fine, broad pieces—yellow on a black ground—which have made this part of Brittany famous.



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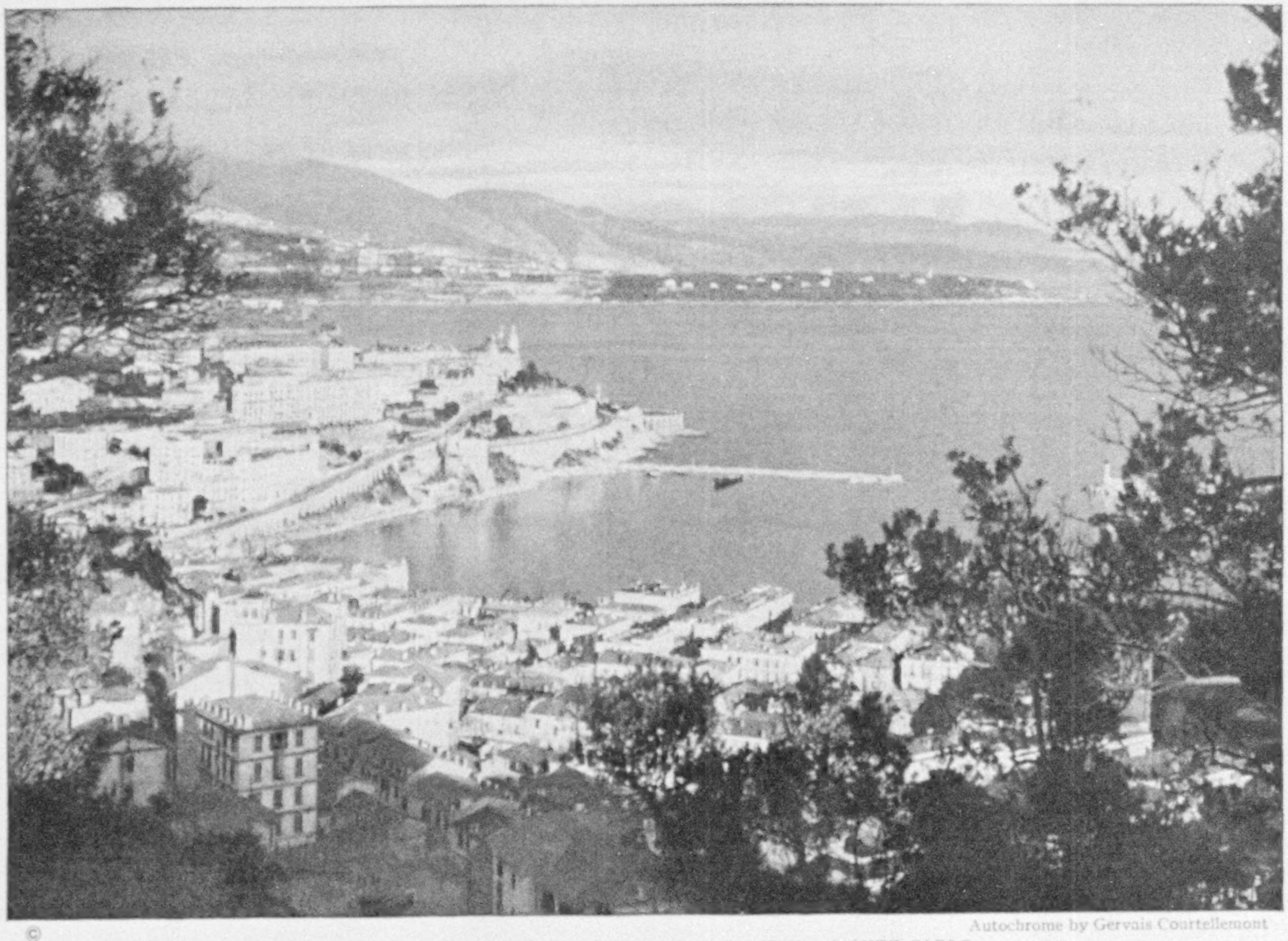
A SOUVENIR SHOP IN NICE

RESTORED TO FRANCE—AN ALSATIAN GIRL

Autochromes by Gervais Courtellemont



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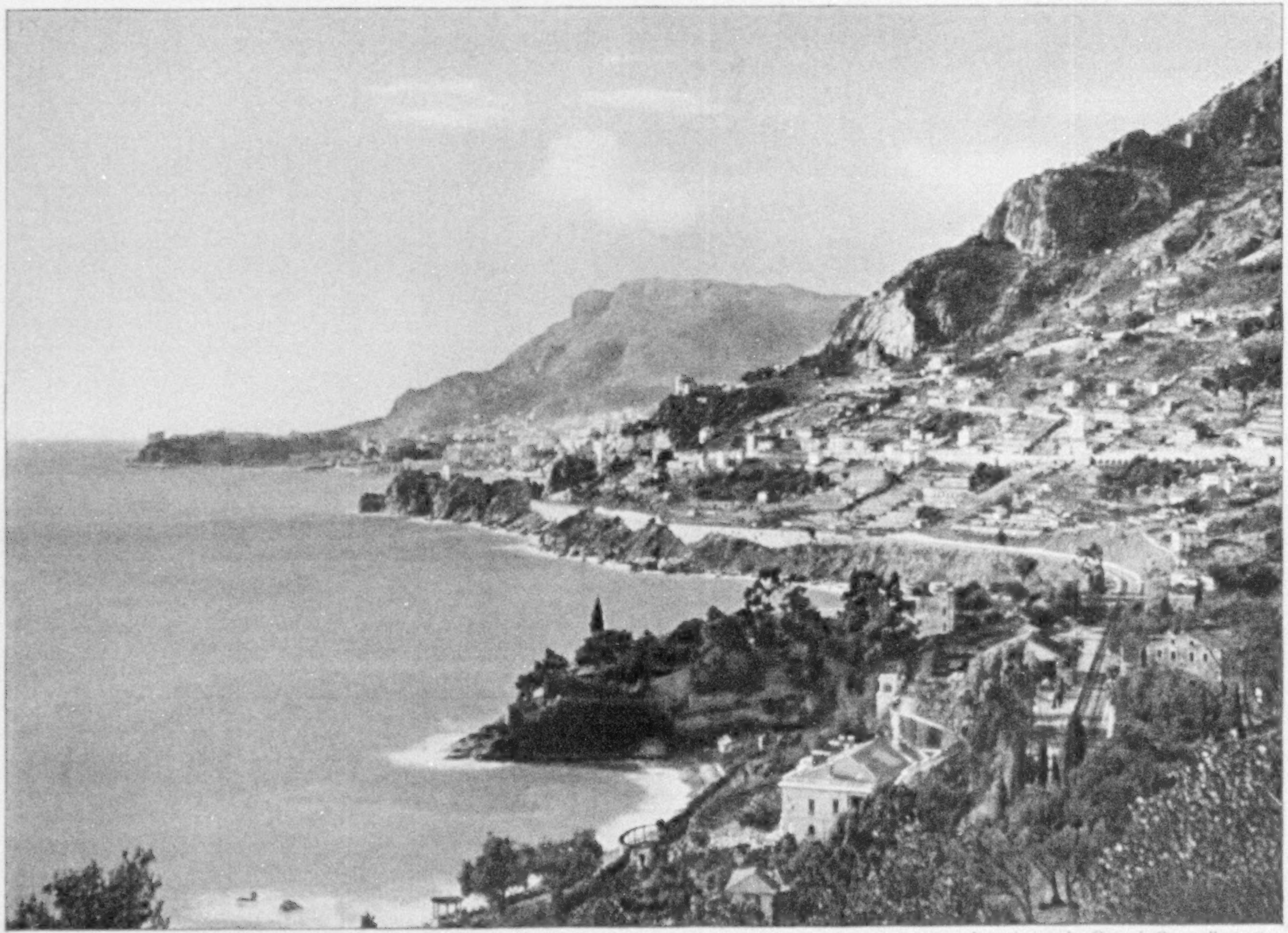
WHERE THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE FOREVER SPINS—MONTE CARLO

The chief source of revenue for the independent state of Monaco is its Casino. Noted among scientists is the principality's oceanographical museum housing the marine specimens which the late Prince of Monaco collected during a reign of more than thirty years.



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THE PENINSULA OF MONACO

Although the chief lure for the tens of thousands who visit Monaco is the Monte Carlo Casino (see Color Plate X), the miniature principality, with an area of only eight square miles, has a beauty of situation that captivates the beholder from a distance as he views its villas, hotels and cottages rising terrace by terrace from the sea toward the encircling range of hills.

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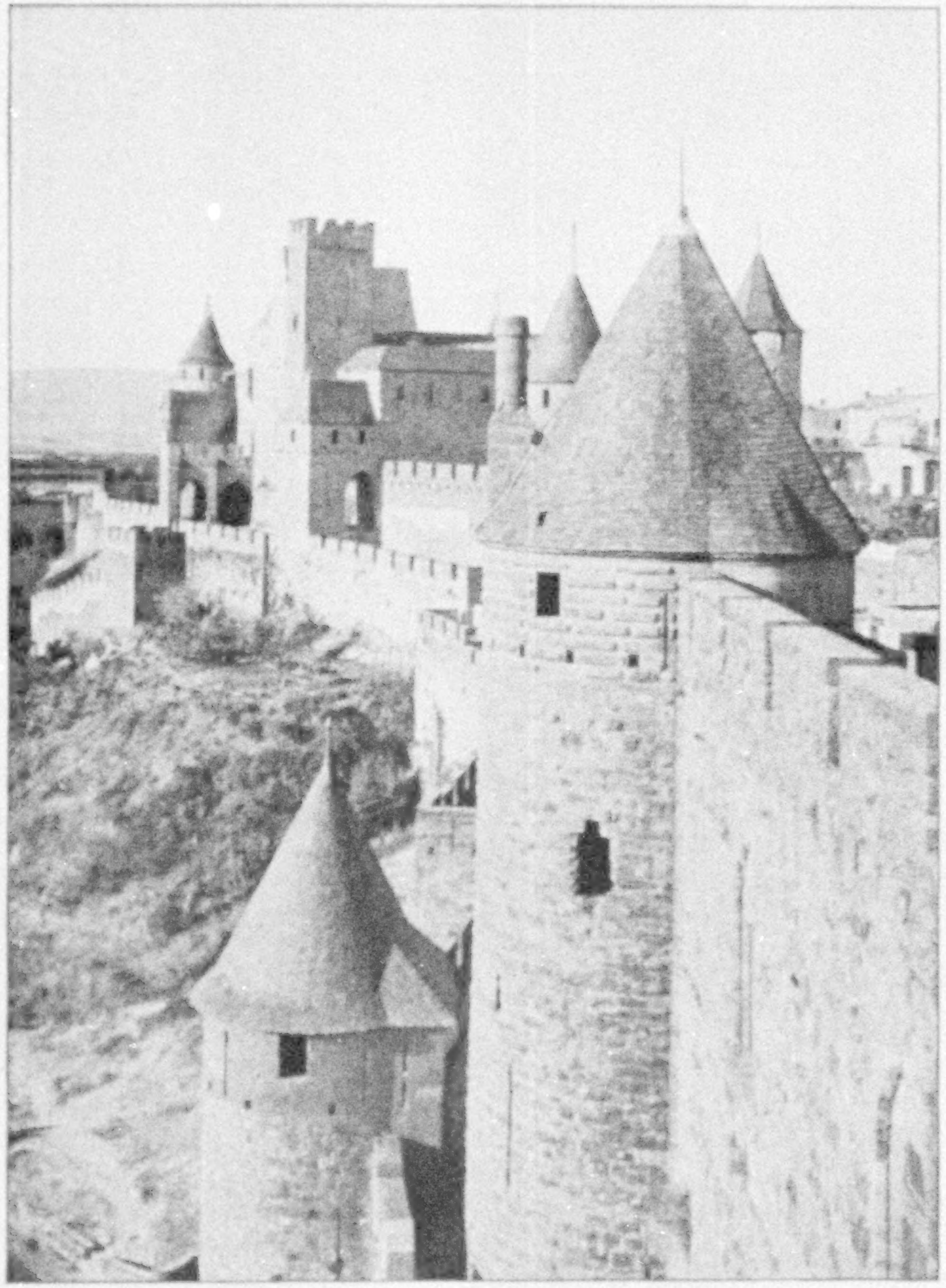

THE TOWERS AND BATTLEMENTS OF CARCASSONNE

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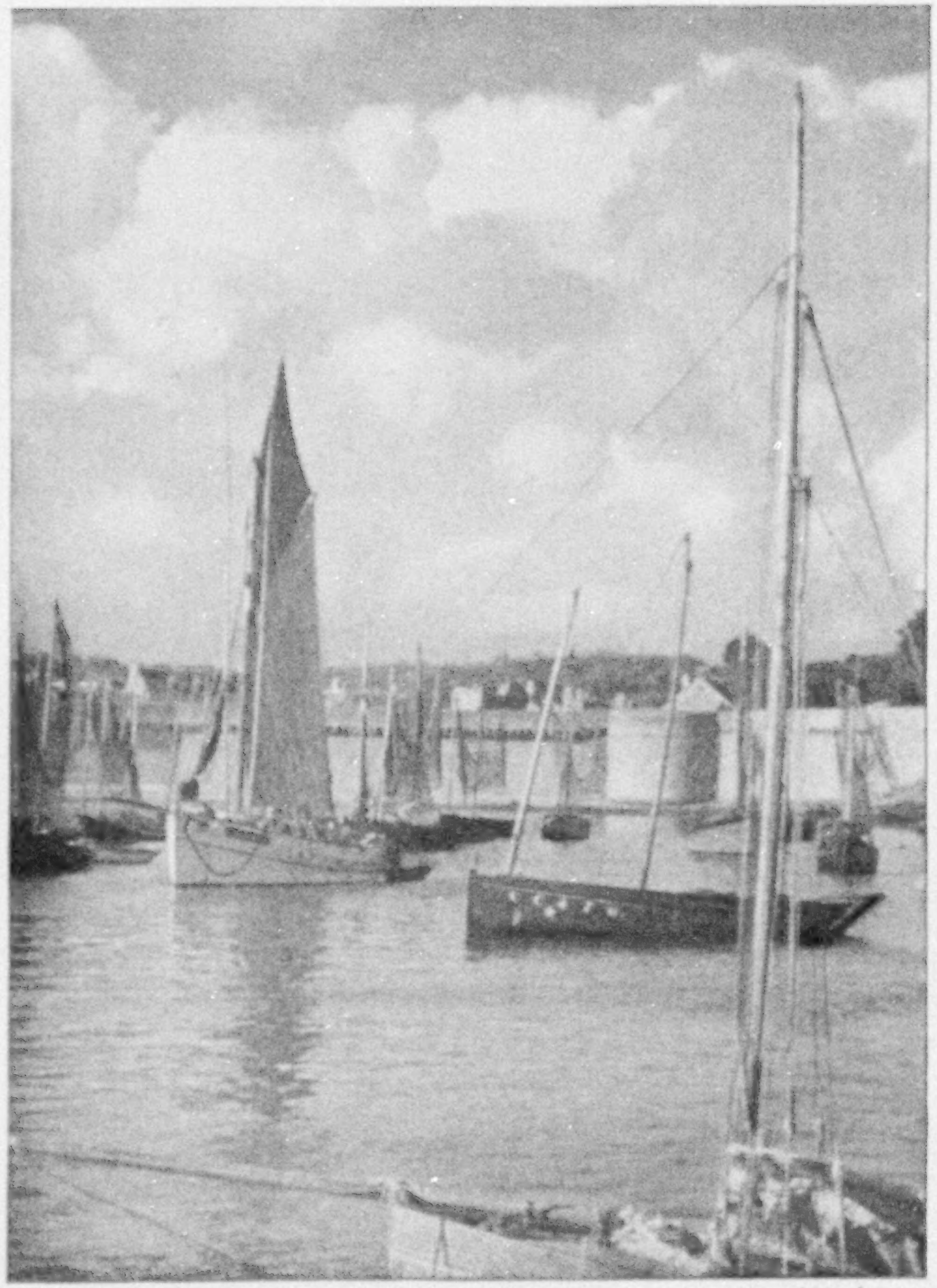

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THE HARBOR OF CONCARNEAU (SEE ALSO PLATE I)

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WEALTH PUTS INTO PORT AT NICE

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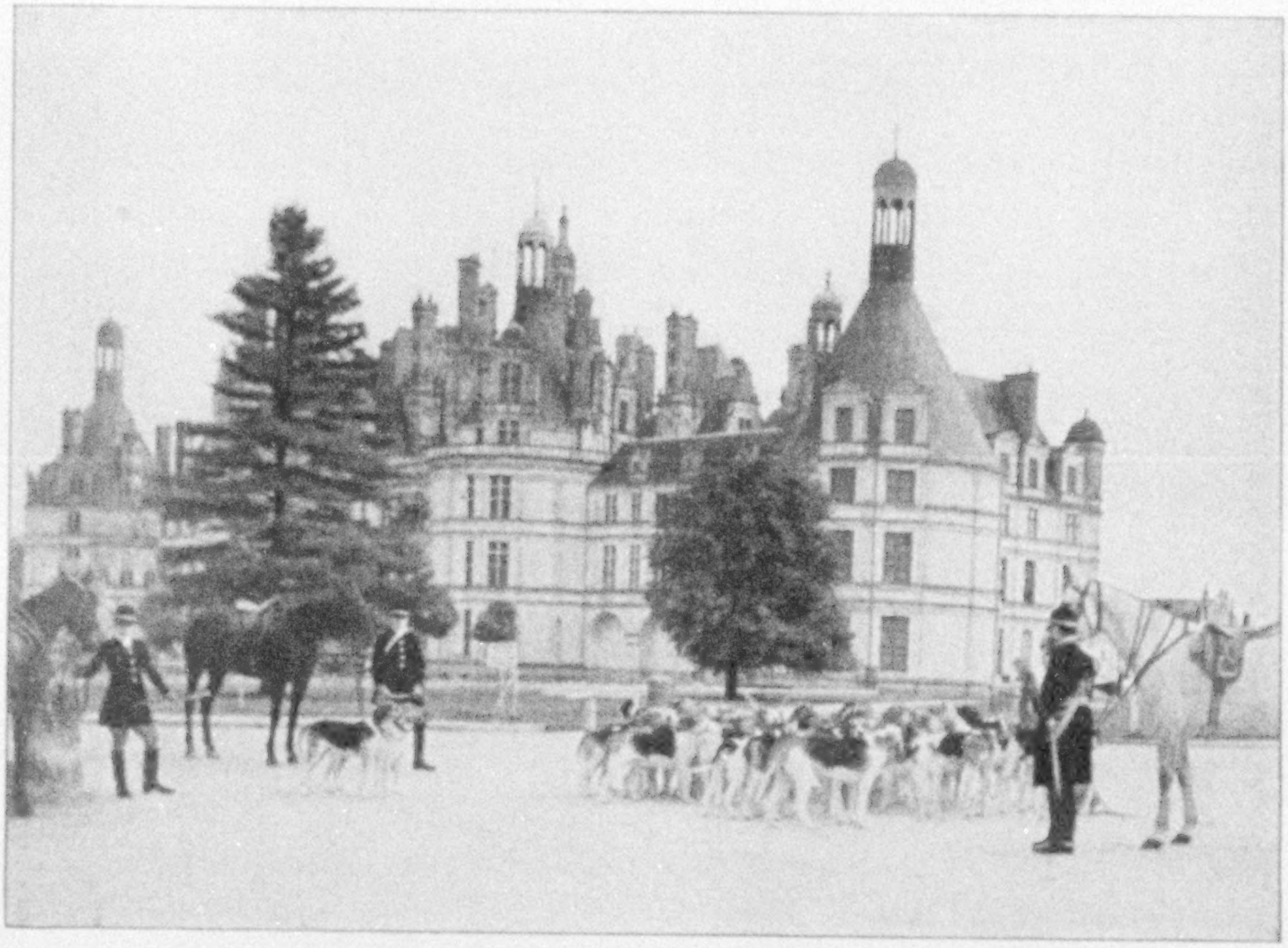
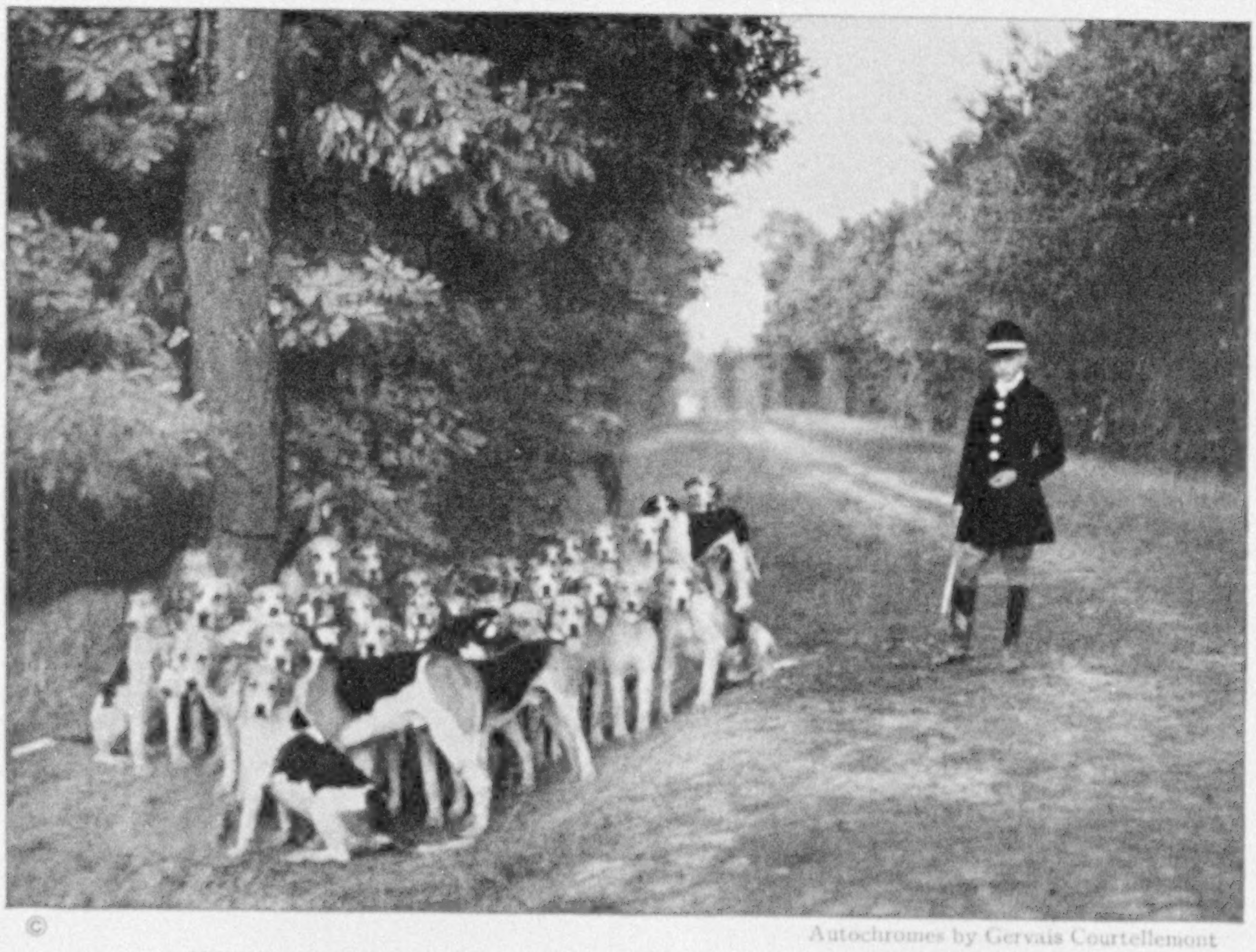


THE HUNT AT CHAMBORD

Surrounded by a park having an area of twenty square miles, the Château of Chambord with its 440 apartments is one of the finest palaces of the Renaissance in existence. Its stables can accommodate 1,200 horses.



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HOUNDS WAITING IN A COMPACT MASS FOR THE HUNT TO BEGIN

AUTUMN IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

These woods, more than sixty square miles in extent, are among the most beautiful in the world. Corot, Millet and Rousseau, residing at Barbizon, on the northwest edge of the forest, immortalized many of its glades and vistas on canvas.

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WHEN FROST PLAYS THE RÔLE OF MASTER COLORIST

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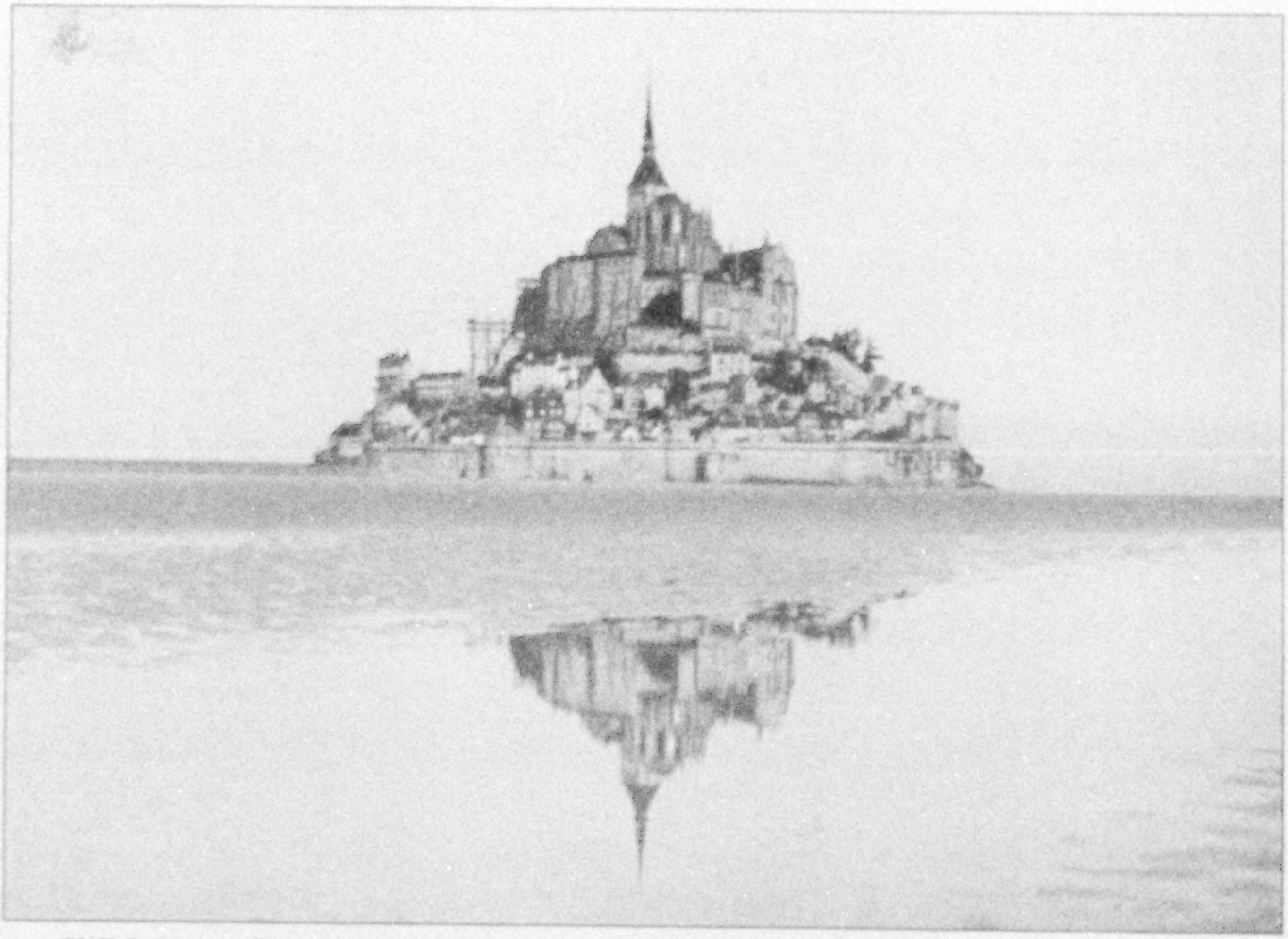
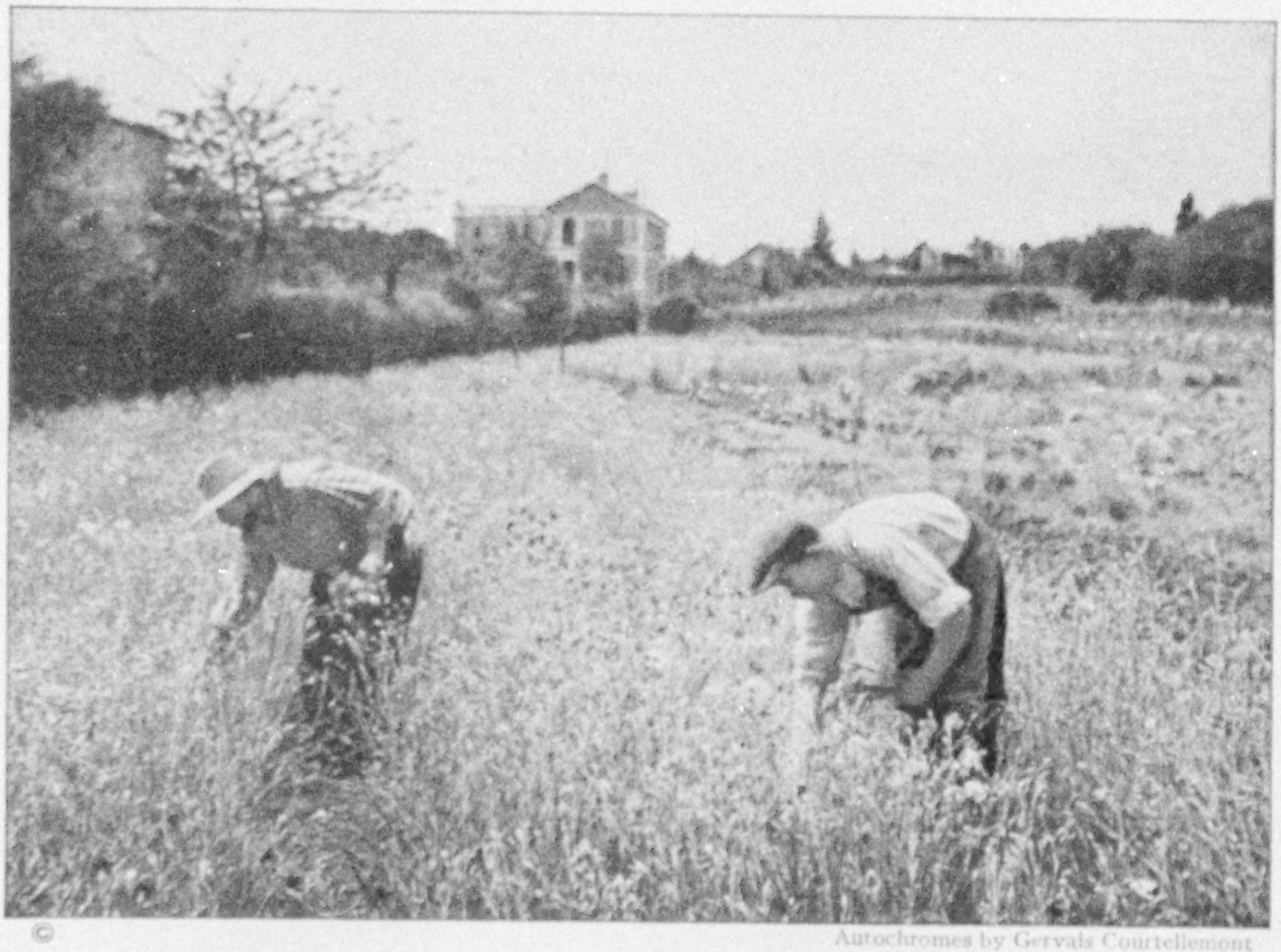


THE ROCK, CITY, FORTRESS, PRISON AND ABBEY OF MONT SAINT MICHEL VIEWS ITS OWN REFLECTION IN THE ENCIRCLING SEA

Rising a mile off the coast on the boundary between the historic provinces of Brittany and Normandy, this sentinel of the centuries is a majestic monument in whose stones the student may read a record of many of the spectacular events in the story of France from the eighth to the twentieth century.



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FLOWER CULTURE ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST

Such are the fields which supply Nice with its blossoms for the annual Battle of Flowers during carnival season.

TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA

By Brigadier General William Mitchell

Assistant Chief, U. S. Army Air Service

WE WENT to India not only to observe the changes that had occurred since my former visit, 23 years ago, at the conclusion of our Philippine War, but also to visit places of interest, see something of the military air and ground forces, visit some old friends and acquaintances, and then have a good tiger and big game hunt.

Darjeeling was our first objective. We were blessed with perfect weather, such as is seldom accorded the traveler. The mighty ridge of the Himalayas was denuded of clouds for our inspection.

The tremendous mountain masses radiating out from Kinchinjunga, 28,000 feet in height, as a center, with more than ten peaks of over 22,000 feet altitude to right and left, furnish the greatest mountain panorama in the world (see page 546).

From an elevation called Tiger Hill, close by, we beheld the rising of the sun over towering peaks, with Mount Everest, the highest eminence in the world, peeping at us 124 miles away, through the rose light of the perfect, still, and icy-cold dawn.

THE MOUNTAIN PASS INTO TIBET VISIBLE

It was one of the clearest days of the year, and we could plainly see the pass into Tibet, whose floor, I was told, is 18,000 feet above the sea. At this time also the expedition for the ascent of Mount Everest was being assembled at Darjeeling. It made me think how easily I could equip one of our airplanes to fly to Mount Everest, photograph the whole peak, take temperature readings, notes of wind directions and force, and even land supplies wherever they were desired for ground parties climbing the mountain.

Lhasa, across the Himalayas, is only about as far from Darjeeling as Washington, D. C., is from New York, and I thought of how, with any one of our supercharged planes, we could cross the mountains, land, and call on the Dalai Lama within a couple of hours. Now it requires a month to get there.

The ascent of the foothills gave us an excellent opportunity to note changes in the character of the people as we climbed. Leaving the morbid, undernourished, spindly-shanked, begging Bengali at the lower levels, we met the alert, sturdy little Nepalese. These attractive people have their own kingdom at the base of the mountains. In stature and general appearance they remind one of the Filipinos, if the latter could be transferred and reared in a more vigorous clime.

The Nepalese make excellent soldiers and furnish the recruits for the British Gurkha battalions, which are of the highest quality.

At the higher levels the Tibetans were encountered—big, ruddy-faced, rollicking individuals, both men and women. With long, Mongolian eyes, pigtails, firm step, and confident manner, they were a great contrast to the people of the plains.

Descending from the mountains, we visited Benares and the sacred Ganges, the places near there where Buddha preached, and the various localities so well known to tourists. Then we went to Agra. A bright new moon lighted our first view of the wonderful Taj Mahal, while cool, bracing weather accompanied us to the palaces and haunts of the Great Moguls (see pages 552 and 553).

From Agra, a day's trip took us to Delhi, that eternal city where capital after capital, for the rule of Hindustan, has been established by its conquerors. The ruins of no less than eight of these remain, and a brand-new one is now being built, equipped, and populated completely by the British.*

TIGER-HUNTING IS REGARDED AS A ROYAL SPORT

Lord Reading, the Viceroy, lives in a rather small establishment, called Vice-Regal Lodge, pending the occupancy of the new palace in the capital.

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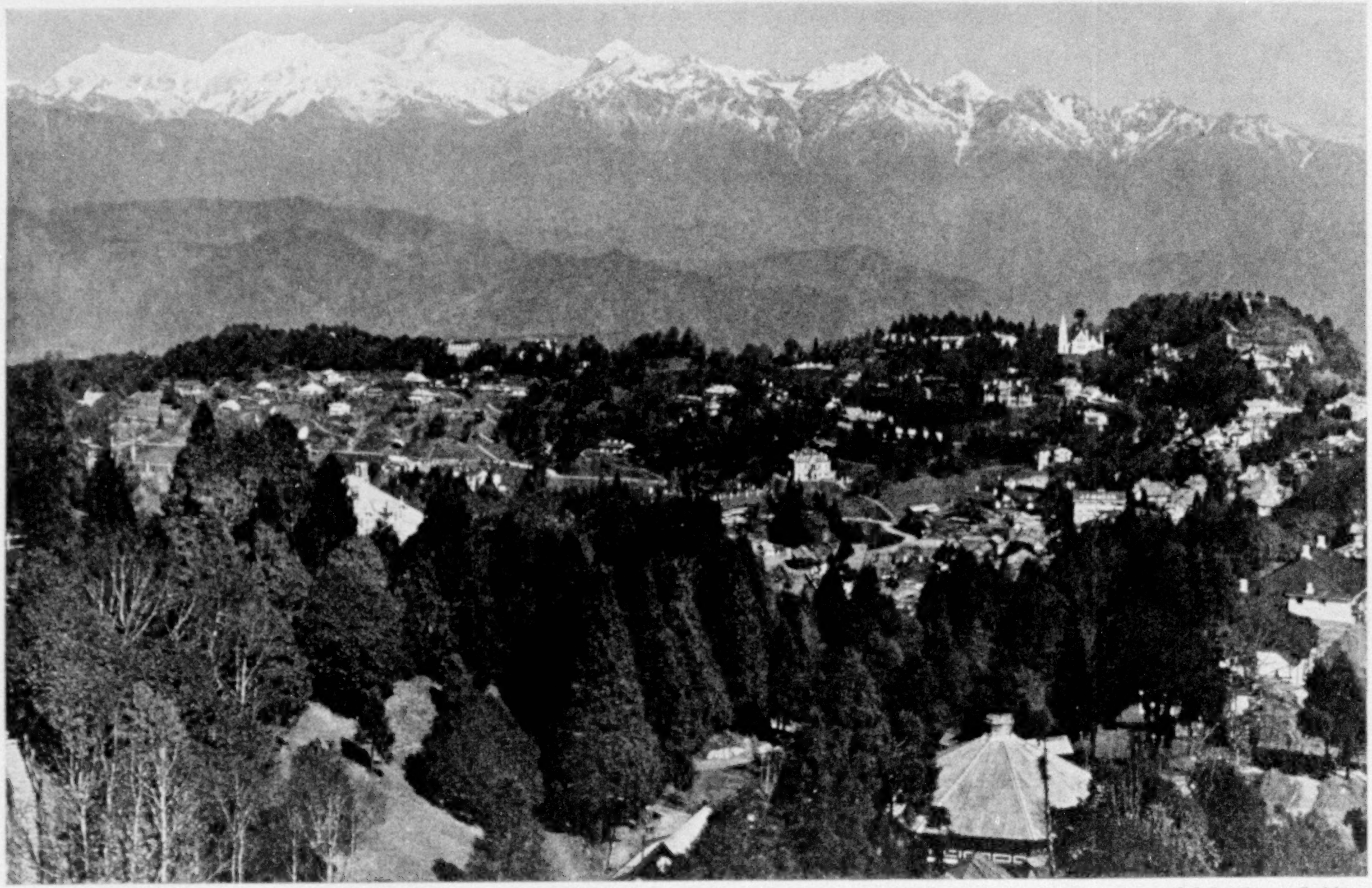
* See "Through the Heart of Hindustan," by Maynard Owen Williams, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for November, 1921.



© J. Burlington Smith

A GENERAL VIEW OF DARJEELING AND THE SNOW PEAKS OF THE HIMALAYAS

From this great resort city of northeastern India many of the world's loftiest peaks may be seen, notably Mount Everest, 124 miles distant, and Kinchinjunga, 45 miles away (see text, page 545). Darjeeling was the assemblying point for each of the three expeditions which tried to scale Mount Everest in 1921, 1922, and 1924.

I first met Lord Reading in the spring of 1919, when he took passage on the *Aquitania,* then a troopship, on which I had command of the troops, numbering nearly 9,000 men. He was then the Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States.

He is one of the greatest enthusiasts on tiger-hunting I have ever met. He had done little hunting or shooting before coming to India, but since his arrival he has become quite adept and has killed two of the great beasts.

Tiger-hunting is regarded in India as a royal sport, and he who is successful in bagging this master of the jungle is looked upon as a public benefactor, for the number of people killed each year by wild animals and reptiles in India is appalling. Statistics are difficult to obtain because the natives in some places hesitate to report what has happened, and in other cases those killed disappear without leaving a trace. The number reaches into the thousands, however.

The jungle beasts of India are very ferocious, while the inhabitants are practically unarmed and are unwilling to kill most animals on account of their religion.

In the Central Provinces, where we hunted, the total number of reported deaths from these destroyers of human life was 1,791 in 1923. Of this number, snakes killed 1,133; tigers, 352; panthers, 114; bears, 15; wolves, 115; hyenas, 4; and other animals, 58.

ONE TIGER CAUSED 13 VILLAGES TO BE DESERTED

Whenever tigers become incapable of providing for their living by killing wild animals or domesticated cattle, they attack human beings. Panthers are much the same. Tigers have been known to cause whole districts to be evacuated. There is a record of one beast which so terrorized a community that 13 villages were evacuated and 250 square miles thrown out of cultivation. Another completely stopped work on a public road for many weeks, while it frequently happens that mail-carrying is suspended on account of tiger activities.

Panthers are much given to going into the villages and smashing in the native houses, and in the outlying districts mothers never leave their children alone on account of this constant menace.

Bears do not kill so many people, but they tear up and disfigure great numbers.

In 1921, 40,035 rupees were spent as rewards for killing jungle animals in the British provinces, and the total number slain was 2,510.

In the Nerbudda Division of the Central Provinces, 61 tigers, 262 panthers, and 44 bears were killed last year, while in the Nagpur Division 67 tigers, 154 panthers, and 68 bears were killed. We hunted in both of these districts.

MUCH PREPARATION FOR A HUNT

A great deal of preparation has to precede a tiger hunt. To begin with, all hunting rights in the native states are jealously guarded by their princes and no strangers can hunt without permission.

The ruling British officials hesitate to ask these princes to organize hunts for anyone, because it amounts to an order, and not only makes the princes feel that their affairs are being interfered with, but that they have a right to ask favors in return.

The Viceroy had made tentative arrangements to go shooting in the Central Provinces, and Sir Frank Sly, the genial governor of that part of India, had set aside one of the best blocks of Government forest and kept it unhunted for a long time in expectation of the occasion. Lord Reading told me, however, that the pressure of affairs would probably not allow him to hunt in the immediate future and that I might shoot on his block. This was a great chance indeed. The following day, however, he decided that he would go, after all, so Governor Sly telegraphed his head forest officer and arranged that I should have the next best block.

With this promise, we returned to Calcutta to get together our outfit for the expedition.

While in Calcutta, through the coöperation of the Governor of Bengal, Lord Lytton, and the Calcutta Commissioner of Police, Mr. Tegart, we were also invited to hunt in the domain of the Maharaja of Surguja, the ruling prince of one of the native states in central India. This place was said to contain more tigers than any other locality and its ruler was

Photograph by S. Singh

A NEPALI MILKMAID

"In stature and general appearance the Nepalese remind one of the Filipinos" (see text, page 545).

reputed to be the greatest hunter of tigers among all the great hunters of India. After events proved this to be correct.

Surguja, with the mild manners and engaging personality of one used to the outdoors, is about 35 years of age, of the Rajput or old military caste of the Hindus—great sportsmen and hunters.

The Maharaja explained to me that his capital lay 120 miles from the railway, that it was inhabited by very primitive people, and that, as no European customs prevailed, we would have to make the necessary arrangements for our sleeping quarters, the preparation of our food, and the handling of drinking water.

Being a strict and orthodox Hindu, he could not dine, drink water, or entertain under the same roof any one of another caste; but his guest house, a sort of auxiliary palace, would be at our disposal, together with a goodly stock of European stores. He offered to make arrangements for several camps in the jungles, for hundreds of beaters, and for the assembly of his 60 hunting elephants.

THE OUTFIT FOR THE HUNT

Upon my return from calling on the Maharaja of Surguja, I found a telegram from the Governor of the Central Provinces, saying that the North Manli Block had been assigned to me for immediate occupancy, and that the chief forest officer and his wife would accompany Mrs. Mitchell and me into the jungle.

This was indeed great luck. We would have the opportunity to shoot both in the preserves of a British province and in a native state.

Having obtained our stores and equipment in Calcutta, we set out for the town of Itarsi, about 900 miles to the west.

Our outfit included not only the usual stores carried on a camping expedition, but also the small "doolies," or cooking utensils, so much in vogue in India. These resemble a small stovepipe hat, and great numbers nest into each other. Then we had an Indian galvanized-iron oven, in which we were to bake excellent bread and cake later on. We also took a small vaporizing alcohol stove on which to make a quick cup of tea and to boil water. Mosquito nets and medicines were not forgotten.

Photograph by S. Singh

TIBETAN LADIES IN DARJEELING

Our armament was carefully selected, consisting in the main of American repeating rifles, including our fine Springfields with special hollow-point cartridges, .405 Winchesters and .444 Mausers. I had only one double-barreled rifle—a beautiful little .450 Bury that I had purchased in Belgium at the end of the war. Had I known more about big-game shooting in India, a much greater proportion of double-barreled rifles would have been provided. We also carried two little 20-gauge shotguns.

Arrived at Itarsi, we were met by a British official, Mr. Maw, who drove us in his automobile to the guest house in Hoshangabad (see map, page 550).

We had a pleasant night on the banks of the Narbada River, the great stream of central India. It reminded me a little of our own upper Missouri where it loses its muddy color and becomes a clear, smooth-running torrent. Along its banks were the huts of the natives, while the small islands were frequented by bitterns, plover, ducks of various kinds, and cormorants. Buffaloes grazed along the shores and swam out to the verdant islands. The river is infested with crocodiles, the "mugger" of the Hindus.

A fact which forcibly impresses the Western traveler in India is the proximity in which the indigenous people and the animals of fields and forest live. Wild creatures of all sorts are found almost at the doors of the huts.

The Hindu religion prohibits the taking of life of most animals, and, besides, the natives are not allowed to keep firearms; so, in spite of the dense population, animals of all kinds are comparatively secure.

Returning to Itarsi, we found carts awaiting our baggage and camp equipment, horses for the forester and myself, and an elephant for the ladies.

These great animals were a never-ending source of interest for us during our stay in the jungles. This particular animal was a female about 30 years old. She had been captured out of a wild herd in Assam when young.

PECULIARITIES OF THE ELEPHANT

There are many mysteries and superstitions about an elephant. The *mahouts*, or drivers, have a special elephant language. All sorts of luck marks are looked for on them, such as the number of hairs in their tails, the color and posi-

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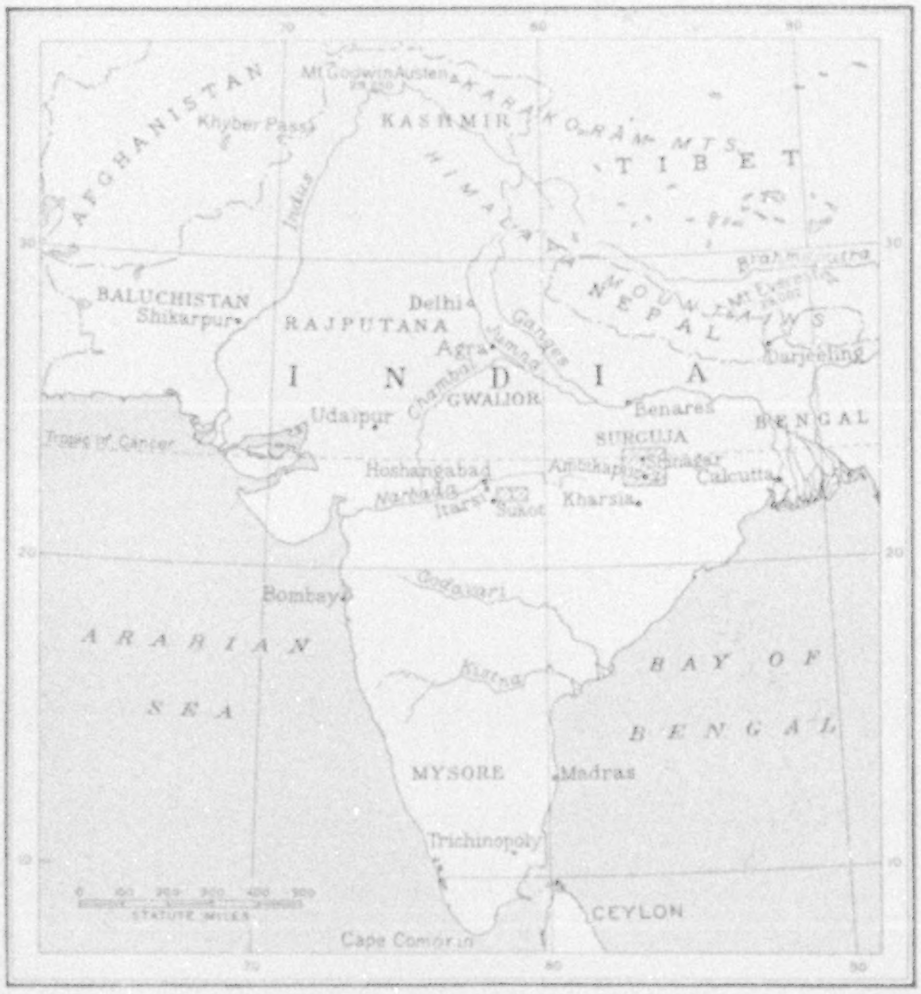
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RAJPUTANA
Delhi
Agra
Jumna
Ganges
Chambal
GWALIOR
INDIA
NEPAL
Mt Everest
Brahmaputra
Darjeeling
Benares
BENGAL
Udaipur
Tropic of Cancer
SURGUJA
Hoshangabad
Ambikapur
Srinagar
Calcutta
Narbada
Itarsi
Sukot
Kharsia
Bombay
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ARABIAN SEA
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MYSORE
Madras
Trichinopoly
CEYLON
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STATUTE MILES

Drawn by James M. Darley

A SKETCH MAP OF INDIA SHOWING TWO OF THE AREAS IN WHICH THE AUTHOR HUNTED

In Square One the Americans were the guests of the Viceregal Government; in Square Two their host was the Maharaja of Surguja.

tion of their toenails. They may be very fierce on occasion and many are doped with opium at the sales, so as to deceive their intended purchasers.

An elephant has about the same length of life as a human being; so that a mahout may remain with one animal all his life. It eats for about 23 out of 24 hours, and one or more men are employed solely for the purpose of keeping it in food. Piles of grass and boughs of trees, besides grain and baked pancakes, comprise the dietary.

Whenever the animal approaches water it fills its trunk and conveys the liquid to its stomach. If it becomes hot, the water is regurgitated and sprayed over its back, giving the rider an unlooked-for shower bath.

Whenever the ground seems marshy or a side hill slippery, the elephant feels its way along with its trunk, so as not to lose its footing. It is a serious thing for a great animal weighing several tons to become mired in a bog.

Every elephant has a gait of its own, both as to speed and ease of riding. In spite of its enormous bulk, an animal can go through the roughest country carrying loads up to 1,000 pounds.

At the signal of its mahout, an elephant will catch projecting limbs with its trunk and remove them, or push trees a foot thick out of the way. These creatures are the means of transport par excellence away from railways and roads, and when trained to hunt the tiger are indispensable in high grass for following a wounded beast.

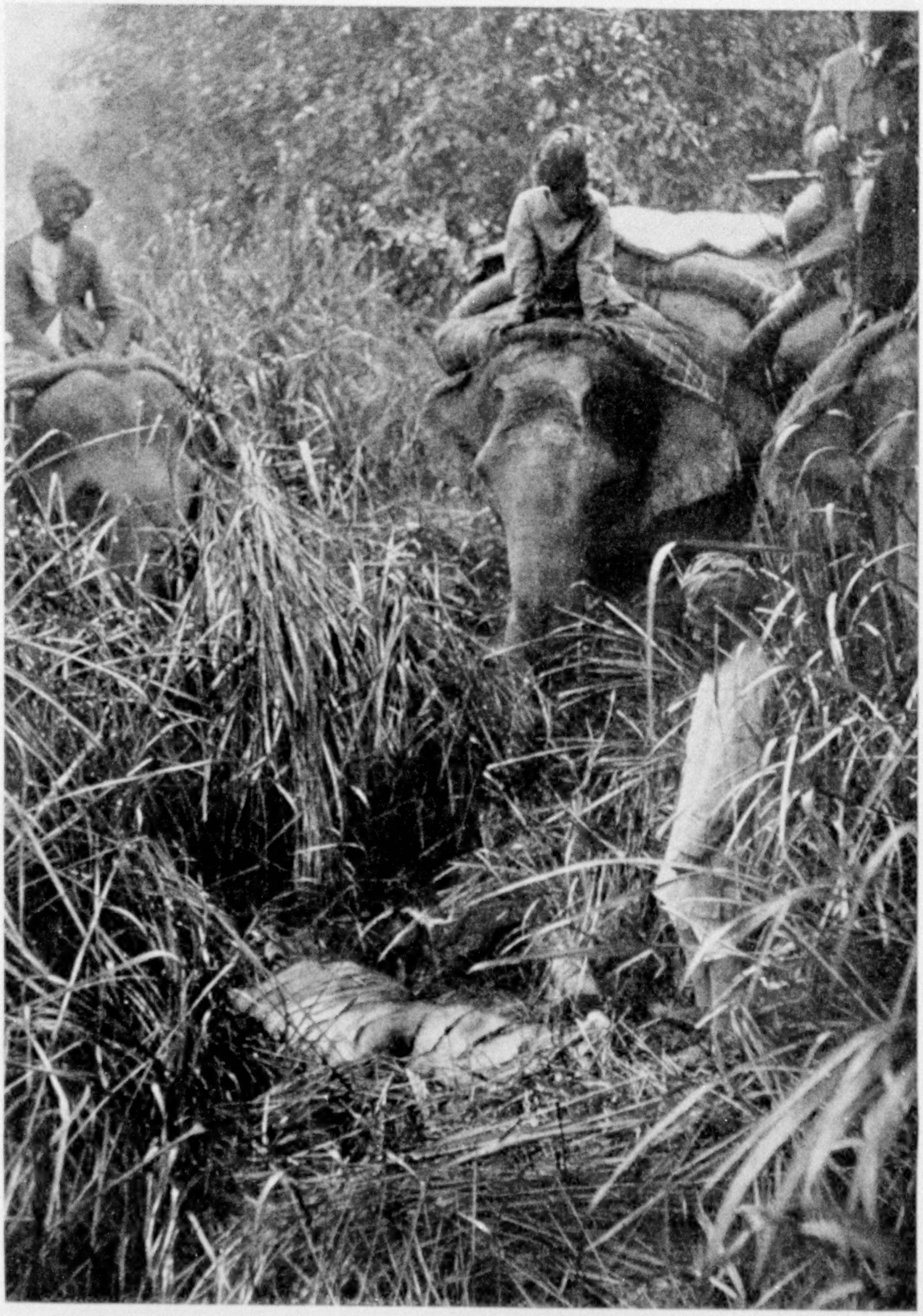
As this was our first experience in a jungle of central India, we were keenly observant. Soon we left all signs of civilization. The little cultivation that we encountered was very crude, done by burning a stretch of woods, letting it lie for a few seasons, and then planting it for a couple of years, until the soil runs out, when a move is made to another place. The villages, few in number, were of mud walls and thatched roofs.

The people are of the Dravidian race, aborigines of the country, called Gonds. They are a cheery and pleasant lot, good hunters, sturdy, honest, and truthful.

JUNGLES SUGGEST ROCK CREEK PARK

We were surprised to find the jungles so open, much like Rock Creek Park, in Washington. The weather at that time of the year was comparable to that of central Texas during April and May.

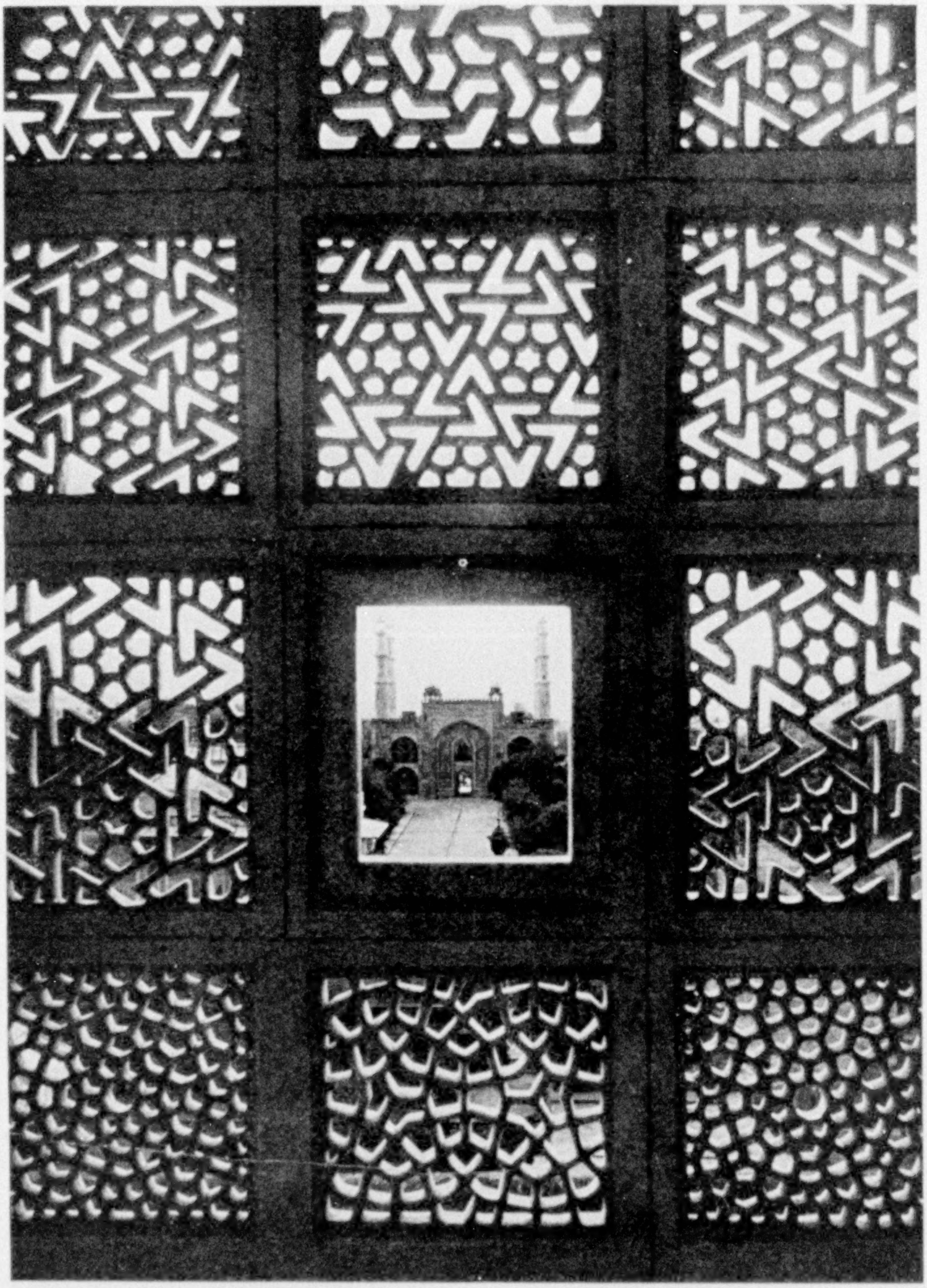
As we proceeded along the road, there were signs of small deer. Finally Jollye, the forest officer, sighted a *chinkara*, a small antelope that inhabits the open places and clearings along the edge of the jungle. After a stalk of 200 yards I shot



Photograph by Bernard Watkins

THE KILL!

The tiger is the most dreaded creature of the Indian jungle and a tiger hunt, therefore, assumes not merely the aspect of a sport, but a public benefaction. The principal food of "Stripes," as the great jungle cat of India is called, is cattle, deer, wild hog, and peafowl. Old tigers, whose vigor is on the wane and whose teeth are defective, find man an easier victim than fellow-dwellers in the wild; so it is these wily creatures who wreak the greatest destruction among the natives.



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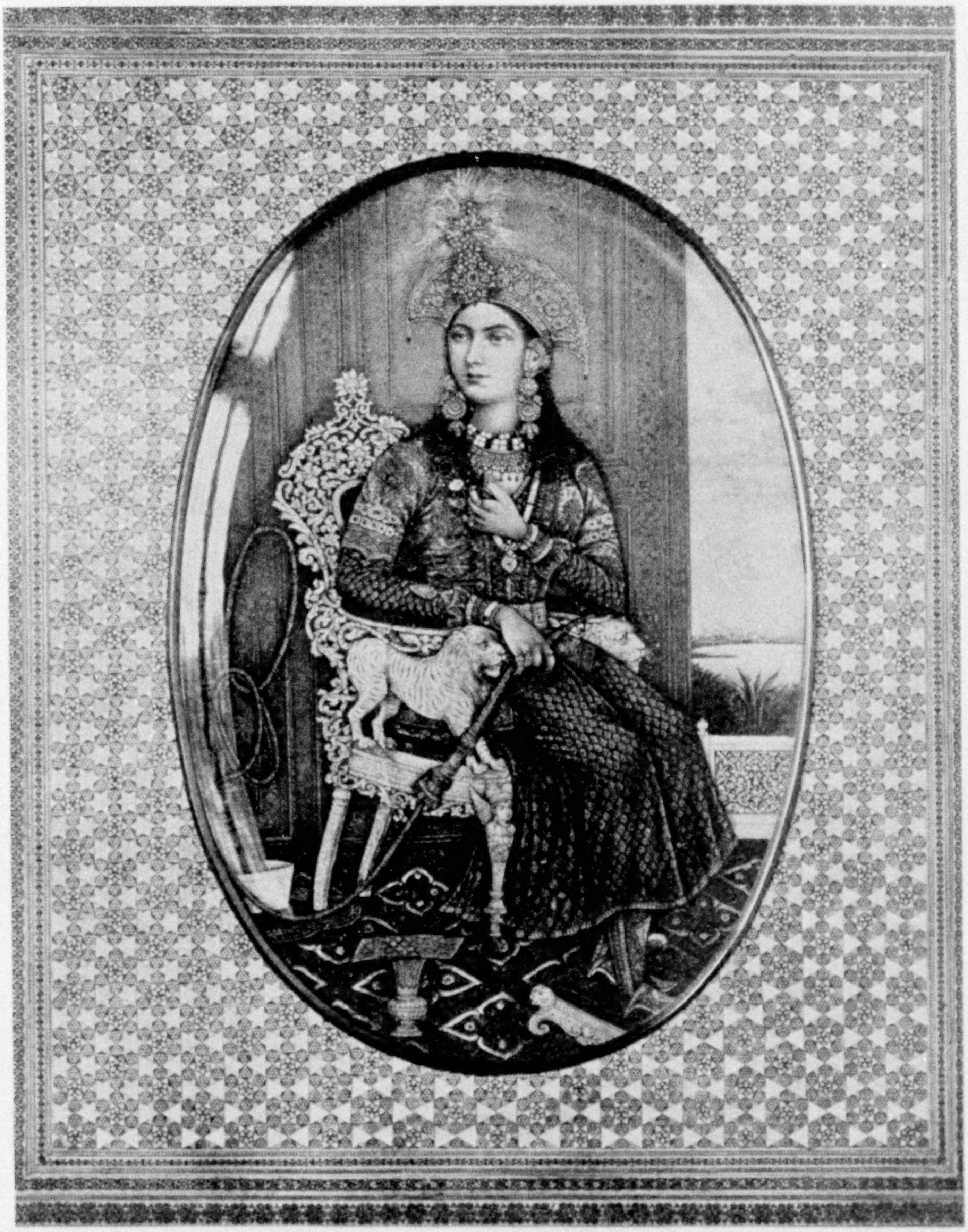
LOOKING THROUGH A MARBLE WINDOW OF THE TOMB OF AKBAR, NEAR AGRA

One of the greatest and wisest of the Mogul emperors, Akbar was known as the "Guardian of Mankind" during his lifetime. In death he rests in a mausoleum of red sandstone and white marble. The cenotaph is surrounded by a screen of marble trelliswork, through which this photograph was made, looking toward the magnificent gateway to the tomb inclosure.



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A PAINTING OF THE WOMAN IN WHOSE MEMORY THE TAJ MAHAL WAS ERECTED

Arjmand Banu, better known as Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the "Favorite of the Palace," was the beloved wife of Shah Jahan, who conceived as her monument what is reputed by many to be the loveliest building in the world. The setting for this painting on ivory is a mosaic made of ivory, silver, and other precious materials mounted in sandalwood

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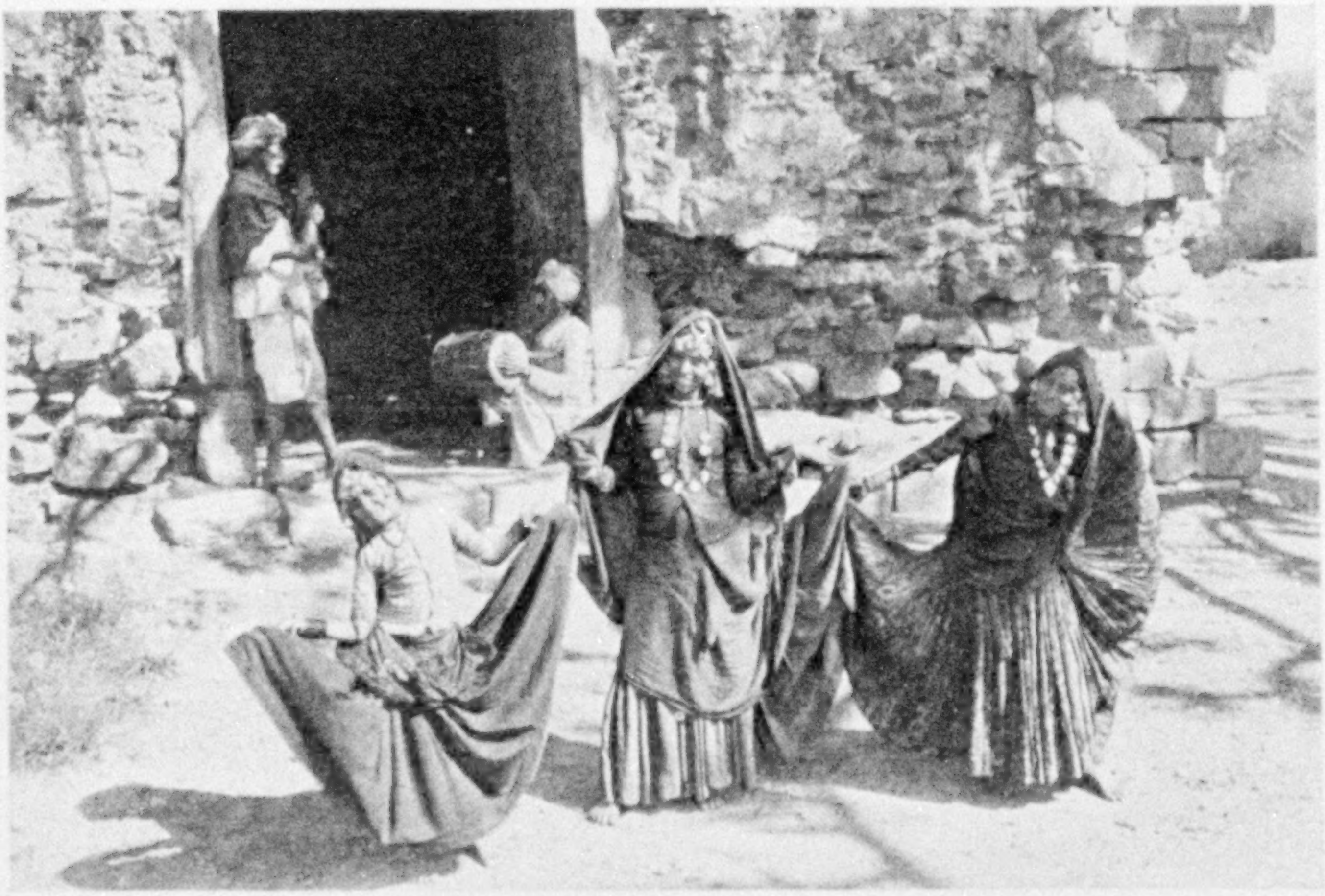

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STREET DANCING GIRLS OF OLD DELHI

it. With its nice little horns it made a good trophy, while its flesh was excellent eating. We had a Mohammedan orderly with us. He would not have anything to do with it, as it had died before its throat could be cut by him. Mohammedans will eat no meat unless a prayer is uttered while one of their own religion cuts the throat of the animal. This was my first piece of game in India.

We kept on through the jungle, while Jollye regaled me with tales about the different wild animals, their habits and the methods of hunting them. Frequently we saw tracks of one or the other of those mentioned, but no tiger or panther tracks—"pugs," as the natives call them.

HOW A "BEAT" OPERATES

We were accompanied from village to village by a headman bearing a spear, whose duty it is to see that the wayfarers reach the next inhabited place in safety, when his responsibility ceases.

Finally we arrived at our camp, near the little village of Sukot.

Elaborate camping arrangements had been made for us by the forest officers.

Our tents were pitched under wide-spreading mango trees. It was a delightful place and served as a fine introduction to the Indian jungles.

After a good meal and a rest, we got out our shotguns for a peacock and jungle-fowl hunt along the forested banks of a river about a mile away. Twenty or thirty beaters accompanied us. The chief hunter, called the *shikari,* put us on stands about 100 yards apart, perpendicular to the banks of the river.

The beaters advanced slowly, striking their little ax handles with a small stick, which produced a sort of clinking sound.

Soon the game began to come, beautiful gray jungle fowl, a little larger than the red jungle fowl found farther north. Following closely on the jungle fowl came the peafowl, both cocks with their long colorful tails undulating to the rhythmical pulsations of their wings, and peahens in more somber apparel, all very gorgeous, however.

These birds are about the size of our own wild turkeys, but are much better fliers. They are so large that their speed is not appreciated, and a miss is usually the result. We used 20-gauge shotguns and number 6 shot, which answered all requirements.

As one never knows exactly what may

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WALLS OF OLD DELHI

While the new capital of the British Empire in India is being built at Delhi, the ruins of earlier empires, lying to the south of the modern city, extend over an area of 45 square miles.

come out of a beat, ball cartridges are always taken. On that day some of the large monkeys, called *banda* by the natives, charged right through Mrs. Mitchell's position. They were of all sizes, some almost as big as a man, others baby monkeys holding onto their mothers.

The next day we proceeded into the forest that had been reserved for us. The tracks of game increased as we rode along and we found plenty of signs of *sambur*, a large stag. Occasionally we found the pug of the tiger himself crossing our road.

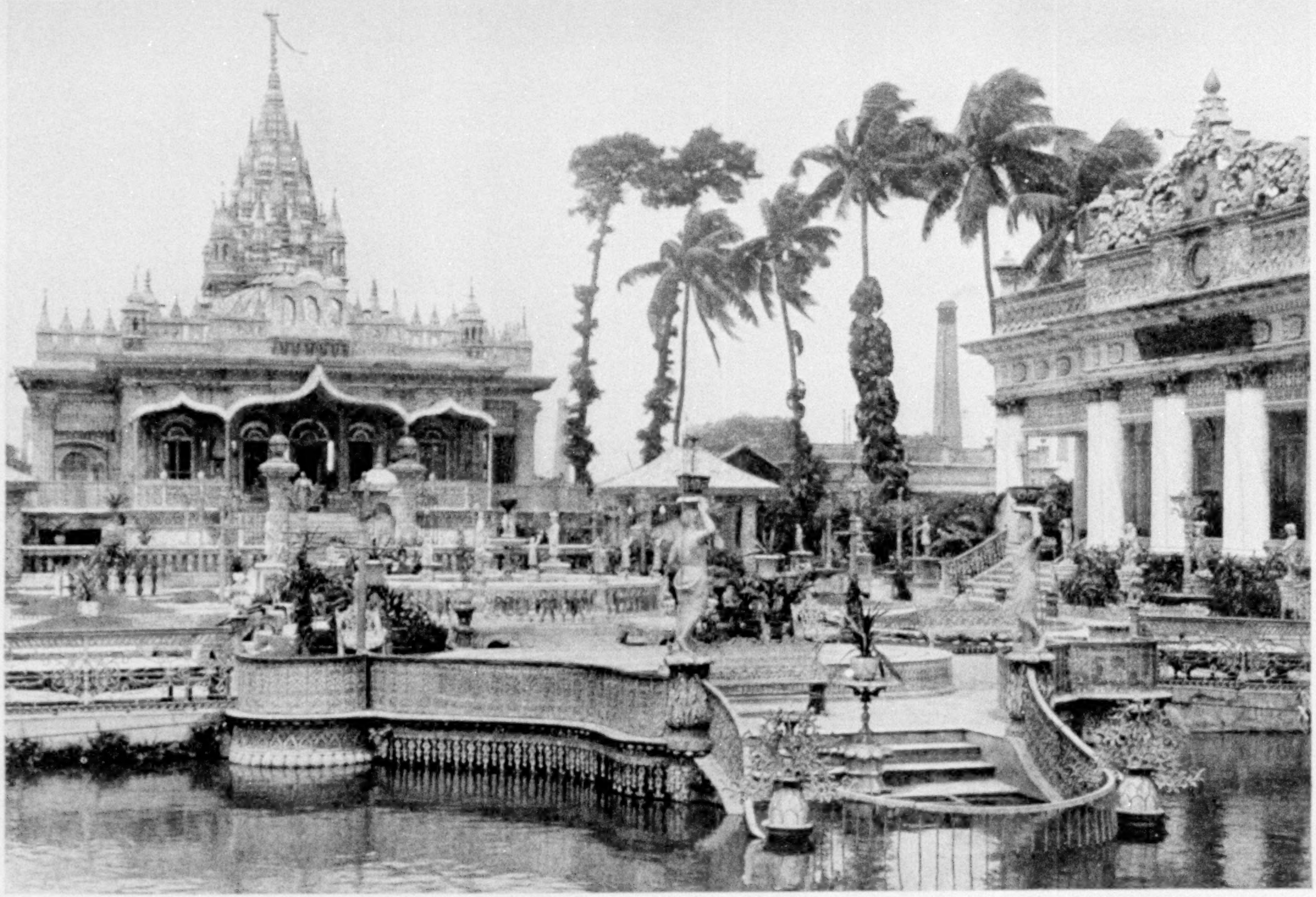
BUFFALOES TIED AS TIGER BAIT

I was surprised at the profusion of signs of all sorts of game. At a turn in the road we thought we saw a wild dog in the distance. Wild dogs hunt in large packs, as our own wolves do, and are very destructive to game; so that every opportunity is taken to kill them. Usually when a band is encountered and one is killed, the others will not leave the vicinity until several have been hit. In this case our supposed wild dog turned out to be a jackal, which I killed.

We arrived at the Churna resthouse in good season. It is a large bungalow with masonry walls and a high thatched roof with long projecting eaves. An arch of welcome had been erected here and all the shikaris of the village were there to receive us. They had many stories to tell of the number of tigers in that vicinity. That morning they had tied out eight buffaloes, to act as tiger bait, at points where a road and a watercourse cross, as the tiger usually follows one or the other of these.

A tiger, to all intents and purposes, is a huge cat, acting as one of our house cats might if he were many times larger and weighed hundreds of pounds. The tiger avoids a well-armed man, and it is next to impossible to stalk the beast on foot, except during the height of the dry season, at a water hole.

If the tiger is wounded or brought to bay, his ferocity is something terrifying, awe-inspiring. He does not lie down and wait for his adversary to come to him,



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THE NEW JAIN TEMPLE AND PRIESTS' HOUSE IN CALCUTTA

Surrounded by lovely gardens, this edifice, dedicated to the tenth of the twenty-four Tirthankaras, or prophets, of the Jain sect, is one of the most famous beauty spots of India's second largest city.

but if a spark of life remains he stalks his pursuer, usually attacking him from behind or where least expected.

I have never seen a great animal that can conceal itself behind such small objects or that is so expert in the use of cover. He has to be, as all his food is stalked and killed while in its full vigor, for a tiger usually will not touch a dead animal. He pounces on his prey, knocking it down with a stroke of his great paw; then, while holding down its head, he rolls the body over with the other paw, breaking its neck. He then removes all the entrails, much like a butcher, and only eats the clean meat.

Having eaten, the tiger drinks water, and then lies down in the thick jungle to sleep near the remainder of his kill, to which he returns on the following night. Often he covers it up with leaves and twigs to prevent vultures, hyenas, or jackals from disturbing it. This gives the hunters their opportunity to inclose the tiger in a beat and drive him past a man posted in a tree or on an eminence.

A thorough knowledge of the habits of the tiger and the locality is essential to the successful location of the gun positions. A tiger has a regular beat, over which he hunts, and he usually makes a circuit in from five to eight days, eating, perhaps, several animals of various kinds in this time.

THE MAN-EATERS ARE USUALLY OLD TIGERS

The man-eaters are usually old tigers who, due to their waning faculties, are no longer able to kill the forest game in the manner that they did when young. When once they have found how easy it is to kill man, they never stop.

We watched our eight buffaloes and awaited developments. Buffaloes are used for bait instead of cows because cows are sacred.

This was the mating season for the tigers, which rendered them irregular in their habits. Often at this season when they kill they merely suck all the blood from the throat of the victim and do not return.

We waited impatiently for a kill. Early in the morning I would start out before daylight with the hunters tc visit the various buffaloes in the hope of finding a tiger on his quarry. In this I was not successful. For several days no kill resulted. Each day we shot something for food—a barking deer, a sambur, or some other animal—and during my "still hunting" I caught a glimpse of a panther in the thick woods. At another place I saw a tiger just at twilight, looking into our camp, and again a good-sized bear crossed my path just as the darkness hid him from view.

At last *the* day arrived. I had tumbled out at four in the morning in the hope of finding a large sambur or an Indian bison, the great *gaur* of that part of the world, but I had seen nothing, and upon my return to camp I found that none of the buffaloes in the immediate vicinity had been touched, although tigers had passed several at very close range.

Two buffaloes that had been tied some 10 or 12 miles away had not been heard from. A leopard had killed one of our baits, and we thought that we would have to be content to sit up over his kill.

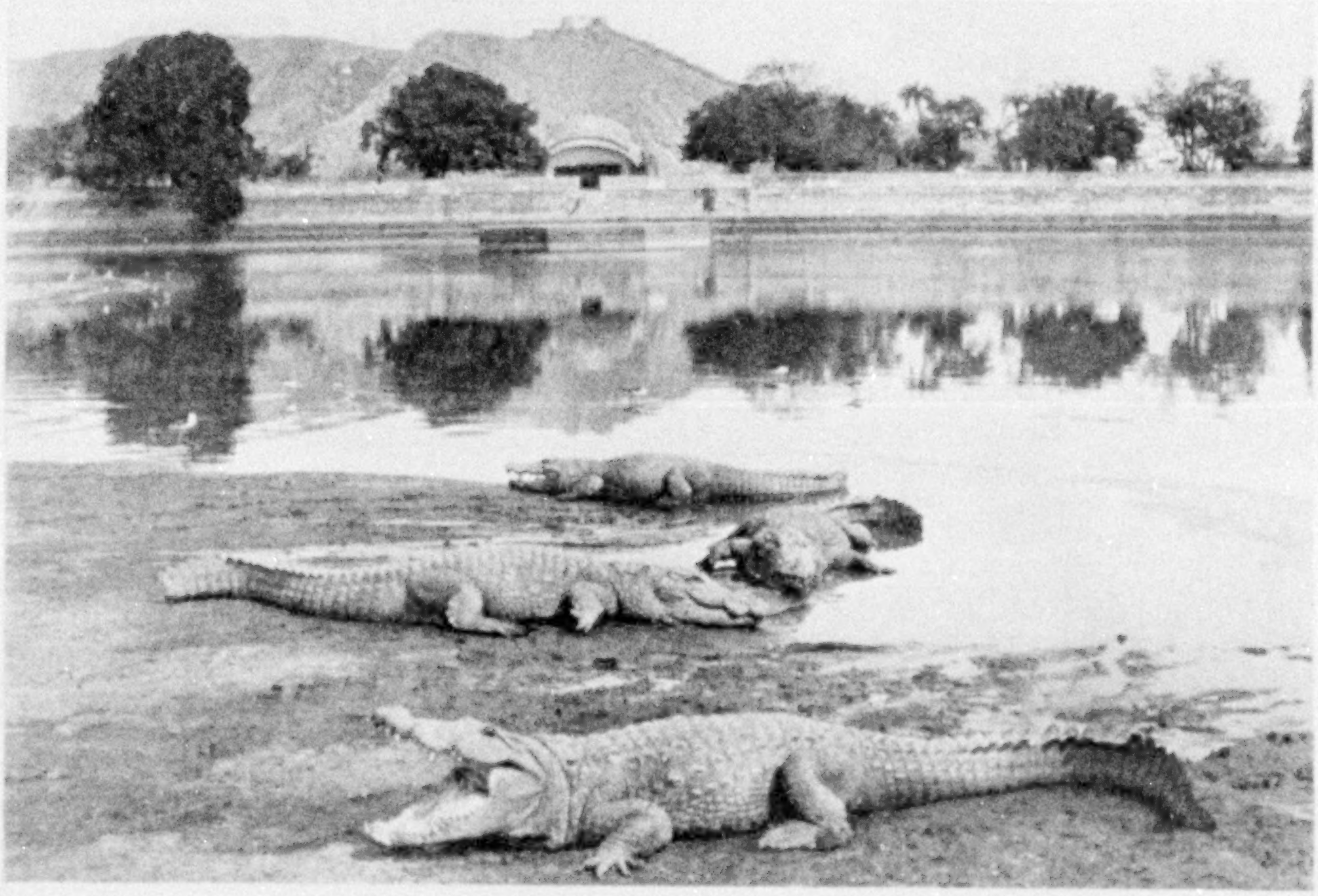
We were giving the necessary instructions for the erection of the perch in the tree over the leopard kill when a native, breathless from a long run, rushed up to the resthouse and reported that there had been a kill on a river about ten miles away. The message had been relayed through by runners every three miles.

When a boy visited the bait that morning, the tiger was just carrying it into the woods. The tigers do not drag the buffaloes away laboriously, but so amazing is their strength that they pick up their kill in their mouths and carry it in the manner that a cat does a mouse.

As our kill was so far away, we made all haste, so as to have sufficient time to beat before dark. We sent our guns, ammunition, and food for the evening meal by runners.

Upon arrival at the river on our horses, our hopes were brightened by the reports of old "Jungle," a Gond of that locality, who seems to have a second sight, as far as tigers are concerned. He is one of the Government forest guards, and as soon as he heard that we were on the way he had sent messengers to all men in this sparsely populated country to rendezvous at the river and cross for the beat.

He also commandeered all the men driv-



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ALLIGATORS ON THE BANK OF AN INDIAN LAKE

The Narbada River, the great stream of central India, is infested with crocodiles, the "mugger" of the Hindus (see text, page 549).

ing carts with teak logs. These parked their carts in a circle, with the bullocks inside, so that they would be protected from the wild animals. All camps are made in that fashion and watch fires are kept burning at night.

Some 80 men were rounded up, all of whom were accustomed to hunting tigers and had been since they were boys, as were their fathers before them. They are always willing and anxious to help kill one of these their deadly enemies.

"Jungle" sent the beaters off in one direction and took us in another.

After traversing a mile of jungle, we came to the wide bed of the river, quite dry at this season.

LUCKY TREES SELECTED FOR PERCHES

"Jungle" selected the lucky trees for our *machans* (tree perches). The natives always ascribe virtues to particular trees. Jollye was placed first, in the second best position, and his machan, consisting of a native four-poster bed, was quickly tied in a very large tree with almost no noise.

I was taken down the river about 200 yards and placed in a smaller tree, opposite a *nala* (watercourse), where "Jungle" explained the tigers were sure to come. He told me that the first one would come straight toward my front and the other would come from my right hand; that both would head for a nala directly behind me.

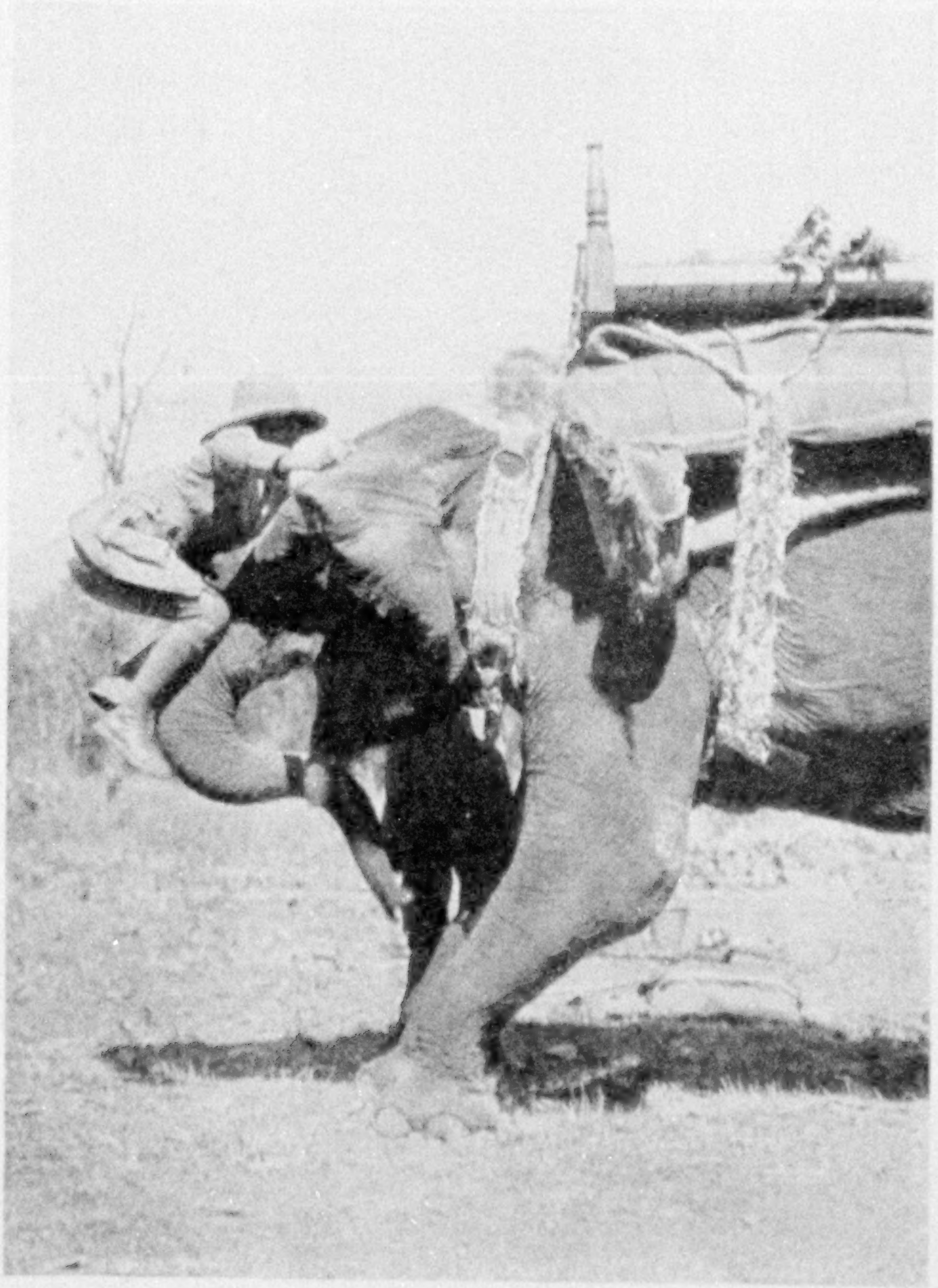
This was supposed to be a very lucky tree, because from its limbs one of the most renowned and successful hunters in India had killed one tiger and wounded another some years previously.

The scene was so quiet and peaceful that it was hard for me to believe that the great cats were really in the woods opposite, although with my glasses I could see where the buffalo had been killed the night before and the nala up which it had been carried.

As "Jungle" left us he cautioned us to look out for more than one tiger.

As I was such a new hand at the game, I was advised by Jollye to take my gunbearer, a little Gond named Budung, up into the machan with me. He was a splendid little tracker and woodsman and, had the occasion required, I was perfectly confident that he would stick until the last minute. We swung up into our machan, which was pretty well covered with foliage and a bit hard to see out of in certain directions. I was afraid of making a noise and did not clear all the boughs away, but contented myself with training my guns on various spots where Budung thought the tiger might appear. I had with me a U. S. Springfield rifle, a marvelously accurate weapon at all ranges.

I was very anxious to kill my tigers with an all-American outfit, and from the results which my friend, Colonel Joyce, had obtained with the Springfield on the huge Alaskan Kodiak bears, it seemed reasonable to suppose that the softer-skinned tiger would prove much easier. Jollye had shaken his head about it, but said nothing, except that he always found a double-barreled rifle to be better, meaning that I should use the .450-caliber Bury which I had taken with me as a second gun. In addition I had an 11-millimeter Mauser.



THE AUTHOR TAKES "SETTING-UP EXERCISES" IN INDIA

At the bottom of the tree, at Jollye's suggestion, I had placed my 20-gauge shotgun loaded with lethal bullets; so that if I had to come down without arms and was attacked by a wounded animal on the ground, I would not be helpless.

My gun-bearer sat huddled up behind me in a little ball, with his eyes covering every inch of the ground in our front and his ears collecting all wisps of sound from the jungle on the opposite bank of the river.

"Stops"—that is, men in trees—were posted on either side of us. It is their duty to make a noise and turn the tiger, in case he attempts to break away from the direction in which he is intended to go.

In addition we had put a boy up a tall tree about 50 yards back of our machan to observe any game that had been fired at and was either killed or wounded. This is quite important. The Indian animals carry a lot of lead and often the hunter does not know what damage has been caused.

THE TIGER APPEARS

Suddenly the shouts of the beaters in the distance reverberated down the deserted and now perfectly quiet river bed. No one was to be seen, and the only sound was the ever-increasing din of the approaching beaters.

Soon a tremendous shout came from the beaters, accompanied by wild screams and a great deal of pounding on trees. I looked to the right and saw one of the chief hunters cross the river rapidly *toward* the beat, in the very direction where the tigers were supposed to be. He began pounding on a large bamboo to keep the tigers from breaking out in that direction.

Our attention was distracted to our right front, when all of a sudden Budung grabbed my arm and pointed to our left front. There was the grandest sight of animal beauty and pent-up physical force that I had ever hoped to see. A great tiger had broken from the jungle at top speed on the opposite side and was coming, faster than any horse can gallop, straight for me. Its size seemed prodigious and its coat, of the brightest-orange color streaked with jet-black, gleamed in the afternoon sun. On it came through a pool of water about two feet deep, which evaporated in spray around its flanks. The thick foliage interfered with my vision and I had to stand up in the swaying tree to get my shot. Enraged growls came with every stride.

A WOUNDED BEAST AT BAY

Used to hunting all my life, I had never dreamed of a spectacle and a moment like this.

To the top of a rocky outcropping the tiger jumped, not more than 50 yards away, and at that instant I let go the bullet from the Springfield. The beast was knocked down flat in its stride; but, without losing speed, it was up with a terrific roar and on again.

Quickly I loaded and shot again, and once more the tiger went down. (Later I found that I had not hit it with this shot, but that it must have slipped or fallen from the pain of the first discharge.)

On it went, up the steep bank, and again I fired, but with no apparent result.

The tiger had now seen me. My machan was only eight feet from the ground, and tigers have pulled men from trees 17 feet up. I could see its face plainly, depicting rage, fearlessness, and pain.

In an instant it was at the top of the river bank above me and turned, roaring, to face me. At that moment I fired my fourth shot. Down it went, out of sight, beyond the bank, along the edge of the little nala that it had been trying so hard to get to in order to escape under the covering banks. The growls ceased and all was still. I felt confident that the tiger had been hit mortally, but I wondered that the bullets did not stop it more effectually. Had it been coming straight for me, I doubt very much if my Springfield would have stopped it.

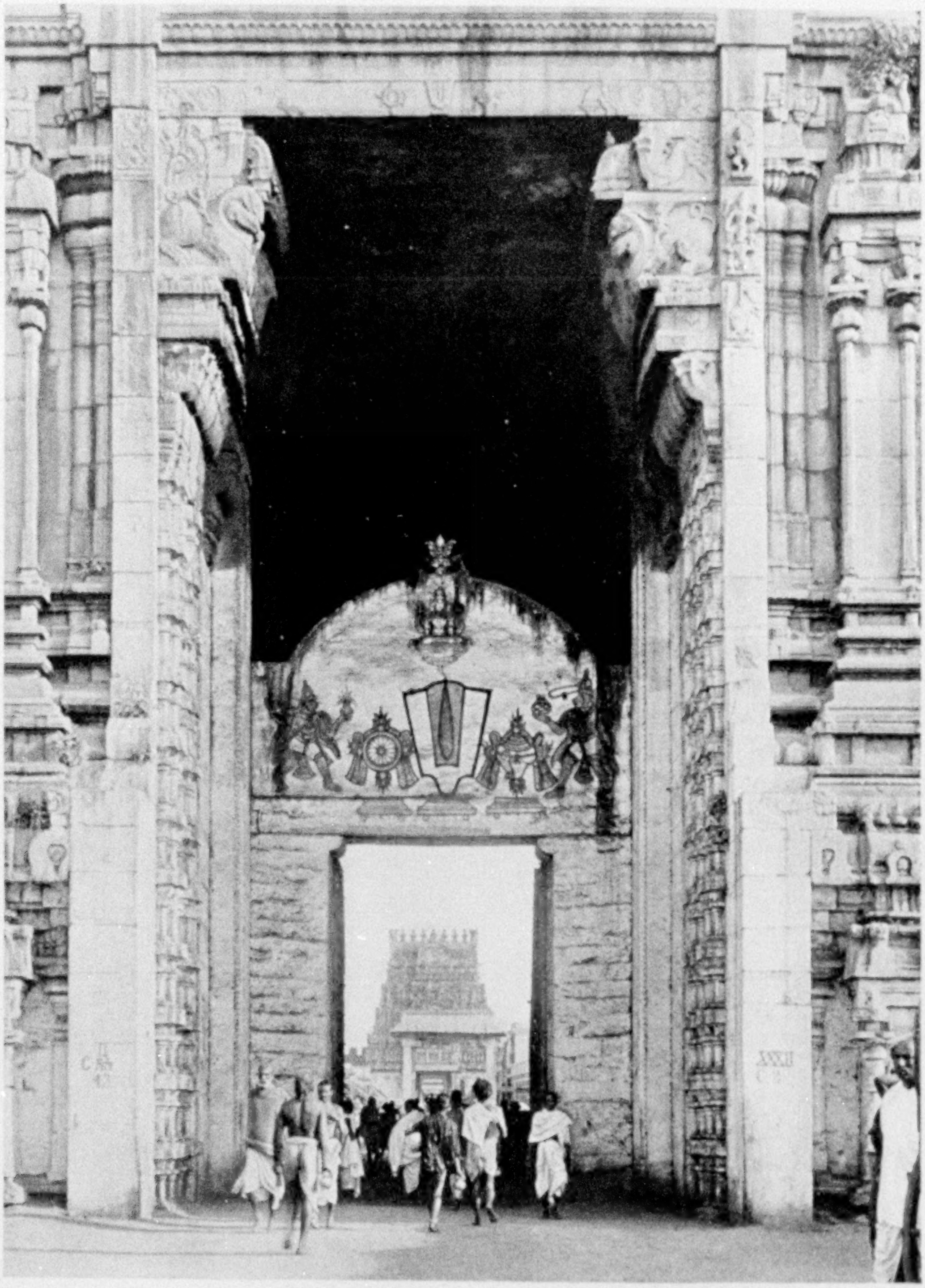
The shouts had redoubled in the beat. Budung had removed all his clothing except a breechcloth, as he thought his calico turban and cloth might be too conspicuous.

We were sure that more tigers were in the beat, but we could not tell whether they had broken back through the beaters or were still coming our way. Our doubts were soon dispelled, however, as a tiger appeared along the opposite bank, trotting slowly through the brush and trees across my front, his tail, held high, swinging from side to side, just like a large, angry cat. I could not shoot toward the beaters because my bullets would go straight into them, or if I wounded the beast it might charge them. The quarry disappeared for a few minutes; then all of a sudden broke at top speed for my side of the river and about 200 yards to my right.

Again I had to stand up in the wabbly machan and fire. The bullet went either behind or between its legs and hit beyond. It disappeared as soon as my shot had been fired, and I thought that it had gone for good, when suddenly I heard a roar behind me and the animal appeared, not 20 feet away, speeding by the machan. I took a snapshot and either missed it completely or barely touched it and it was gone.

The beaters now came from the opposite river bank and were stopped by Jollye until we could determine whether either or both tigers were dead, wounded, or had escaped.

The greatest care is necessary at a time like this to avoid fatal accidents. Often in the case of a wounded tiger a herd of buffaloes is obtained and driven in the direction of the quarry. If it is there, they indicate by their actions and motions where it is. Men are then sent up trees until they are able to see the tiger, and it is advanced on with the greatest caution.



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LOOKING THROUGH THE GREAT GATE OF TRICHINOPOLY TOWARD THE SRIRANGAM TEMPLE

The sacred town of Srirangam lies two miles north of Trichinopoly, in the presidency of Madras, and almost in the center of an island in the Cauvery River. Its great temple to Vishnu, the second god in the Hindu trinity, is the largest in southern India and consists of seven inclosures, one within the other.

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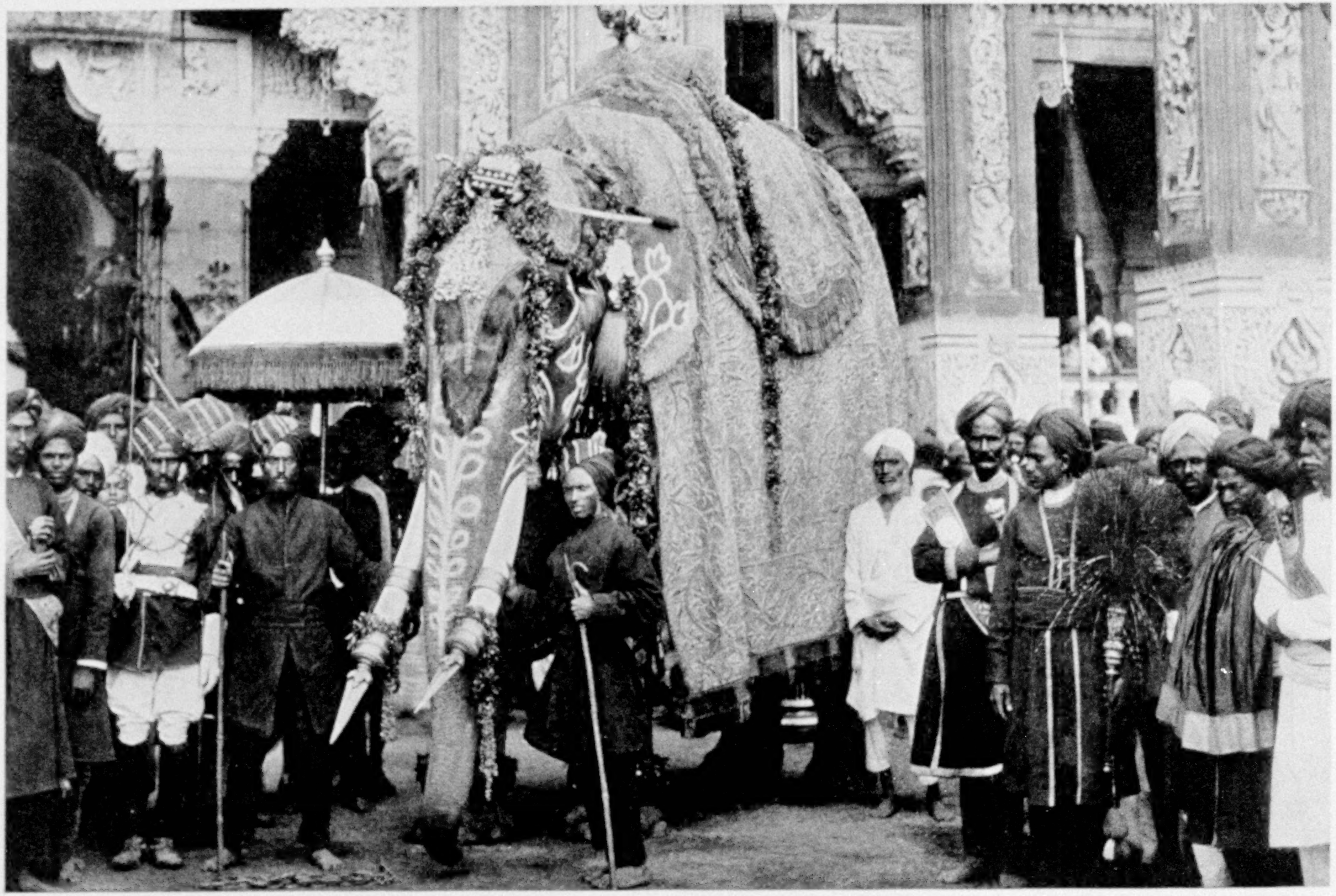
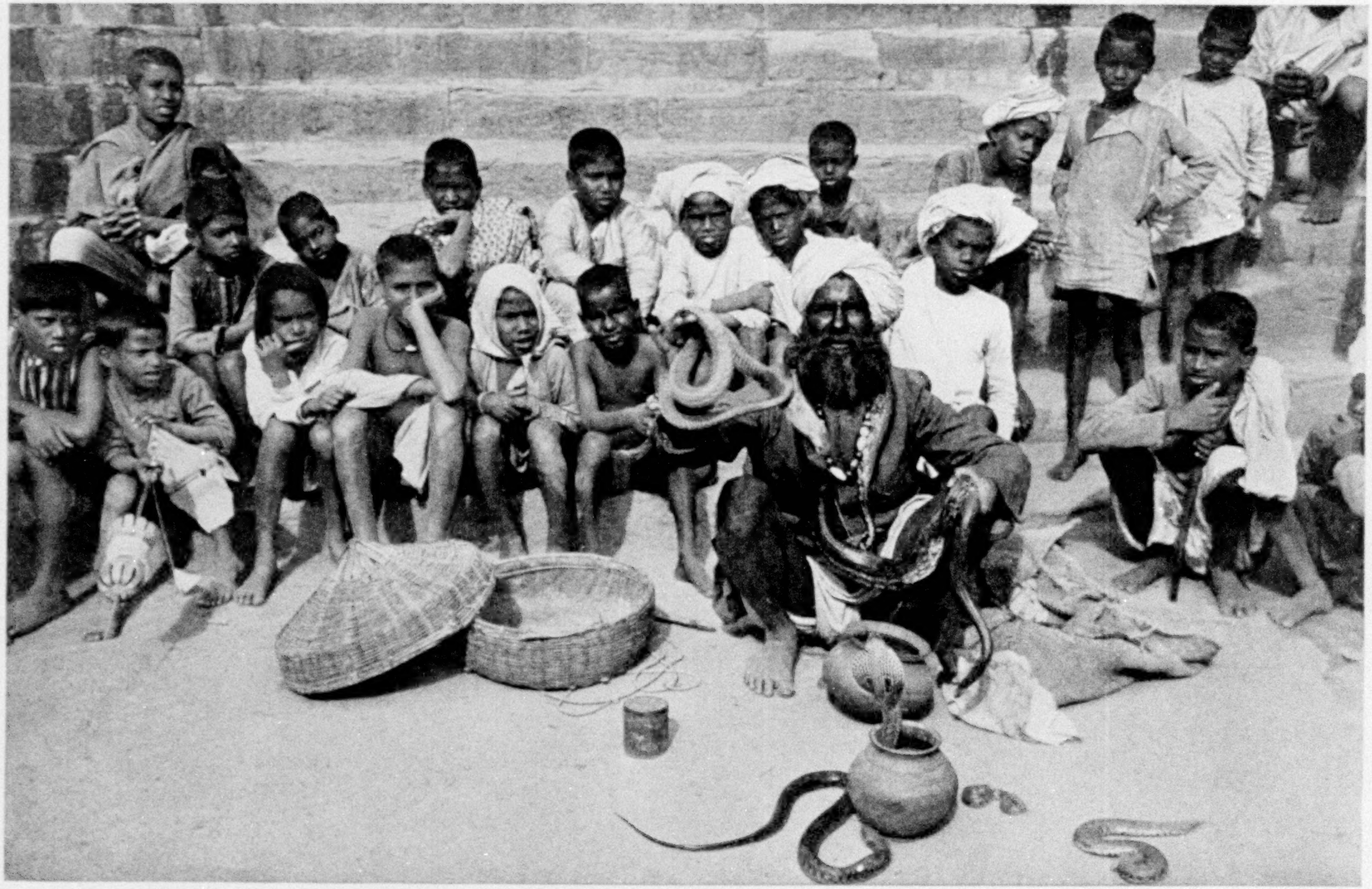


Photograph by Barton & Son

ONE OF THE STATE ELEPHANTS OF MYSORE

"The beast that hath between his eyes a serpent for a hand" still is to be found wild in places along the base of the Himalayas, in parts of the great forest tract between the Ganges and the Kistna, and in the hill ranges extending from Mysore to Cape Comorin. When domesticated, he is no less important on occasions of pomp and circumstance than as a burden-bearer and log-lifter in field and camp.



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A SNAKE CHARMER OF BENARES

The Indian fakir teaches his cobra, one of the most poisonous of snakes, to dance, or move in rhythm to music, and to perform many startling tricks. The reptile whose fangs have not been removed is usually teased in the morning until it bites through a thick piece of material and thus rids itself temporarily of much of its venom.

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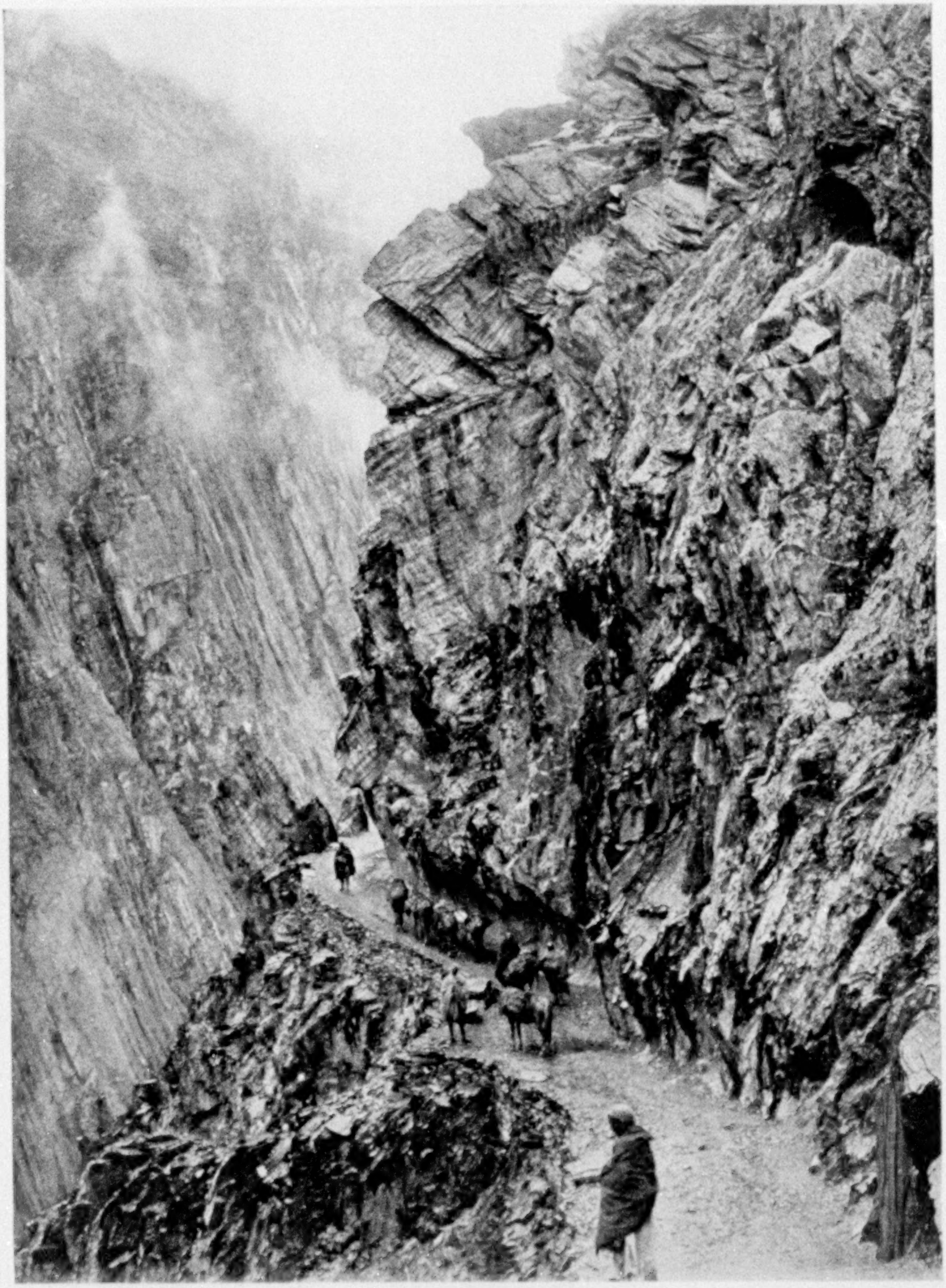
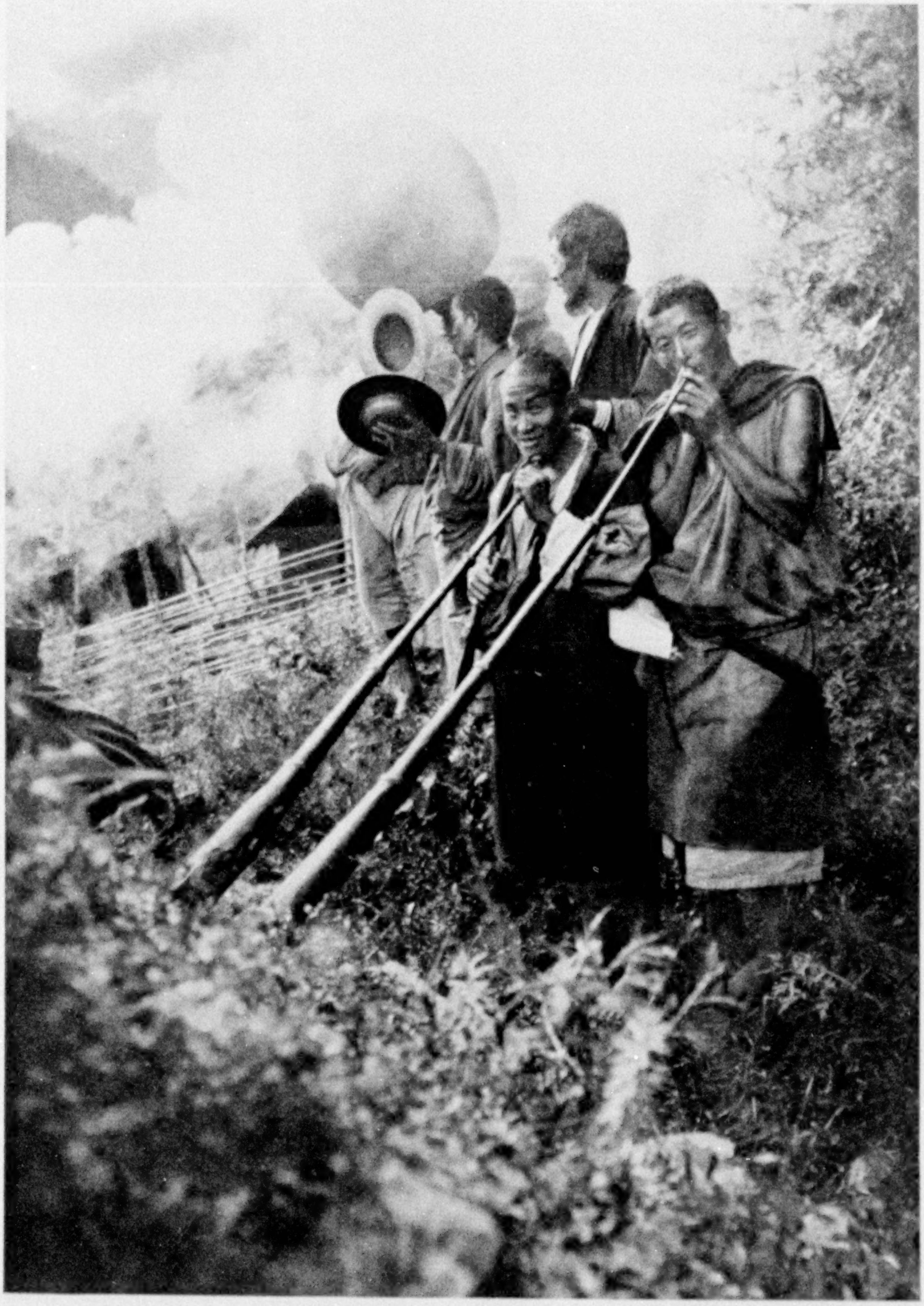


© R. B. Holmes

THE ZOJI LA, THE USUAL NORTHERN LIMIT OF TOURIST TRAVEL IN KASHMIR

Wild and rugged runs this narrow path, at an elevation of 11,500 feet, along the precipitous, towering mountain sides. At the foot of the pass is Baltal, starting point for the famous Cave of Amernath (see "A Pilgrimage to Amernath, Himalayan Shrine of the Hindu Faith," by Louise Ahl Jessop, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for November, 1921).



Photograph by Vittorio Sella

A CEREMONY AT A MONASTERY IN THE KARAKORAM MOUNTAINS

Horns and trumpets of various shapes and sizes are used in India for signals, processions, and temple services. The blasts for the dead are played upon them. The *kurna*, used chiefly in religious processions and for festivals, emits a few hoarse notes and is considered by the Brahmins the most ancient of all instruments.

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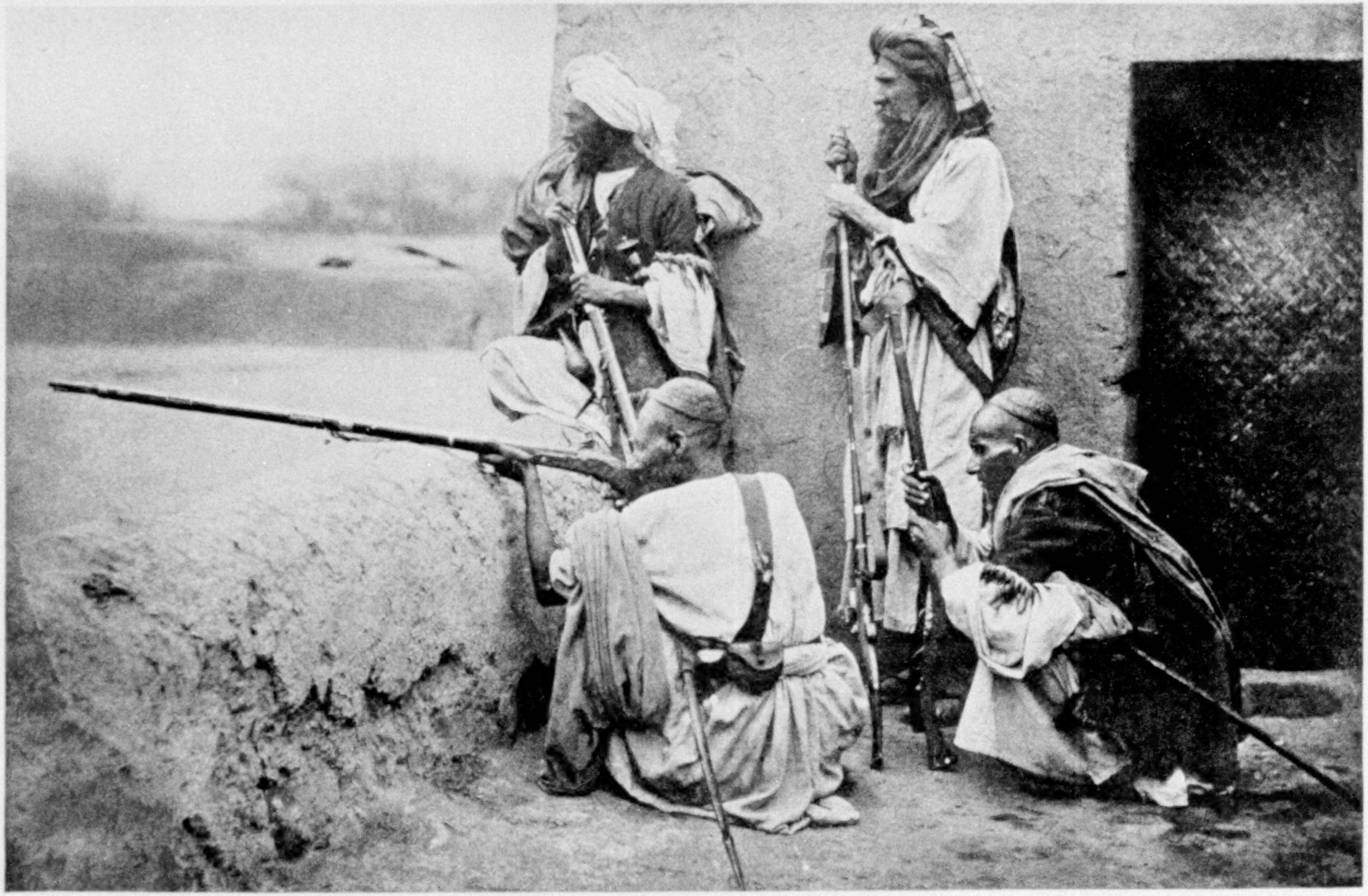
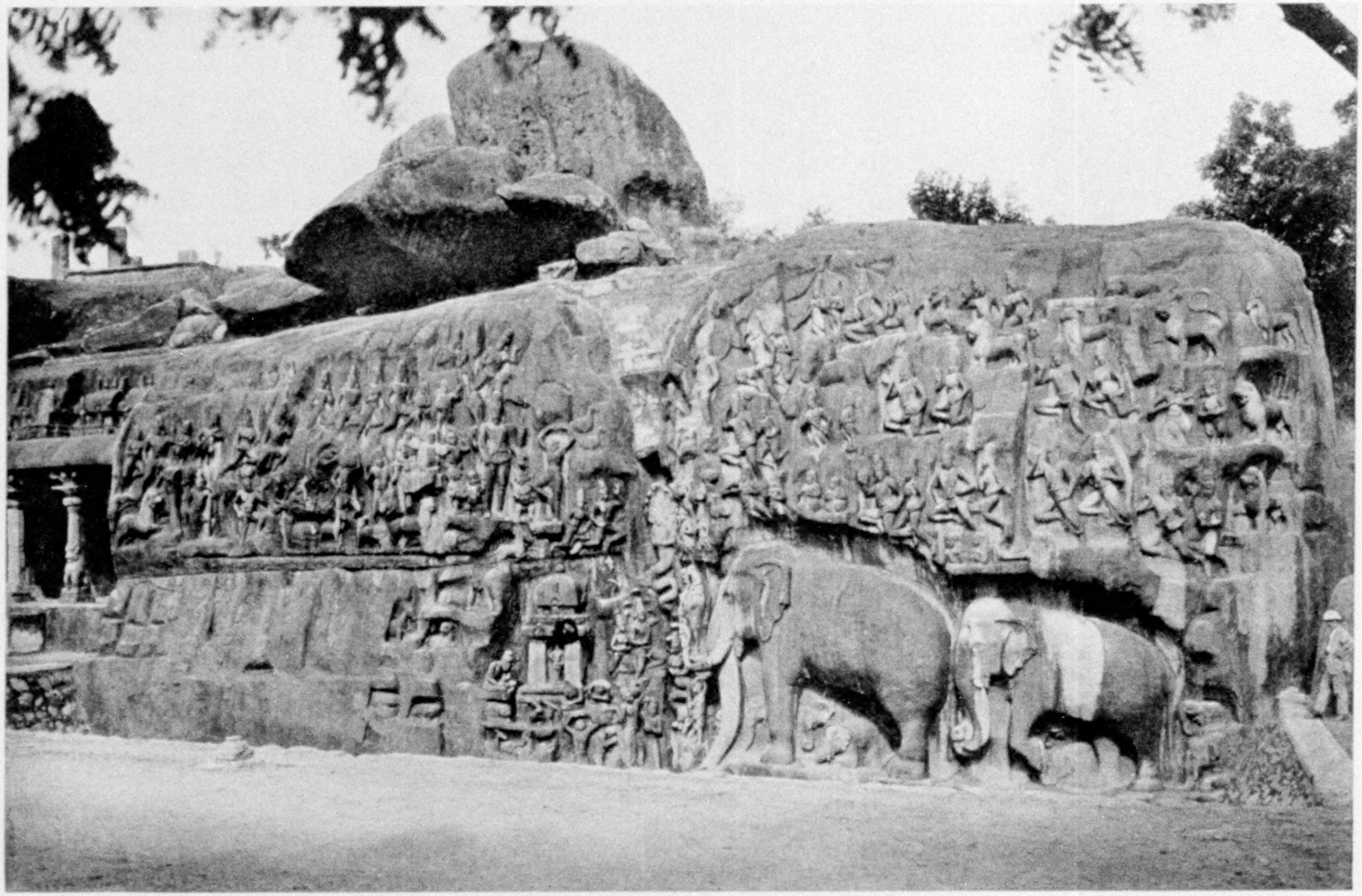


Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd

A GROUP OF THE FAMOUS AFRIDIS, WHO ARE ENLISTED AS THE "KHYBER RIFLES" TO GUARD THE KHYBER PASS, GATEWAY BETWEEN INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN

These tall, stalwart tribesmen figure in much of the literature concerning British rule in India and the safeguarding of the Northwest Frontier (see also "Through the Heart of Hindustan," in THE GEOGRAPHIC for November, 1921). Many of these marksmen have callous spots on their right cheeks caused by the recoil of their rifles when fired.



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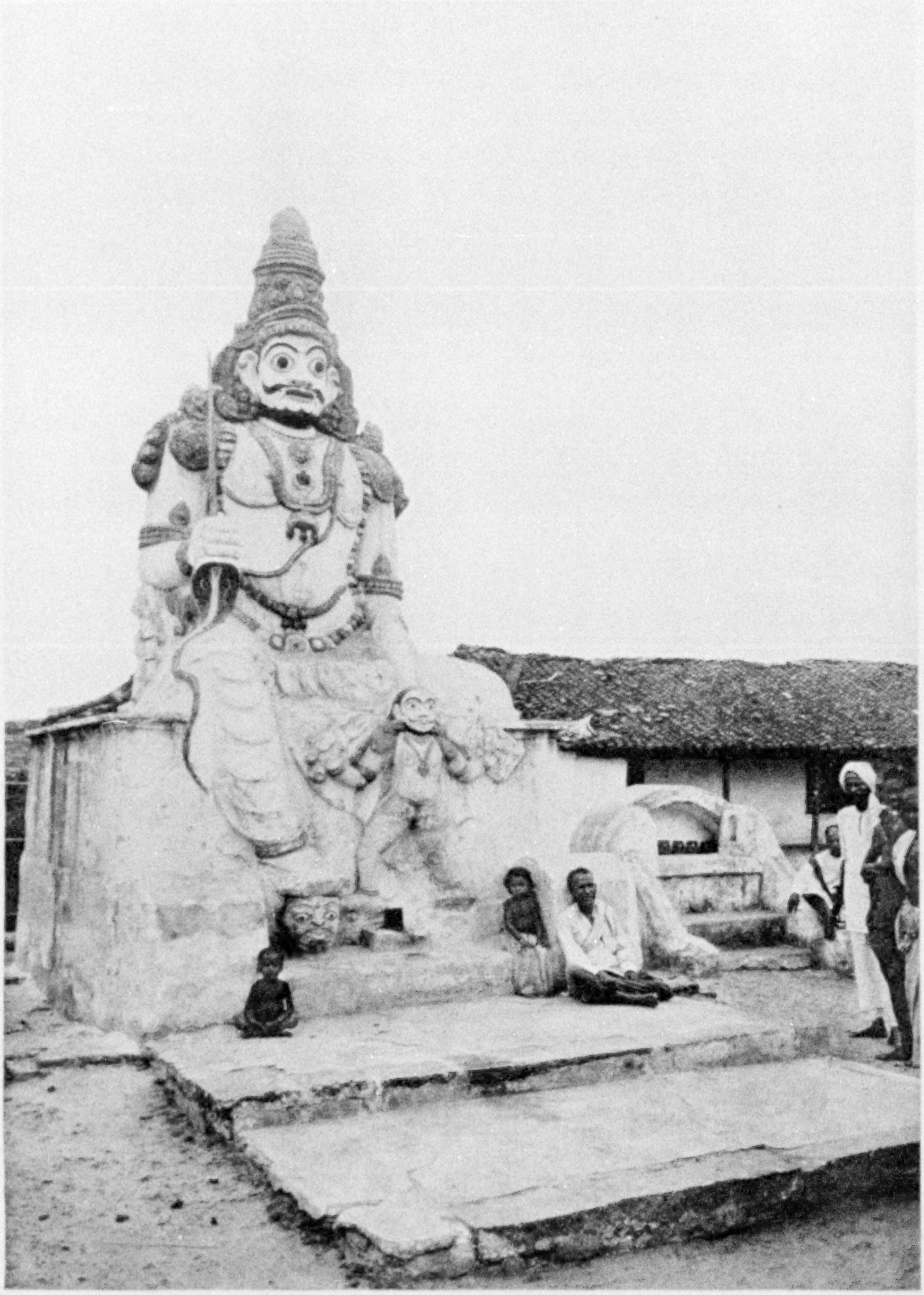
THE MOST IMPORTANT ARCHITECTURAL REMAINS IN SOUTHERN INDIA, AT SEVEN PAGODAS, MADRAS

The antiquities of Seven Pagodas in the presidency of Madras delight the archeologists. From its two pagodas to Vishnu and Siva, and five other temples buried by the sea, according to tradition, the place gets its name. This unique piece of sculpture, whose history is wrapped in mystery, is called "Arjuna's Penance," and covers a mass of rock 96 feet long and 43 feet high. The largest of the figures in human form, left of center, is Siva, with Arjuna, the ascetic, on his left, both surrounded by various animals.



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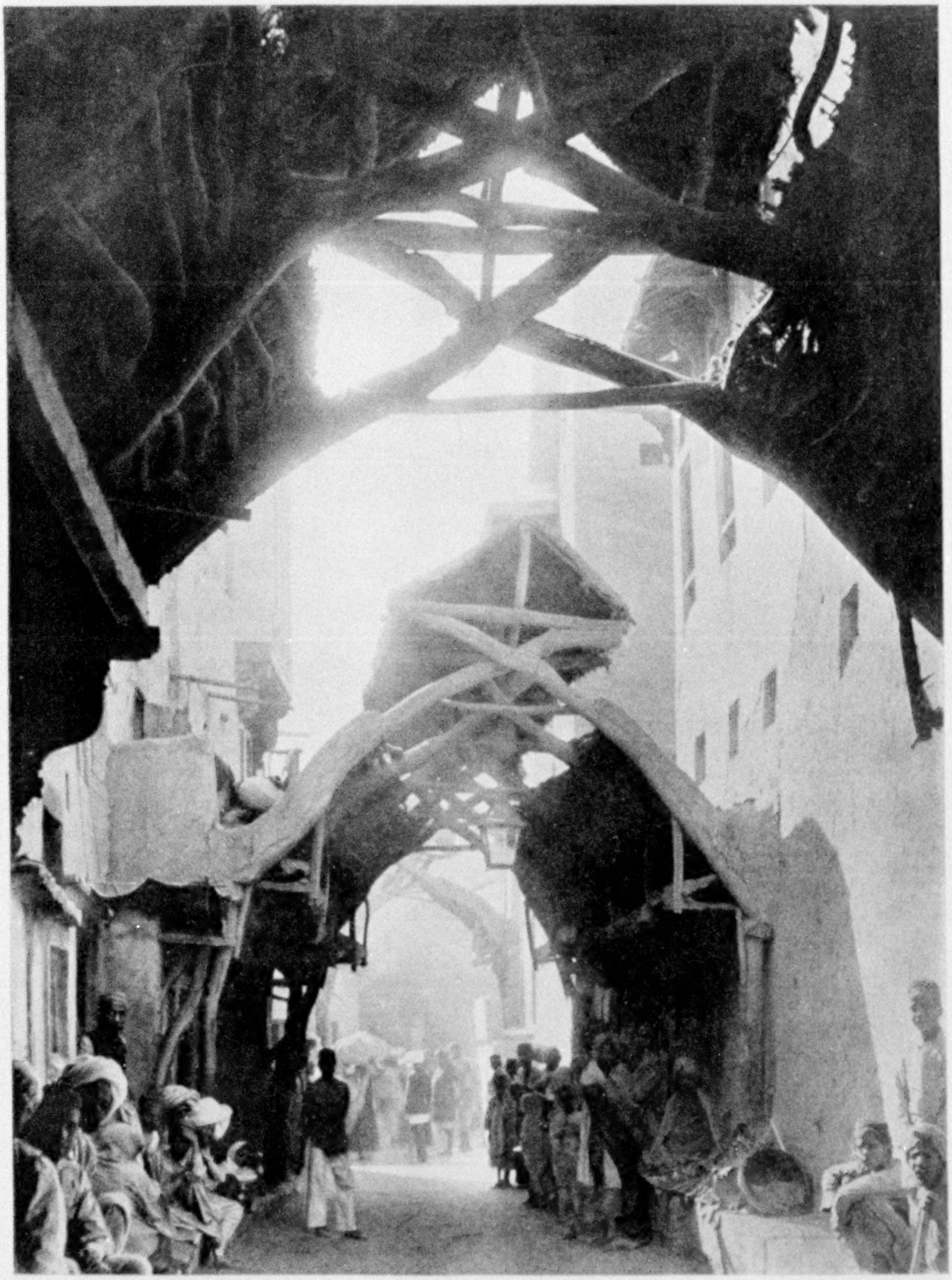
A GIANT IDOL OF MADRAS

While Christians are more numerous in Madras than in any other part of India, they number less than two million, compared with more than thirty-seven million Hindus and nearly three million Mohammedans. The three gods of Hindu mythology are Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva (see above), the destroyer. Since death is really a transition to a new form of life, the destroyer is considered a re-creator and is, therefore, worshiped as the Happy One.



Photograph by Fred Bremner

A VAULTED STREET IN SHIKARPUR

This city was formerly one of the most important trade depots on the great road over the Bolan Pass to Baluchistan, Kandahar, and central Asia. Piece goods, silk, ivory, cochineal, spices, coconuts, drugs, indigo, dyes, asafetida, and gums still pass through its portals, though the North-Western Railway has done much to rob it of its former prestige. Shikarpur has the unenviable reputation of being one of the three hottest places in India; hence its peculiar roofed market street.

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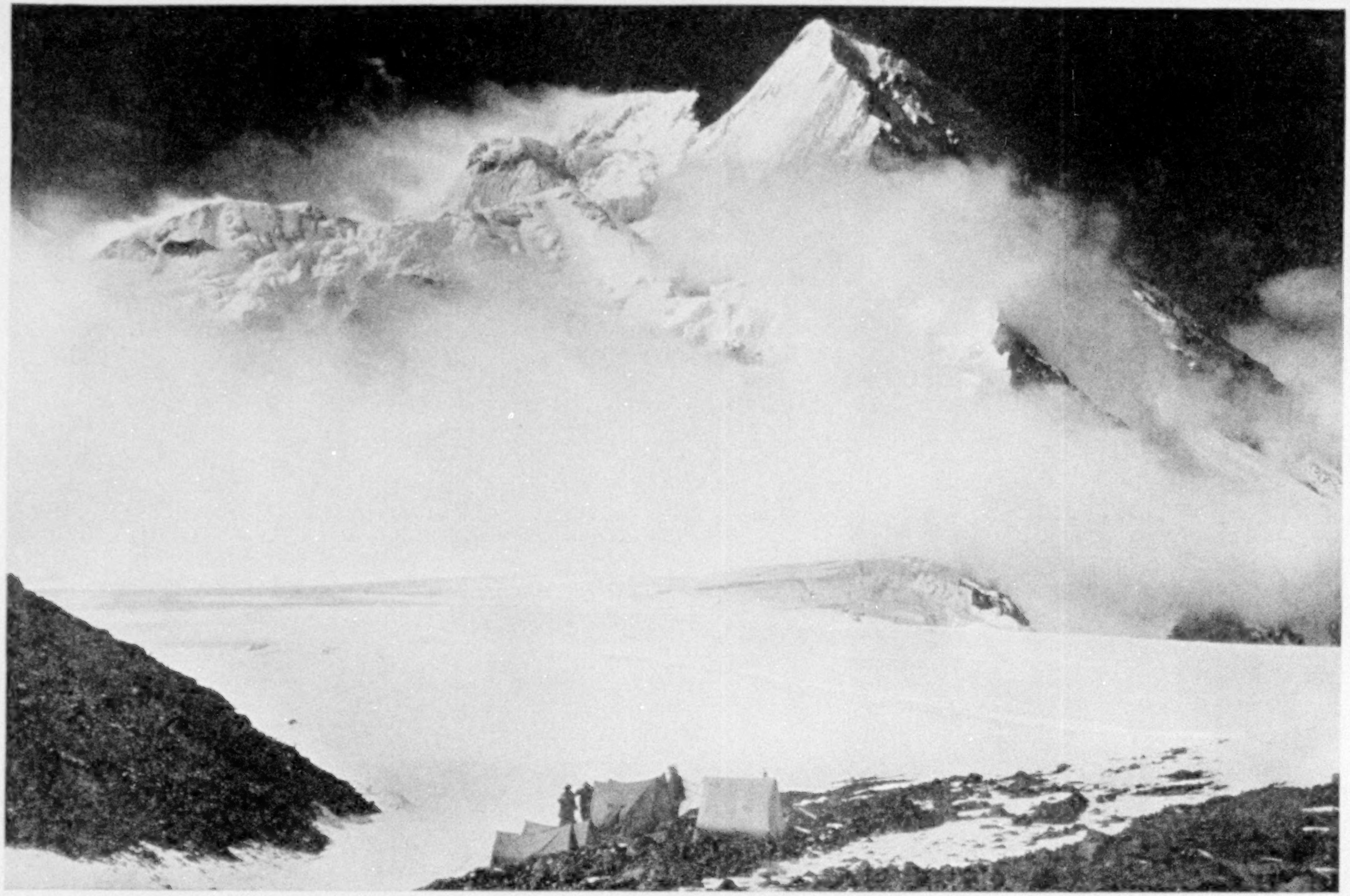
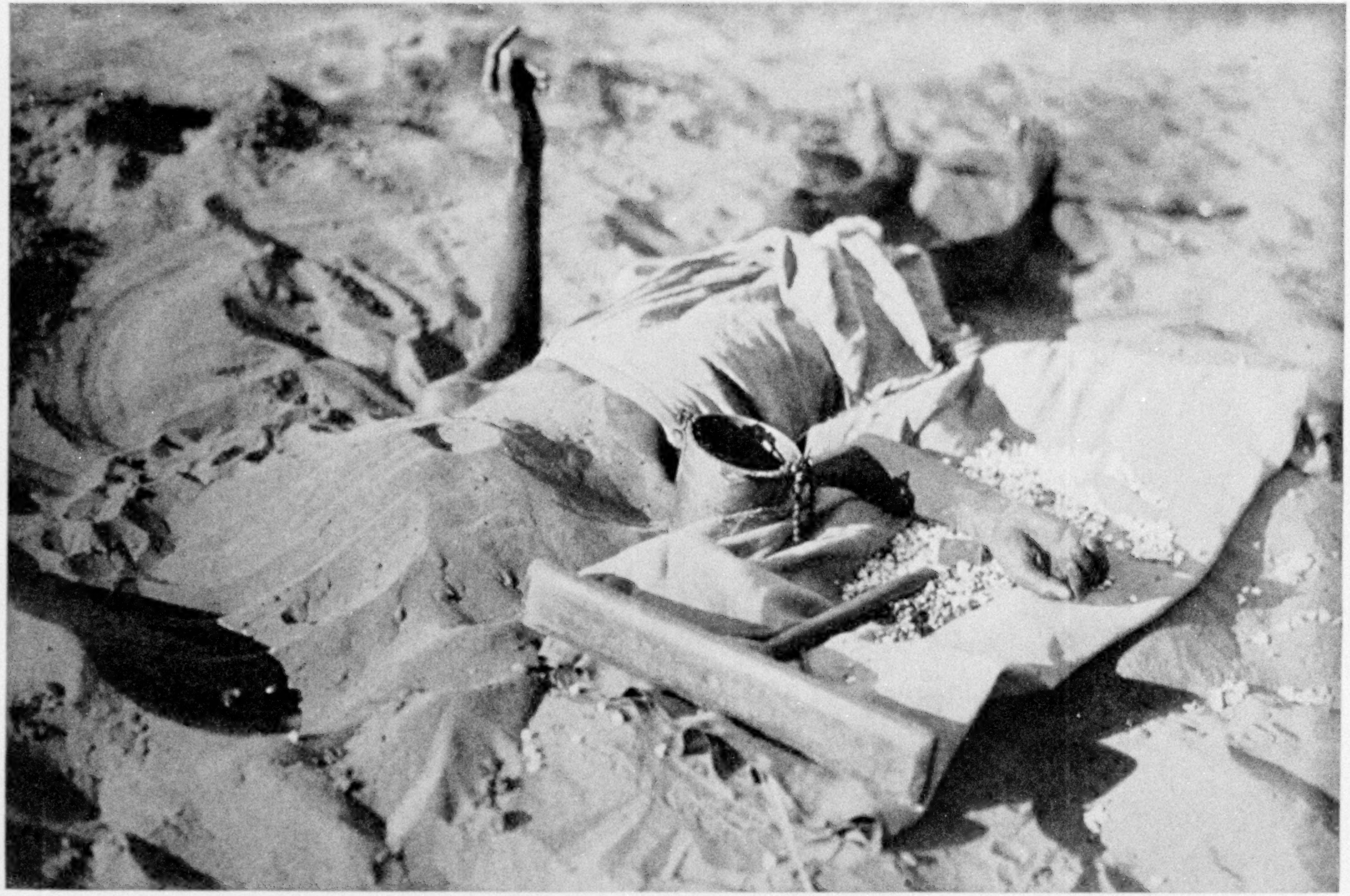


Photograph by Vittorio Sella

BROAD PEAK AND CAMP VI ON THE GODWIN AUSTEN GLACIER: KARAKORAM MOUNTAINS

Mount Godwin Austen, or K_2, of the Karakoram Range, with an elevation of 28,250 feet, is second only to Mount Everest among the world's mountains. It was ascended for the first time by the Duke of the Abruzzi in July, 1909. The formidable northern wall of Broad Peak is connected with the Godwin Austen Glacier by a semicircular basin. Dr. Vittorio Sella, who made this picture, was the photographer of the Duke's expedition.



AN INDIAN FAKIR, OR SADHU, WITH HIS HEAD BURIED IN SAND

His religion teaches this sadhu to mortify the flesh. Breathing through a hole in the sand, he may remain buried thus for days. These so-called holy men of India wander from place to place, supported by gifts. One popular method of self-torture is to hold the hands or feet in one position until they become fixed and can never again be moved. Other fakirs fasten their eyes upon a certain object for days or months. Many measure the ground with their bodies until they reach Benares.

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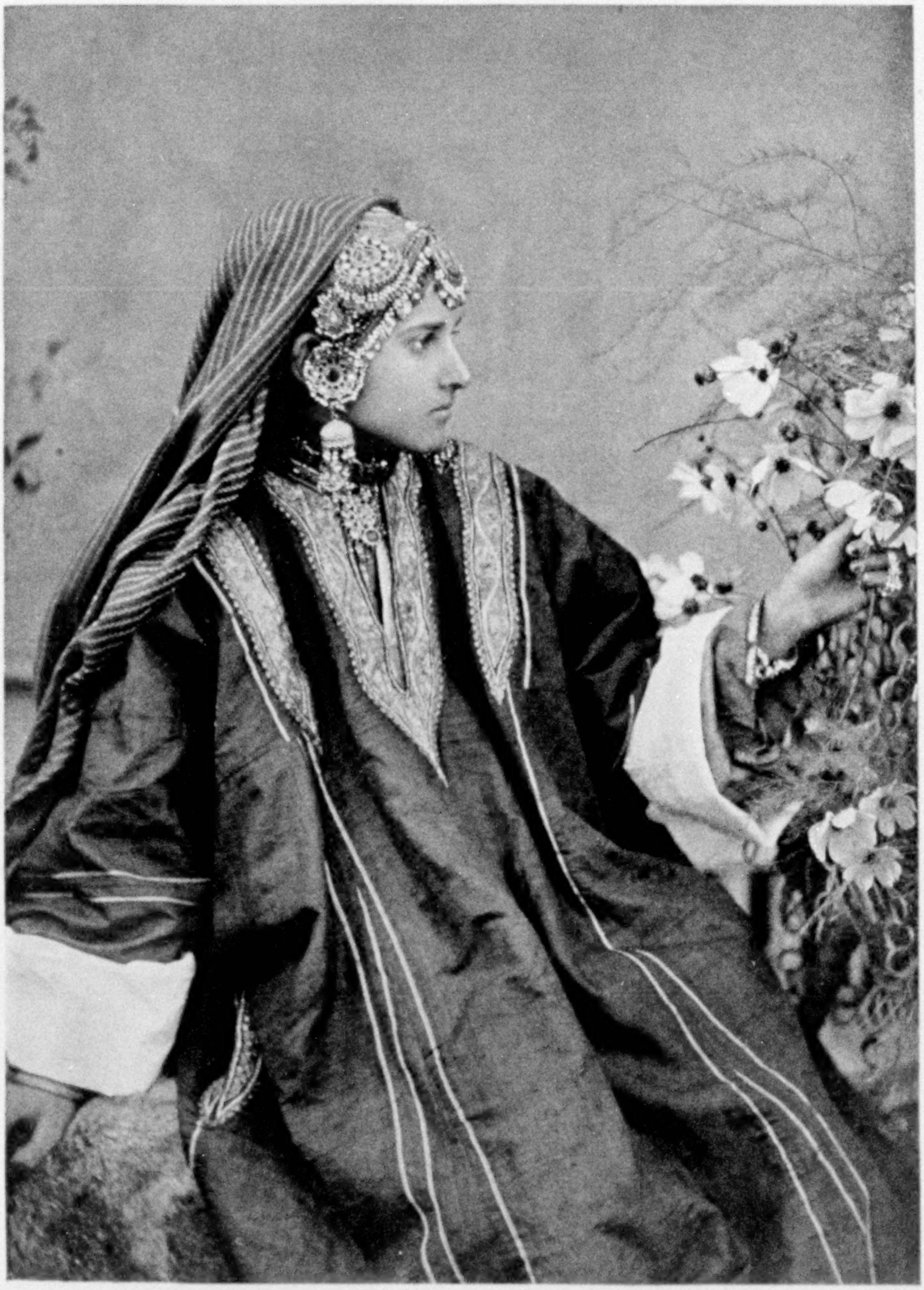
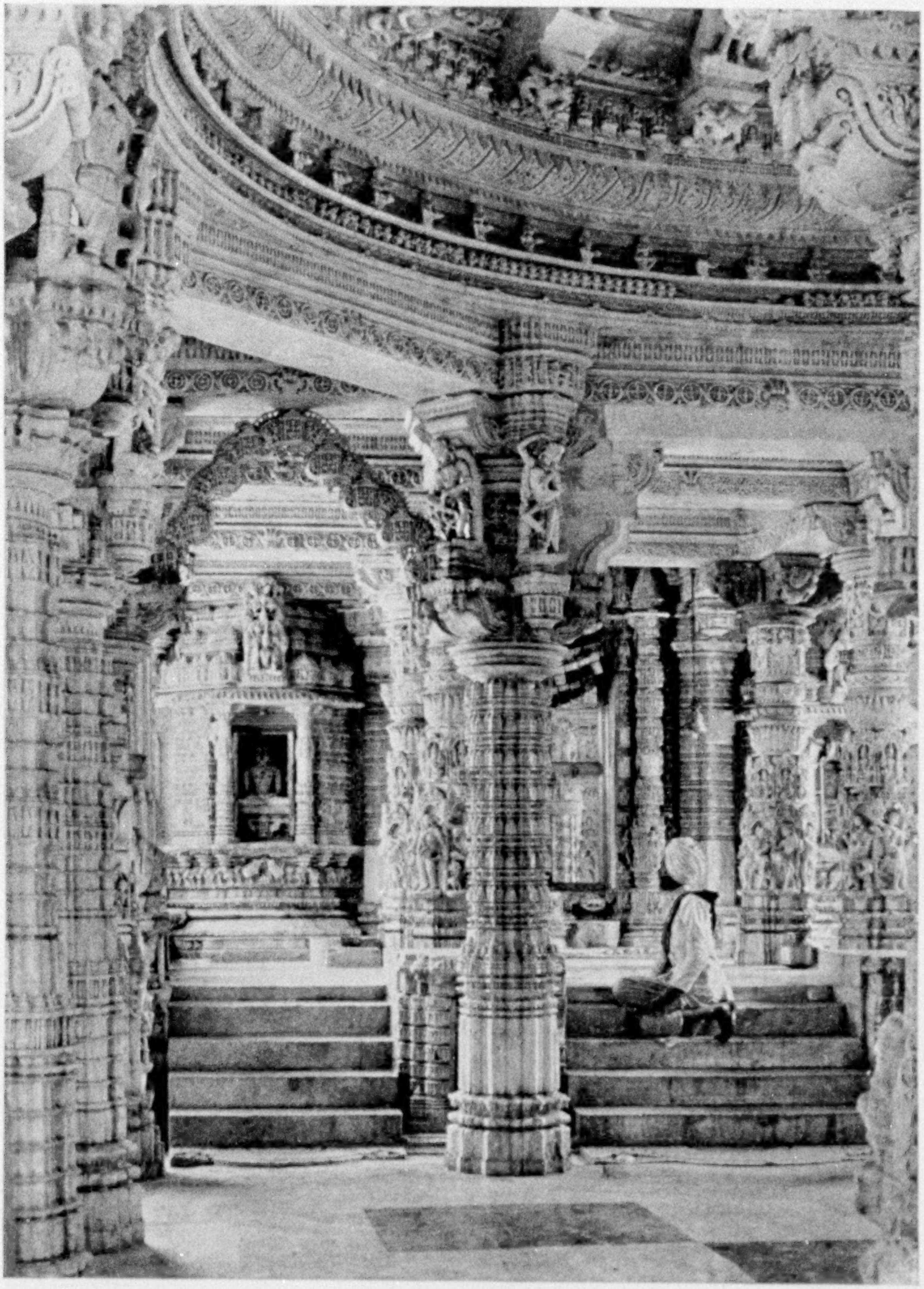


Photograph by Fred Bremner

A DANCING GIRL OF KASHMIR

Until a few years ago, only the dancing girls of the temples, among all the native women of India, enjoyed the privilege of learning to read, dance, and sing. They are consecrated in a special manner to the worship of the Hindu divinities. A band of eight or more is attached to each temple of importance, to dance and sing inside the sacred precincts morning and evening and on special occasions.



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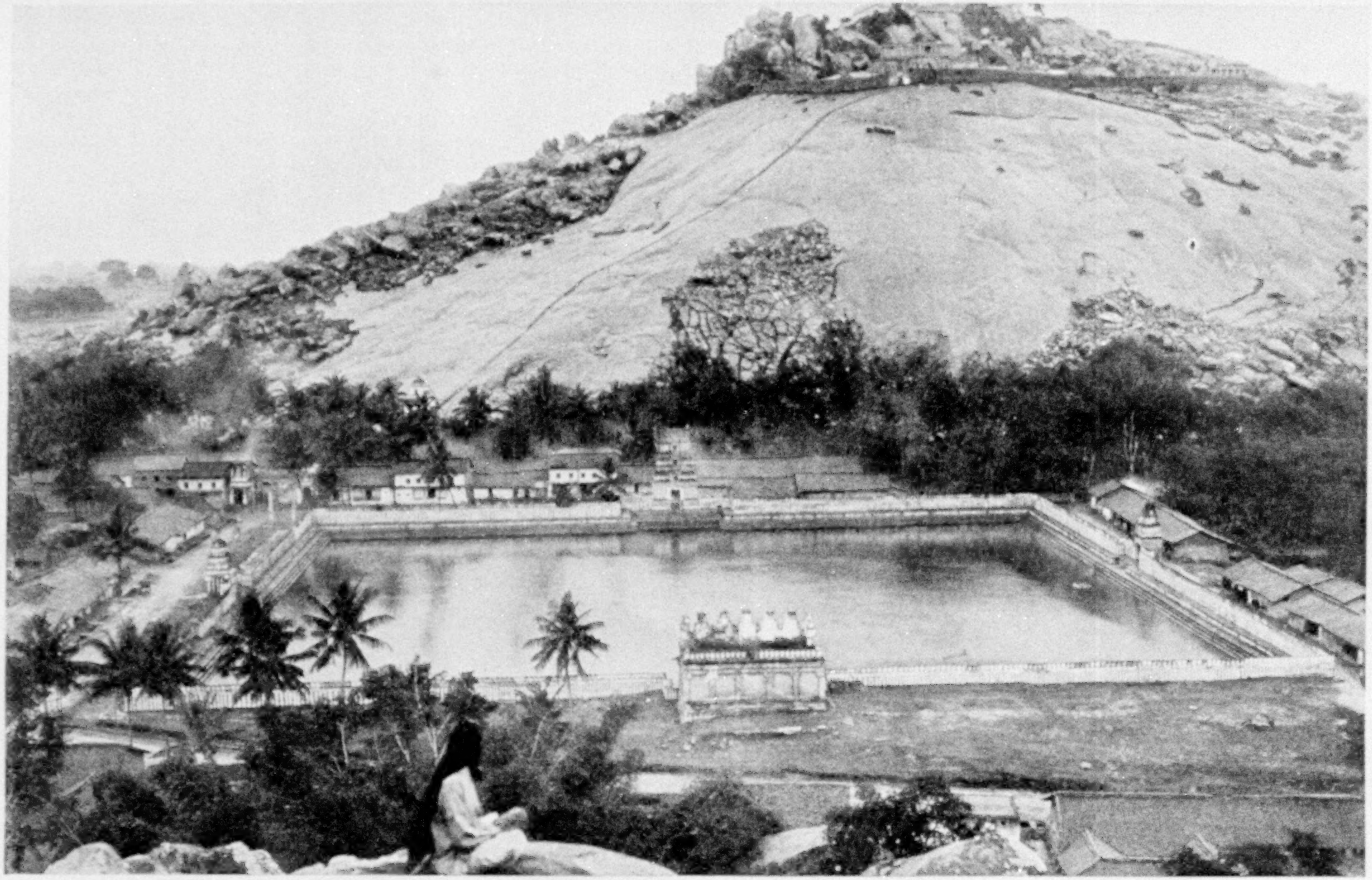
A SHRINE IN ONE OF THE MOUNT ABU JAIN TEMPLES: RAJPUTANA

Among the heretic sects of the Hindu faith the Jains are the most powerful group in India. Their magnificent series of white marble temples on Mount Abu is considered one of the seven wonders of India. It has been said of one of these, built by two rich merchants between the years 1197 and 1247, that "for delicacy of carving and minute beauty of details it stands almost unrivaled, even in this land of patient and lavish labor."



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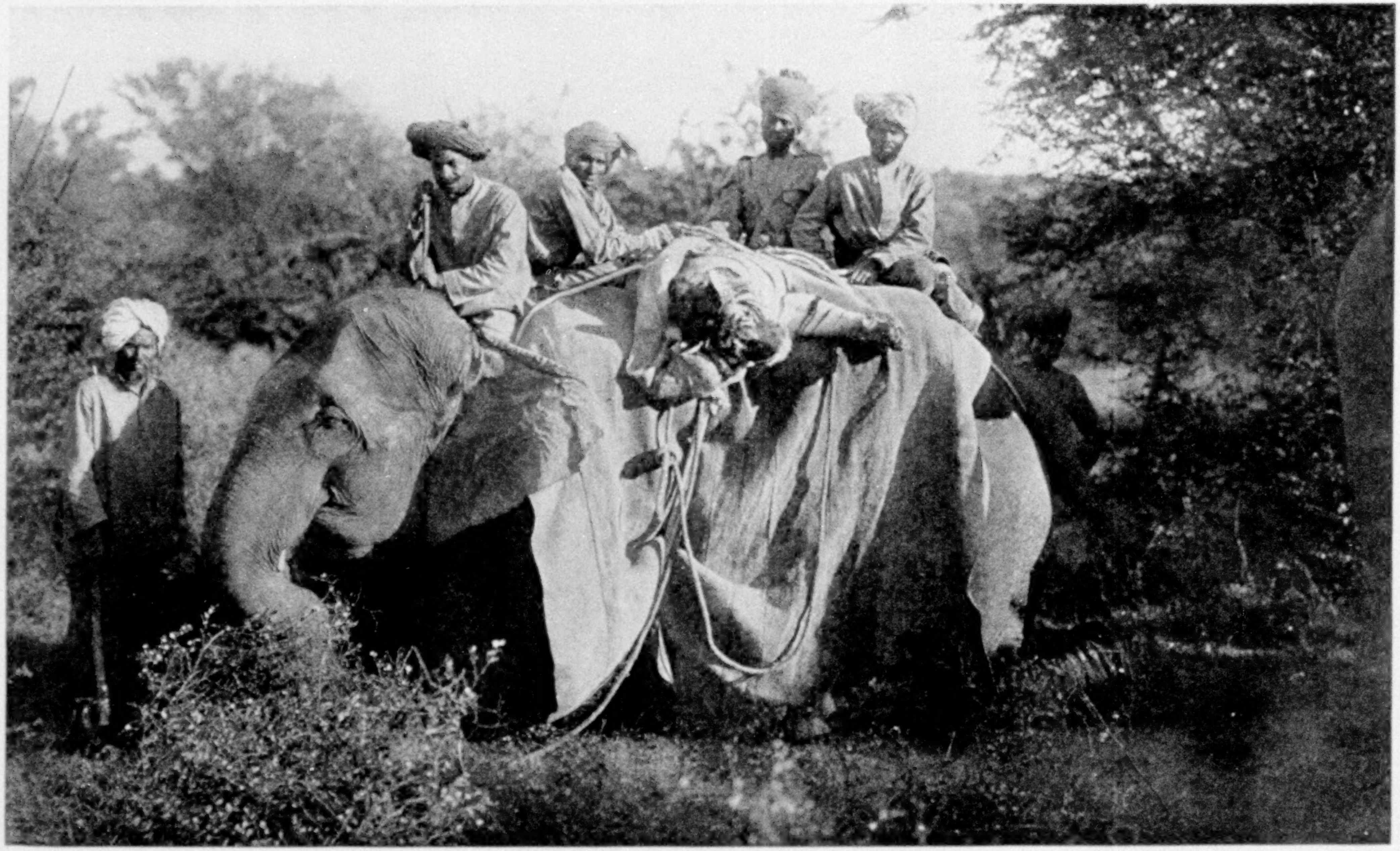
A POOL AT THE BASE OF GRANITE HILL (INDRABETTA), WHICH TOWERS ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF SRAVANA BELGOLA, IN MYSORE

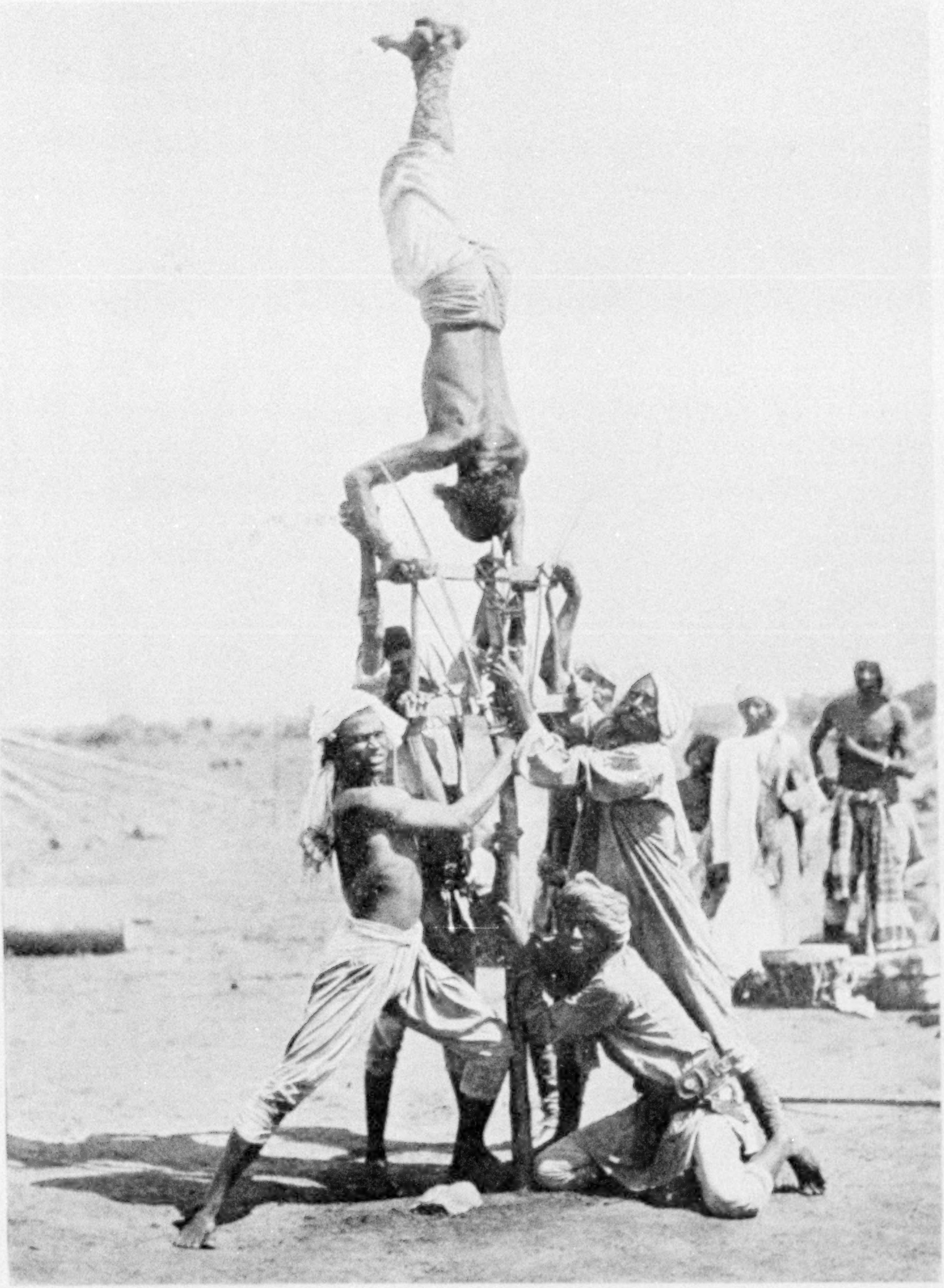
Upon this massive boulder, 400 feet high, may be seen the head and shoulders of a colossal statue of Gomata, a Jain deity. The image, which is nude and stands erect, its serene face looking to the north, is visible for many miles. It was carved probably about the year 980 A. D.



Transatlantic Photo Co.

A TROPHY OF THE HUNT: A TIGER KILLED BY THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR

Tradition credits the founding of the native state of Gwalior, in northern India, to Suraj Sen, a leper, who, while hunting, came to the hill on which the fort of Gwalior now stands. Receiving a drink of water from a hermit, his leprosy is supposed to have been cured. Eighty-four of Suraj Sen's descendants ruled Gwalior before the line came to an end.



Photograph by Raja Deen Dayal

THE REMARKABLE INDIAN FEAT OF TILTING ON A SWORD

Troops of vagabonds throughout India have adopted the profession of traveling actors. Many of them are conjurers or acrobats and sometimes perform astonishing feats of legerdemain and agility. Others enact ridiculous farces or exhibit marionettes in the streets to attract an audience and a few pennies. The chief performer here will in a moment clasp the points of the two swords while his head is balanced upon the third weapon.

We examined the position of the tiger when I first fired and found pieces of cut hair where the bullet had struck; also deep claw-marks in the hard rock. We found where my second bullet had hit the rock and not the tiger, just as it fell for the second time, and were tracing it up the cut bank when the native who was posted in the tree behind my machan called that the tiger was lying in the water of the nala and had not moved for a long time.

We could find no indications that I had hit the second tiger; so, taking our rifles (this time I took my double-barreled Bury), we proceeded along the high bank into the edge of the jungle. It is always important to keep above a wounded animal.

Soon we saw the tiger, stretched at full length in the water of the stream, with its teeth clutching the roots of a tree in a death grip and its legs drawn back as in the act of springing. These animals are game as long as a breath remains in their bodies.

A BIG TIGRESS IN FINE CONDITION

We threw down some sticks and stones, but as there was no response, I jumped down the bank and gave the tail a hard pull. She was stone-dead, a fine big tigress in splendid condition.

It is hard to express one's exaltation at the first tiger. Jollye told me that, no matter how many tigers he killed or saw killed, his heart always came up into his mouth at the sight of one. Mine certainly did that day, several times.

Probably three tigers, including two large cubs, had broken back through the beaters; so that at least four, if not five, tigers had been in the beat. This was extraordinary. In addition, the sudden appearance of both animals charging across the open river bottom, at top speed and in plain view, instead of being in the thick jungle, caused my first introduction to the royal Bengal tiger to be staged on lines that may never be repeated. It was marvelous!

The beaters improvised a litter out of the bed of which my machan had been made and tied long poles under it, so that 15 or 20 of them could carry it. Then, having made a bed of grass and leaves, so as not to injure the coat, the tiger was carefully rolled onto it and tied down. Then we started out over the river bed for the carts. It was growing dark and we made haste to get on our horses and start back to our resthouse. My experience of the day was such as to repay me for my trip to India, no matter whether I ever saw another tiger, and my only regret was that Mrs. Mitchell was not with me.

I had learned many things about tiger-hunting that day. One was that the heaviest rifles are necessary to stop these great beasts. What the effect of my bullets had been I could not tell, as they had made wounds of entrance only as large as the .30-caliber bullet, and no blood whatever had dropped from the wounds.

There was one wound in the animal's abdomen and another in the point of her left shoulder which we could feel had pulverized that member at least.

Two things were certain, however: first, that the Springfield had failed to knock her down, and, second, that when the second tiger was running by me at such close range I could neither catch the peep sight rapidly enough, nor follow with a second shot sufficiently quickly with a bolt-action rifle.

While my confidence in the Springfield for long-range shooting in the open, at smaller game, remains as great as ever, I learned that day that the double-barreled rifle of over .400 caliber is the thing for hunting tigers in Inda.

I was astonished at the strength, the beauty, and the size of the tigers. It seemed as if the whole forest opened a huge door, out of which these grand animals charged toward me. It reminded me of what a Frenchman had said to some friends after seeing his first tiger. When asked how big it was, he replied: "Gentlemen, I do not know the exact size by measure, but to me he was at least 30 feet high."

TRAGIC TALES OF TIGER HUNTS

Jollye told me many tales of tigers, as we journeyed homeward through the dark jungle. A friend of his had gone out to his machan and taken his wife with him to see the beat. The tiger had come along and he had wounded it.

After waiting awhile, sending natives up trees to look over the surroundings

FIRST BEARS KILLED BY THE AUTHOR IN THE HOSHANGABAD DISTRICT

carefully and taking every precaution, he descended and told his wife under no circumstances to descend. He stayed away nearly four hours without finding any trace of the tiger. Upon returning to the machan he found his wife terribly mauled, lying dead at the base of the tree, and the tiger gone. She had become thirsty, in all probability, and had descended. The tiger had been watching her all this time and had immediately pounced on her.

Only a short time before our hunt a man took his wife, also a good shot, with him. A tiger was driven by the machan and was wounded. Coming down from the machan, the two proceeded up a nala, the man at the bottom of the nala and the woman on the top of the bank. Rounding a turn, they ran squarely into the tiger. Instantly the beast jumped upon the man, bit him through the body, the teeth going through the metal cigarette case in his breast pocket.

His wife shot the tiger through the heart and it died with its teeth in her husband. She extricated him from the animal's grip, carried him 20 miles to a railway, and got him back to Bombay before he died.

Only a few days before we started hunting, a young man had followed a wounded tiger not very far from where we were shooting, and the animal had stalked him and mauled him so terribly that he died within three days.

We reached the rest-house about ten that night and found that Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Jollye had gone to the panther kill earlier. The panther had not returned, but a hyena had come and devoured it. Not more than an hour later our native gun-bearers returned. They had traveled ten miles to the hunt, ten miles back, had participated in the beat, and some had hunted in the morning before we started, making a total of at least 35 miles or more for the day.

TIGER SUPERSTITIONS

Early the following morning the tigress reached us by bullock cart. It is always best to bring the carcass to the camp for skinning. We had sent away 12 miles for a *chamar*, a cringing little creature about four and a half feet tall, with bright, gleaming eyes and very sharp knives of all descriptions. He remained entirely by himself, cooked his own food, and slept among his skins. Although the other natives would have nothing to do with him, they respected his knowledge and ability as a skinner. He was delighted with the tiger and immediately started to work. The skin was removed perfectly, in an incredibly short time.

There are many superstitions and marvels connected with tigers. The fat, when made into oil, is supposed to give instant relief from rheumatism, when applied to the affected parts. The lucky bones, found at the point of the shoulder and entirely detached from any other member, give good fortune to any one carrying them. I have never heard of these bones being found in any other animal.

The number of the lobes in the liver is supposed to indicate the age of the animal, a new lobe presumably coming each year, but from my experience I do not believe that this is accurate. To the long whiskers all sorts of magic are imputed, and care must be taken that they are not removed at the first opportunity by the natives. If cut up and put into food they are supposed to cause certain death, because the juices of the stomach have no effect on them and they puncture that organ. Ground teeth are used for medicine, the claws impart strength to the owners, while a piece of dried flesh hung around a baby's neck will protect it from wild beasts.

Great care has to be taken to preserve skins in this climate, alum, salt, and arsenical soap being freely used, while the ears are touched up with a carbolic acid solution.

Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

MRS. MITCHELL IN A MACHAN WAITING FOR WHAT MAY COME!

The following night we were treated to a native dance. To the beating of their native oval drums and a step something like that of our Sioux Indians, they sing ballads telling about their hunts, their vocations, and any remarkable events that may have transpired.

The dance steps are accompanied by a peculiar sucking sound made by placing the left hand under the right armpit,

RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER THE BEAR HUNT (SEE TEXT BELOW)

then lifting the right arm up and down rapidly.

None of our other buffaloes were killed during the three days that we remained here, but I shot a fine sambur buck with my .450 double-barreled rifle, which I determined to use thereafter on tigers. My decision was correct, because every tiger that I hit with it went down in a heap, and either died at once or passed away with the second shot. I had always been afraid of the recoil of these large rifles, but the more I used them and the more I shot at game with them, the less I objected to this.

Mrs. Mitchell also shot with the largest weapons without inconvenience.

Hunters in the United States have no occasion to use such large rifles, so they are practically unknown to us. I had Colonel Fechet, one of the best shots in the United States, target my rifles before I left for the Far East. I watched him when he first shot with the .450. It had no recoil pad on it, and in the sitting position from which he fired, it kicked him horribly.

After getting up he said, "This is a very accurate rifle, but if you can find an elephant asleep and put the butt against his head and pull both barrels, it will kill him sure."

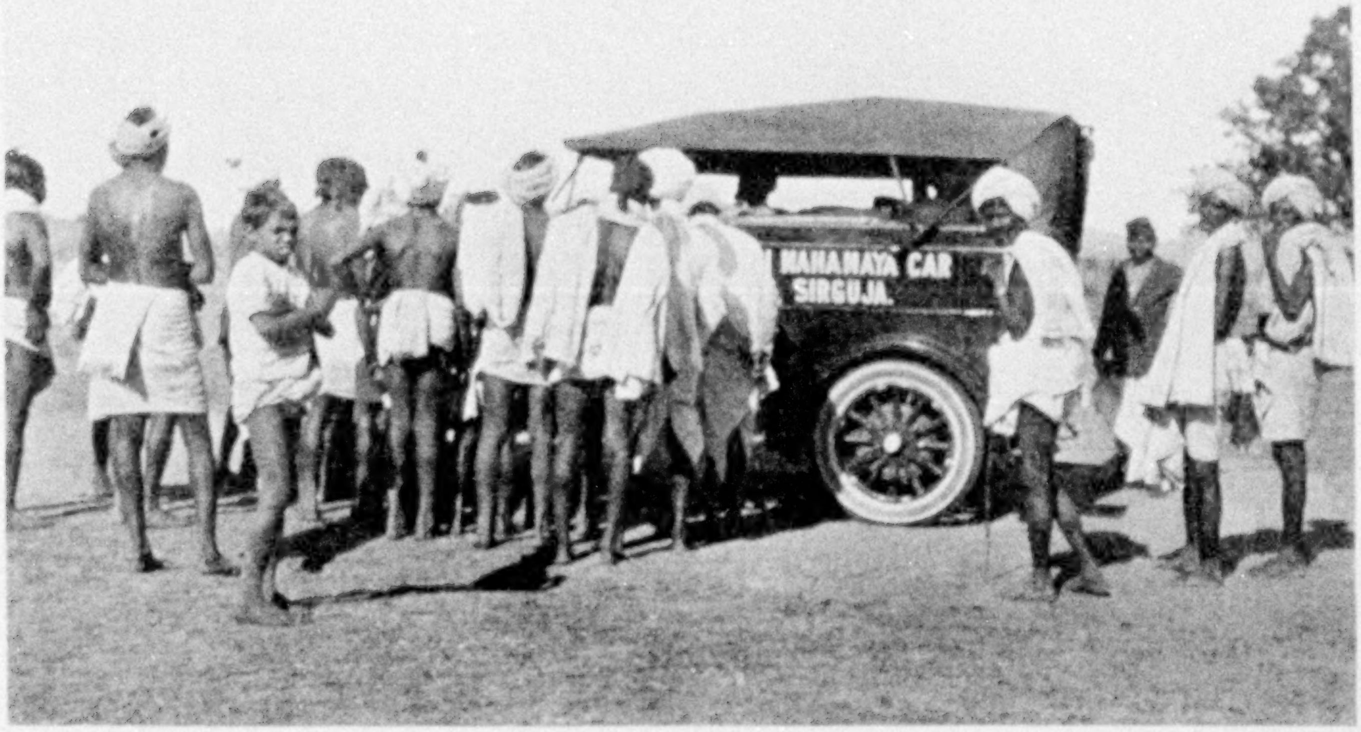
THE FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH INDIAN BEARS

From our Churna resthouse we rode over to Supplai resthouse, close beside another Gond village, where we were the guests of Lieutenant Hammond, of the British army.

Here we encountered our first Indian bears, animals about the size of our black bears. They are covered with long, fluffy hair—strange for a hot country—which seems to protect them from bees, of which they are very fond.

I was stationed in a machan during a beat, and glancing down a little trail at my front, I saw two bears, one behind the other, coming straight for me. They looked for all the world like those fluffy animals described in children's books.

As they lumbered along, really covering the ground faster than appeared, it was easy to see why tigers and panthers give them such a wide berth. The thick fur



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

SUBJECTS OF THE MAHARAJA OF SURGUJA EXAMINING AN AUTOMOBILE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES

protects every part of the body and legs to such an extent that it is a veritable shield. I fired at the first bear and wounded it. Emitting a loud squeal, it turned and struck its companion full in the nose. A scuffle ensued, which gave me a chance to wound the second bear.

Although they were knocked down, they needed shot after shot from both my Springfield and Savage rifles. In the meantime they had separated and were going in different directions, bawling at the top of their lungs. The beaters arrived in the middle of the performance and immediately climbed trees. After my *eleventh* shot, all of which I found afterward had taken effect, they appeared lifeless, and I descended from the tree. Both bears were dead and were very fine specimens.

This was a splendid end to our week's hunt to exterminate man-killers in the Government forests.

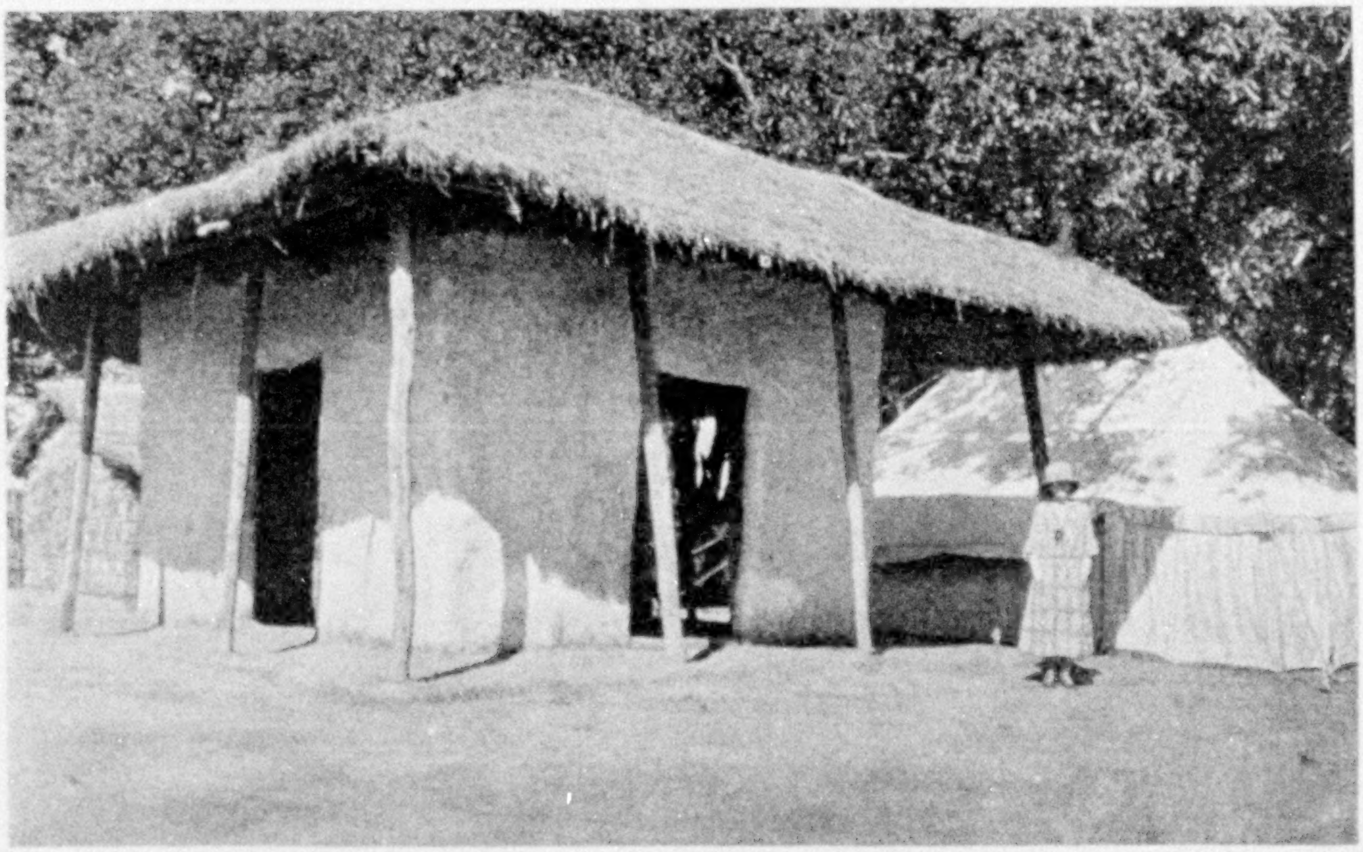
At 4 the next morning we started our trip to the railway at Itarsi, and from there went by a devious route to Kharsia, the railway station of the native State of Surguja.

After spending the night in the rest-house at Kharsia, we started north in three automobiles, escorted by the commissioner of police, whom the Maharaja had sent to greet us. The character of the country was entirely different from that in which we had hunted before. That was wholly jungle, with very few fields crudely cultivated; this was a rice country, with jungles covering only the mountains and hills and unprolific ground in the valleys. Soon we left the low country through which the railway winds and traversed a beautiful rolling plain.

The only automobiles in the country were the Maharaja's. The natives use few carts and, except in the immediate vicinity of the villages, everything is transported by coolies or pack animals.

The mail is carried by runners, who suspend the pouch from one end of a spear laid across the shoulders and a bell is attached to the other end. They operate in relays and make the incredible time of about six miles per hour. They do not travel at an ordinary dogtrot, but at an extended run. Day and night they go, bareheaded, through the burning sun, usually alone, but sometimes two together.

Each year the tigers exact their toll from these hardy runners. All that



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

A REST CAMP BETWEEN KHARSIA AND AMBIKAPUR

"Stripes" has to do is to wait beside the road until the tinkle of the mail-carrier's bell announces the coming of his evening meal.

THE HOSPITALITY OF SURGUJA

Several miles before we reached Ambikapur, the capital of Surguja, we could plainly see the Maharaja's palace, with the little houses of his subjects clustered around it. This state is feudal in all respects, and the inhabitants seem happier than in the British provinces, where the people are going through the throes of instruction in self-government.

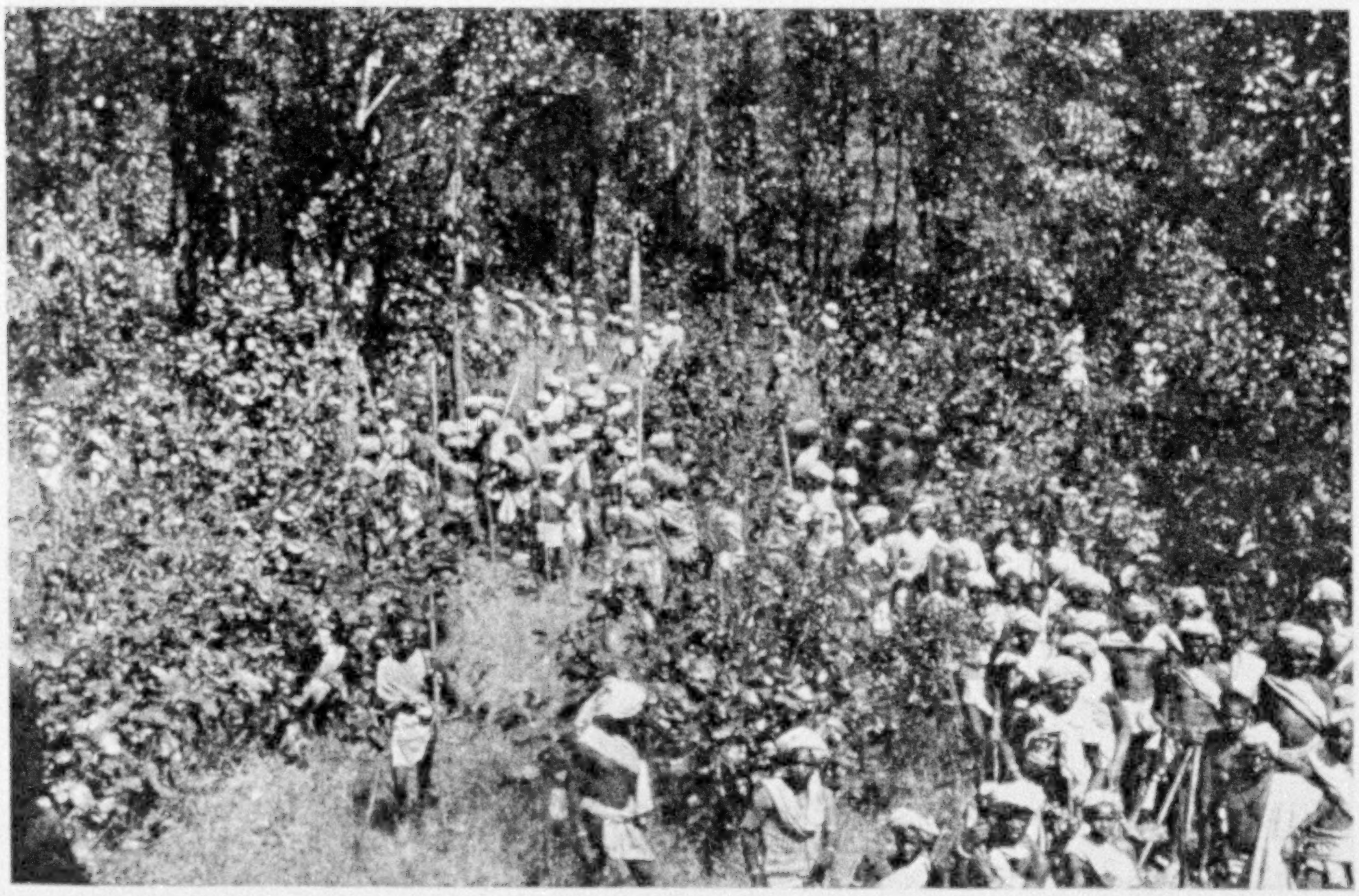
We were met at the outskirts of the capital by Mr. Daddimaster, the prime minister, who proved to be a delightful, well-educated Parsee gentleman of great breadth of view, who had been brought up in the Indian civil service before being selected by the Maharaja for his present important post.

We left our road cars and accompanied the minister to a little garden, where carpets had been spread on the lawn and comfortable chairs awaited us. After partaking of cooling drinks and being presented with flowers, we were taken to the state automobile, a large limousine embellished with the royal arms and yellow pennant of the Maharaja, to make our entry into the capital.

An escort of lancers was in attendance, and as we entered the city school children were drawn up on each side of the road waving small flags, with their teachers among them, also with flags. Beyond them was a guard of honor of infantry in brilliant Indian uniforms, and then we passed the line of picturesque temples and the palace to the guest house, where the Maharaja received us and bade us welcome. Garlands were placed around our necks and bouquets of flowers presented.

Outside the guest house porte-cochère stood Gurkhas of the household guard, who had come from the Maharani's home country, Nepal. Domestic animals of all kinds passed the doors—asses, horses, elephants, bullocks, and camels.

To the left of the entrance, in a long, narrow edifice, the falconers kept their trained peregrine falcons, with all their accouterments. These falcons had been trained in and brought from Nepal. Unfortunately, we had no time to do any hunting with them. The sport is greatly appreciated by the princes of India, and is done according to strict forms and



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

BEATERS GATHERING AROUND A MACHAN AFTER THE DRIVE

There were more than 600 men in this particular beat of the Surguja hunt (see page 584).

methods and is richer in lore than our own fox-hunting.*

Next to the falconers' quarters were the Maharaja's chamars, busy working over many panther and tiger skins that had fallen to his rifle.

The Maharaja of Surguja is the 114th chief of his line. His ancestors, driven out of Rajputana by the Mohammedan invasion of the eleventh century, fled south and east, conquered this part of the country, where very little resistance was encountered, and their descendants remain to this day. Tradition has it that their first abode was a solitary mountain, in the northern part of the state, which they fortified and used as a base of operations and center of power. It has long since been abandoned, but is still encrusted with the ancient walls, covered with temples, and held sacred.

Others of the Maharaja's forbears were driven to north-central India and into Nepal, where they are reigning princes still. These, with the remnants of his kin left in Rajputana itself, constitute the families that intermarry. They are all devout Hindus. The Maharaja himself supports the temples, the priests, and the schools throughout his domain of 6,000 square miles, with a population of more than half a million people.

THE MAHARAJA HAS KILLED 250 TIGERS

Coming from the Rajput caste, the highest caste but one in the Hindu galaxy, the only superior one being the priests themselves, the traditions of the family are replete with accounts of its warriors and hunters. The Maharaja himself is one of the greatest hunters in India and has personally killed more than 250 tigers.

The tigers multiply so rapidly here, having from one to four cubs (usually two), once or twice each year, that they must be hunted constantly or they become a great menace.

The Maharaja said that he had ordered more than 30 buffaloes tied out as tiger bait, and he explained the system of reporting a kill and the method of keep-

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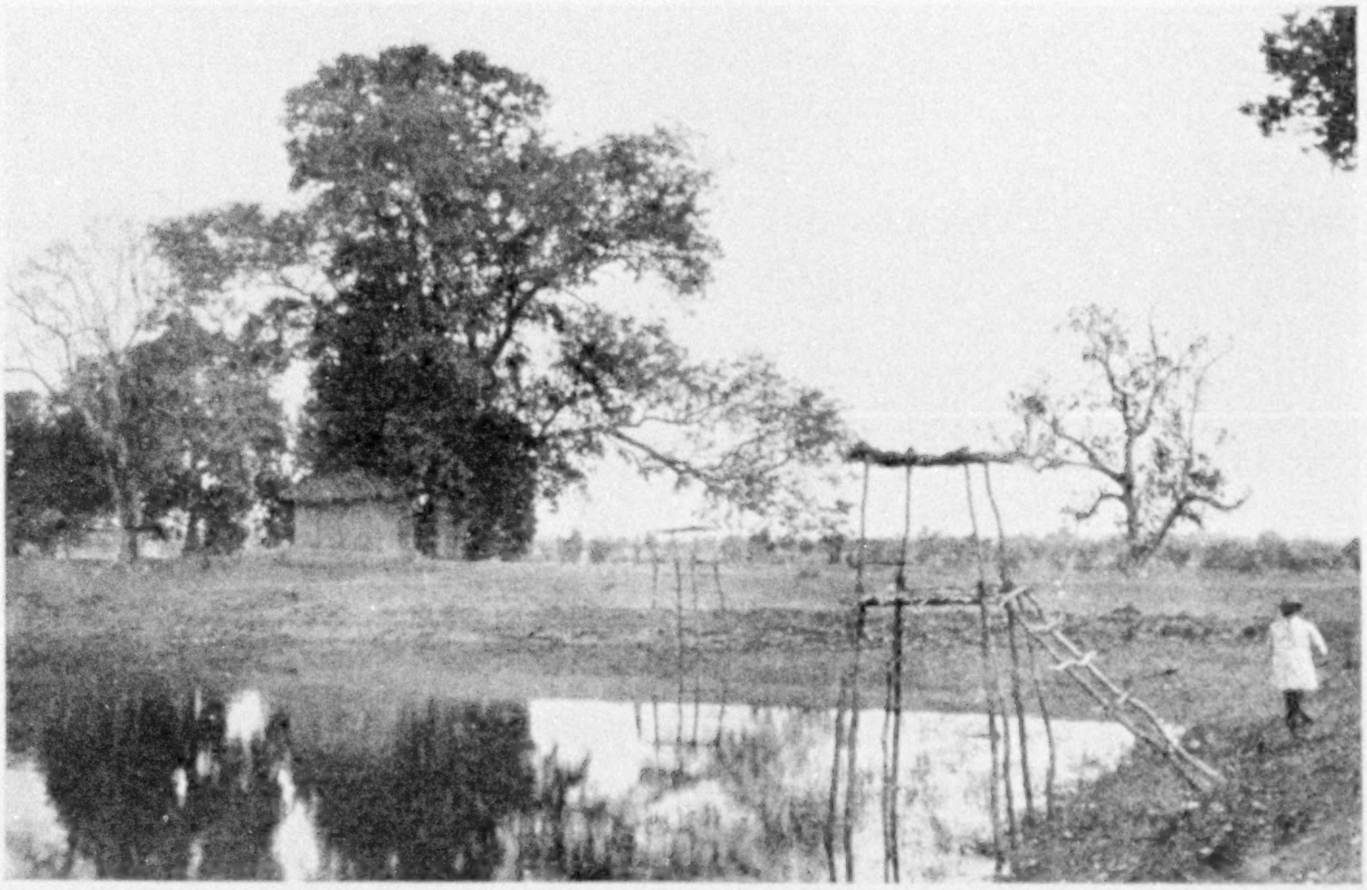
* See "Falconry, the Sport of Kings," by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, in THE GEOGRAPHIC for December, 1920.



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

MACHANS ERECTED FOR FISH SHOOTING (SEE TEXT, PAGE 589)

At the extreme right stands the prime minister of Surguja. The large tree in the background is a roost for large fruit-eating bats.

ing track of the tigers in each jungle. The organization was perfect and very much like a military system of outposts. I found the precision and discipline among his people to be remarkable.

We were made comfortable in the guest house that night by the English tutor of the Maharaja's son.

At 8 o'clock the following morning a kill was reported about three miles away, and off we went in an automobile. Arrived at the jungle in which the tiger was located, we mounted elephants and started for the machans. These were the fastest-moving elephants that I have ever seen, going through the forest at a gait of about 5½ miles an hour. They were picturesquely decorated with painted caste-marks on their foreheads, the carmine of the goddess Kali predominating.

The Maharaja had all sizes of elephants, from large tuskers to small females, and all were trained to hunt tigers.

Upon reaching our machans we found our rifles, drinking water, and sandwiches had preceded us.

The Maharaja gave his final instructions and off went the head shikari.

About 600 beaters were employed, this being the slack season, after the harvest had been reaped and before plowing had commenced. Fifty or 60 men acted as stops. They deployed on either side of us and climbed trees, after having strung their turbans and body cloths through the bushes to scare the tiger toward the machan.

The object in beating is to inclose the tiger in a wide-flung circle of men and then gradually to drive him into an ever-narrowing funnel of stops to the waiting guns. This is a very much harder thing to do than it sounds. If the tiger is driven too rapidly, he becomes surly and charges the beaters. If he is driven in a direction that is not his natural avenue of advance or retreat, or if he is disturbed too soon after eating or while eating, the same thing results. Each tiger is studied and his individual habits are well known, particularly the older ones.

We ascended to the machan, a large one, constructed of four uprights, pole floors, leafy roof to keep off the hot sun, and comfortable seats—a great contrast to the hastily improvised affairs in Churna.

Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

FISH SHOT IN A TANK NEAR CAMP IN SURGUJA

At the right is Lal Sahib, cousin of the Maharaja (see text, page 586). The man at the left was assigned to Mrs. Mitchell as a personal bodyguard during her stay in this province.

The beat began. The large number of beaters covered a great extent of ground. They were kept in alignment by the shikaris, who rode from side to side on their elephants. These head beaters were provided with guns and blank ammunition, used to keep the tiger moving. The shikaris are also provided with ball ammunition, in case the tigers attack the beaters.

The present tiger was a very canny animal—a great cattle-killer, who had carried off innumerable cows and buffaloes. The natives were very anxious to have him destroyed, as their herds were never safe while he was in the vicinity. Six times before he had been inclosed in beats, but his cunning was so great that he had escaped on each occasion. The natives were beginning to suspect that he had a charmed life.

On came the beat with no sound from the tiger. An hour passed and the individual shouts of the men could be heard as they advanced, and soon we could see them on our left. The elephants came up from that side and reported that the tiger had been in the beat and had vanished, but had not broken out. The beaters to our right were still a little distance off, as their alignment had not been properly kept.

THE TIGER ESCAPES FOR THE SEVENTH TIME

Everyone appeared to me to have come up, so I unloaded the rifles. Just as I did so the Maharaja told me to load, and as the words left his mouth the great tiger rushed the narrow strip between us and the stops. He stuck to the densest jungle and was very hard to see. All the men jumped for the trees. I slipped a cartridge into Mrs. Mitchell's .405 Winchester and tried a snapshot, but it hit a tree immediately beside him and he was through a beat for the seventh time.

There was nothing more that could be done, so we returned to the palace, hoping for better luck next time.

For several days we had no tiger kills and our time was taken up in shooting the spotted deer, barking deer, and wild boar. Mrs. Mitchell killed one of the

Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

A TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO CAMP AT SRINAGAR

The slain tiger is being borne by the natives, who are jubilant over the vanquishment of another man-eater.

largest wild boars that I ever saw. He stood about 3 feet at the withers and weighed 360 pounds.

Finally, news came that a tigress had been located. She had not killed, but one of the trackers had observed her going from one jungle to another. Instantly stops were placed around the whole covert, and as no track was seen coming out, it was evident that she must be there. Neither Mrs. Mitchell nor the Maharaja could accompany me on that day, but both the Maharaja's cousin, Lal Sahib (who has the keenest eyes for game of any one I have ever known), and the inspector of the police were my companions.

Everything was perfectly arranged, as usual. We arrived at the machan at the appointed time and the beat started. We were posted in a lucky place, where once before a tiger had been killed; so we had high hopes for success.

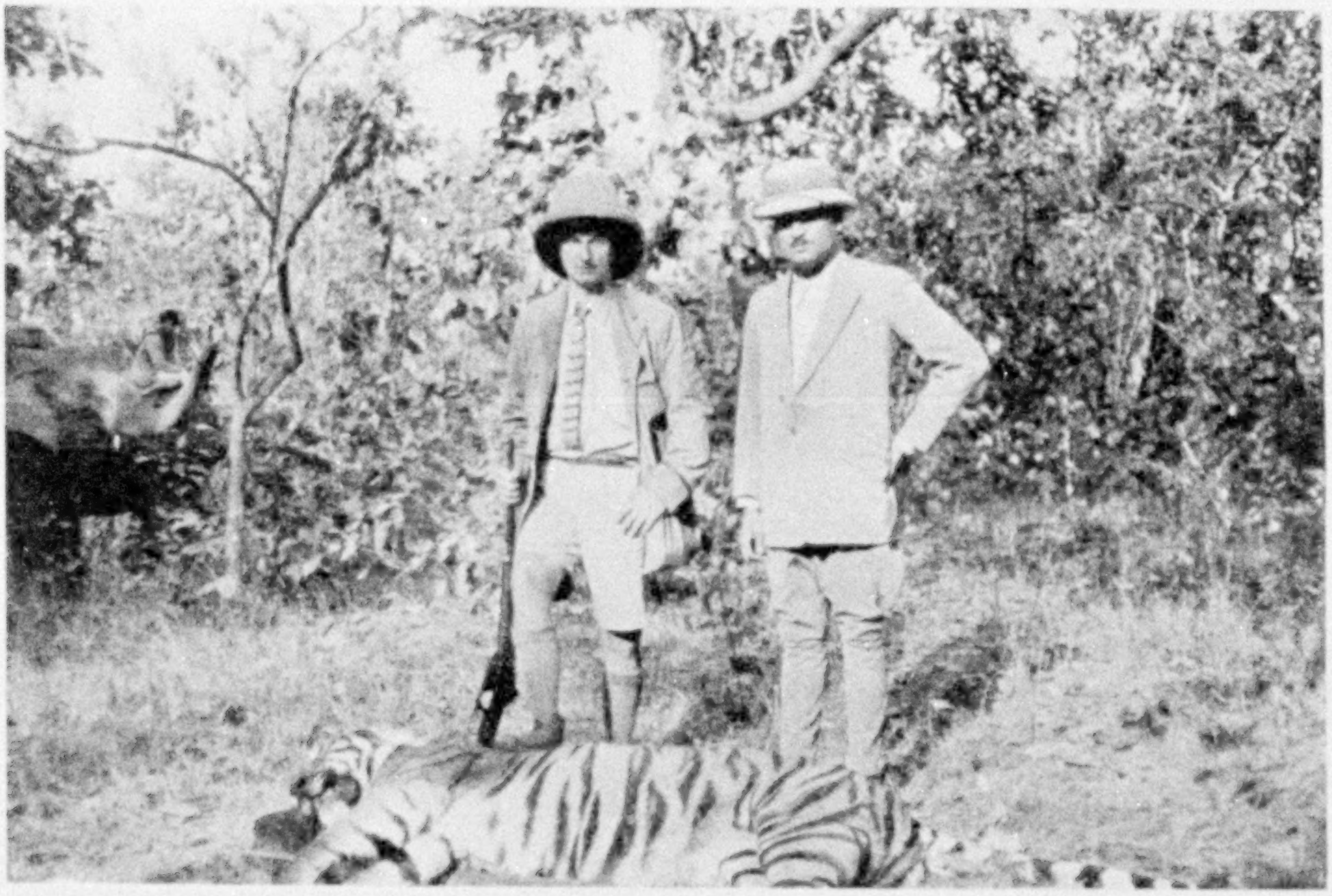
Finally, we could tell from the shouts of the beaters that the tiger had been flushed and was in the beat. In a few minutes we heard a snarl in the forest and knew she was not far off. Suddenly there was a roar to our left, much clapping and grunting from the beaters, and we caught a fleeting glimpse of orange and black speeding into the forest.

Again a wait and intense silence, not a sound from our side, while the beaters redoubled their shouts and the shikaris fired off several blank cartridges.

I felt Lal Sahib's arm grip mine and point straight to the front, and there, after some looking, I saw the tigress directly in front of us, sneaking along through some low brush.

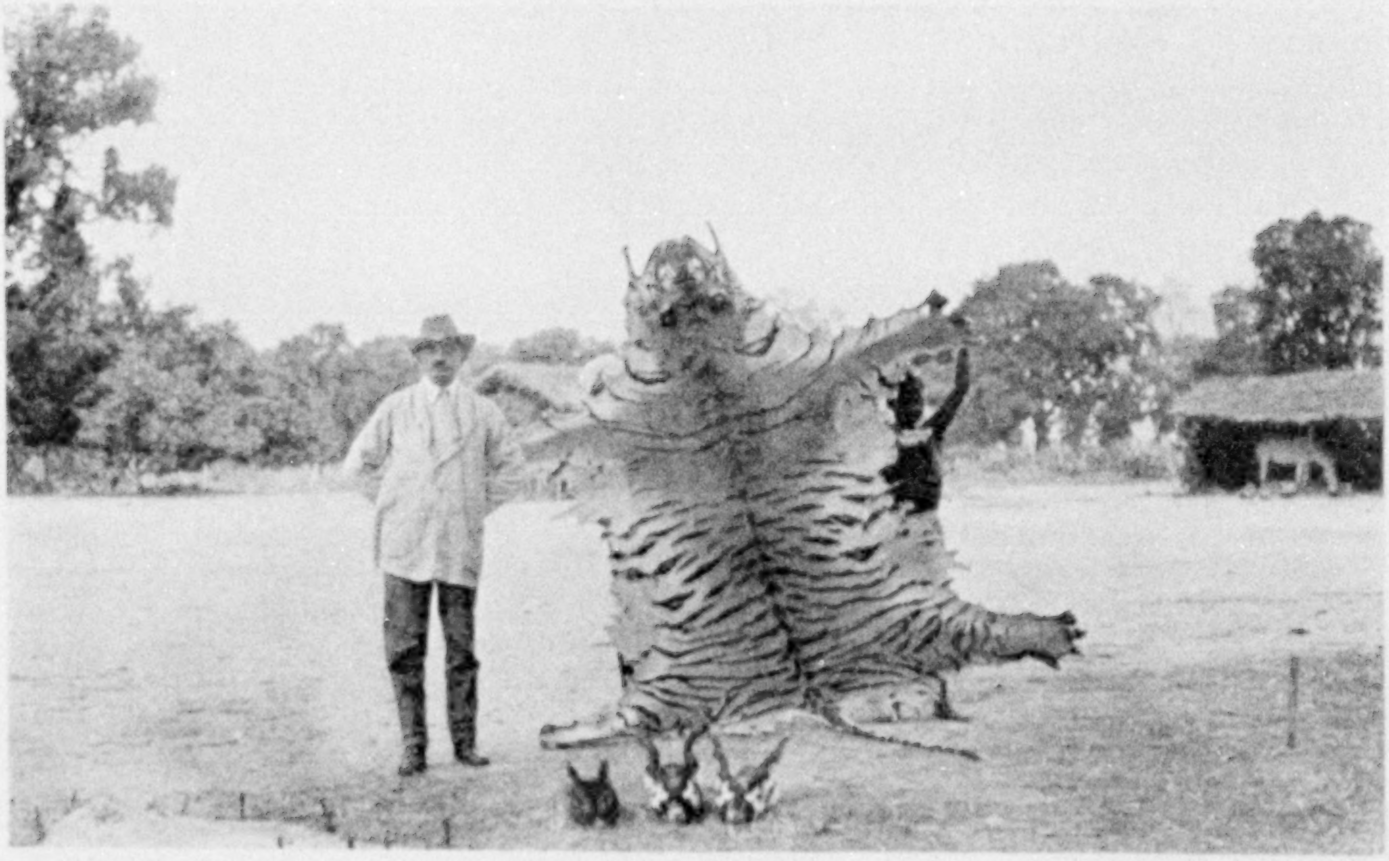
Her belly was close to the ground and her tail, trailing low behind, was lashing back and forth. Every muscle was tense and she could have jumped instantly many feet in any direction. Her use of cover was perfect and, as there was no sound coming from our direction, she was trying to escape through this avenue by stealth.

Slowly I raised my rifle, this time the .450 double-barrel, and gave her a bullet in the right shoulder at a distance of 50 yards. Down she went without a sound. I followed rapidly with the second barrel,



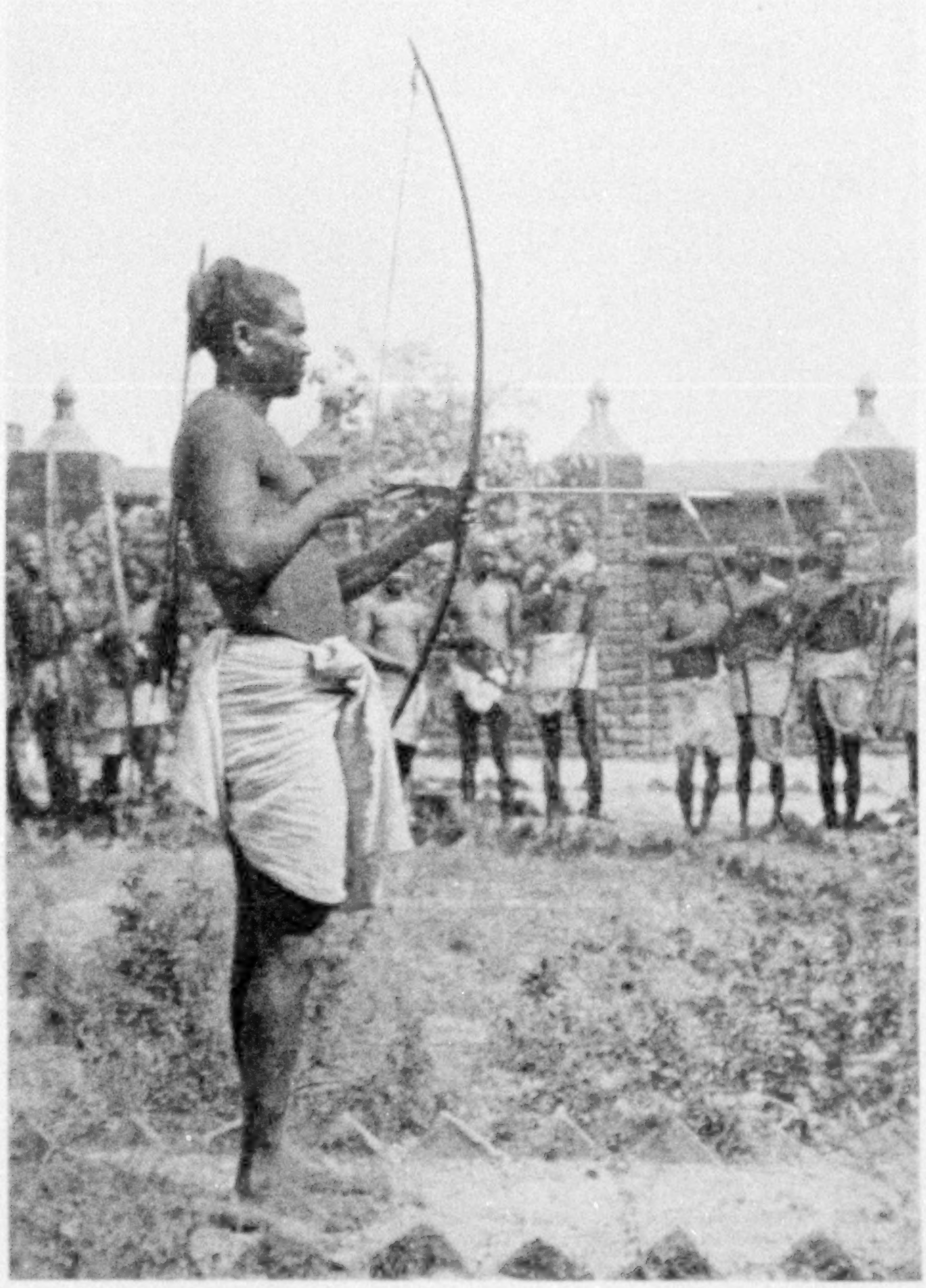
THE AUTHOR'S BIGGEST TIGER—10 FEET 4 INCHES BETWEEN PEGS (SEE TEXT, PAGES 592-593)

The great beast was shot less than 2 miles from the Maharaja's palace at Ambikapur. Beside General Mitchell stands his host, the Maharaja of Surguja.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF SURGUJA WITH SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S TROPHIES

Here are the third and fourth tigers of the hunt, two black buck, and four horned deer. The tiger skin which is being displayed has no hole in it, as the bullet pierced the eye (see text, page 588).



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

NATIVES IN THE GARDEN OF THE GUEST HOUSE AT AMBIKAPUR

Note the arrows carried in the hair of the man in the foreground. These people are of Dravidian origin and inhabited the country when it was conquered by the Aryans.

but it really was unnecessary. She was a fine animal, measuring 9 feet 6 inches—very large for a tigress.

The next day we moved to a camp about 36 miles northwest, at a place called Srinagar. Upon arrival there, at about 3 in the afternoon, we were greeted with the news that a large tiger had made a kill the night before, about three miles away, and that beaters were ready to begin the hunt. So, without further ado, the Maharaja and I started for the appointed place.

We found over 700 beaters awaiting us. They made one of the most picturesque sights that I have ever seen, as they moved off silently, in perfect order, with the elephants among them, and all eager to begin the hunt and rid themselves of a dangerous and destructive neighbor.

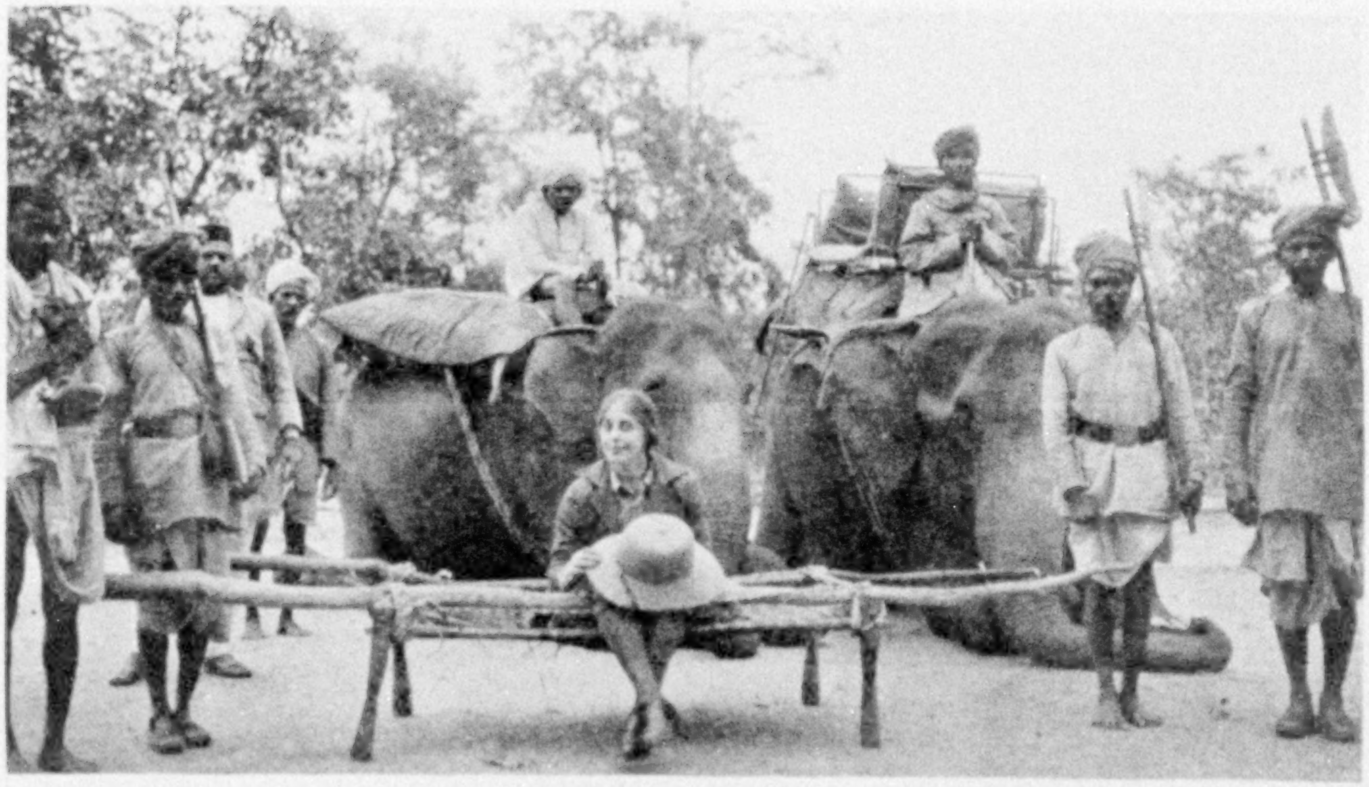
Our machan this time was in a dry watercourse, about 40 feet wide, its little valley being about 150 yards wide at that point. The stops were arranged along the tops of the ascending hills on either side.

A SHOT THROUGH THE EYE

Of a sudden we heard the deep roar of a large tiger and, a minute after, clapping and shouts from the stops on our right, as they turned him back. Intense silence for about 20 minutes followed; then with a thundering roar and bounding down the watercourse, with his long tail erect over his back and his head held high, came the monarch of the forest straight for us. His strength, grace, and speed are impossible to describe.

As he rounded a turn about 60 yards away, I let him have it with my right barrel. The bullet went true to its mark. When it hit him, full in the right eye, he was in the act of making a spring. The leap, for a good 20 feet beyond, came, but when he touched the earth he was stone-dead. The bullet had entered his brain and not a mark was visible on his beautiful coat, nor was there the least twitching of his muscles after the fatal shot.

No one there had ever seen or heard of a tiger being shot without having a mark of any kind made on his skin. He measured ten feet between pegs and was very heavy. A tiger is measured by laying him on his side, then driving a peg just touch-



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

MRS. MITCHELL ON HER LITTER IN SURGUJA

The two guards at the right are carrying sacrificial axes, ancient weapons of the Hindus.

ing his nose, and another just touching the end of his tail, and then measuring between pegs.

I had killed two tigers on two successive days. It is strange how luck runs. Days may go by without a sign of a tiger; then all at once the woods seem to be full of them.

We returned to our splendidly prepared camp, which I had barely had a chance to see before our departure for the tiger.

A little beyond our tent area was the camp of the elephants. These were almost constantly at work, and when not so engaged were in a large tank, bathing and spurting water over themselves. It is quite a sight to see the huge beasts washed. They lie down on their sides, put their heads under the water, and are scrubbed all over by their attendants.

MRS. MITCHELL GETS HER FIRST TIGER

There were many large fish in this tank, as in all tanks in this part of the country. One variety digs into the mud in the rice fields during the dry season and comes up as soon as the rains have made sufficient water for them.

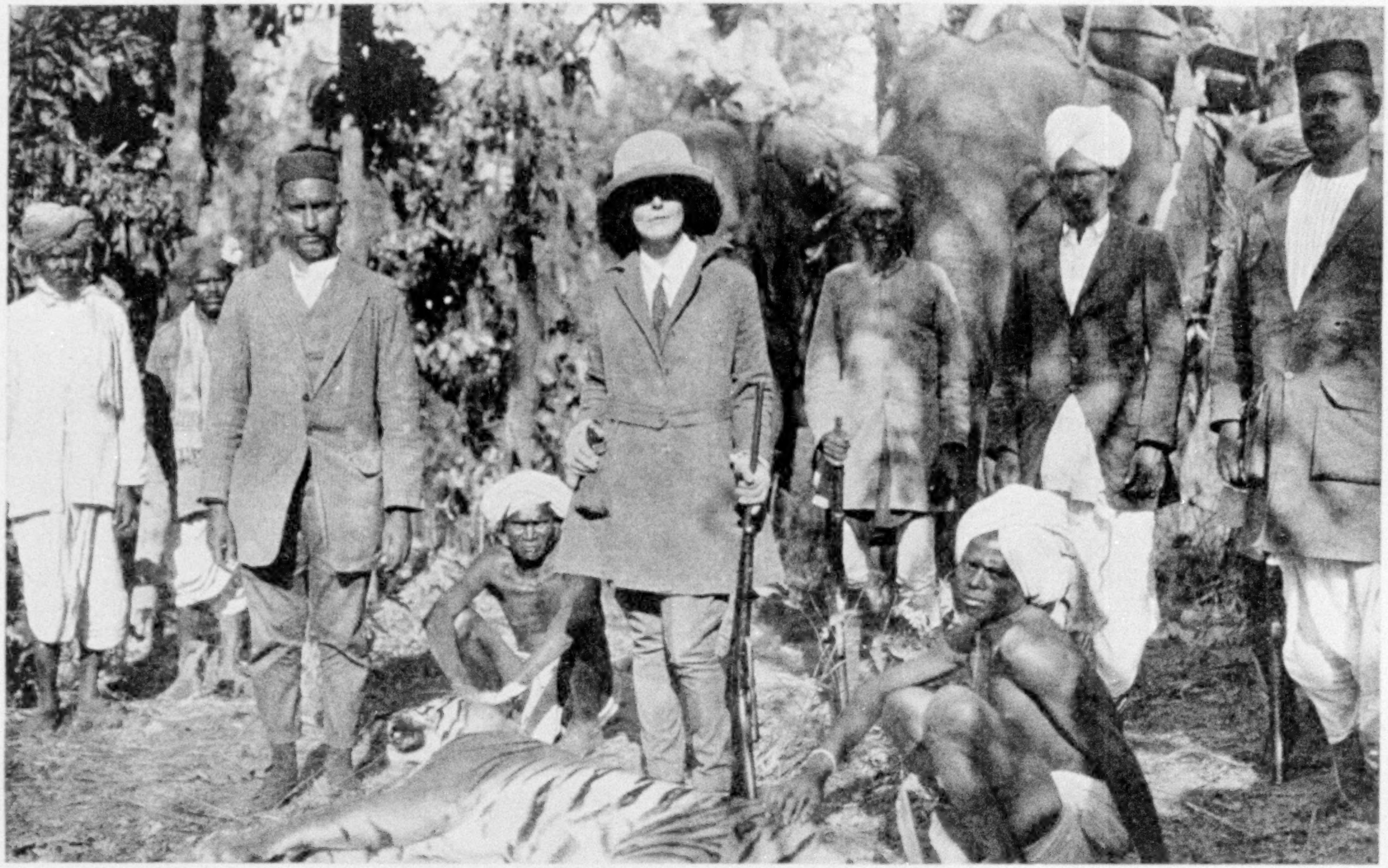
Two machans had been erected on the banks for fish shooting and the next morning we took our posts in these and got several specimens measuring from one and a half to two and a half feet. They have fine, hard, white flesh and are excellent food fish (see page 585).

Mrs. Mitchell had become quite ill and was unable to accompany me for several days. She had not yet killed a tiger, and as our time was growing short she began to worry a little. Just as she began to improve news came that a large tiger had made a kill about 16 miles off.

We drove 10 miles of this distance in our motor car; then Mrs. Mitchell was carried the remaining 6 miles in a palanquin improvised from one of the native beds (see above). Everything was in readiness when we reached our machan, which was near the banks of a broad, dry river bottom.

Directly in front of us lay two little dry stream courses covered with open brush and small trees, which gave us an excellent view. We could see into the first stream, but the bed of the second, about 100 yards off, was below the ridge separating the two streams.

The beat started with great vigor and the country reverberated with shouts. Several shots of blank cartridges from various directions indicated to us that more than one tiger was in the beat. Soon a number of beautiful peacocks passed us, some on the ground and some



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

MRS. MITCHELL'S FIRST TIGRESS, SHOT NEAR SRINAGAR

This animal, after being mortally wounded with the first shot, charged right up to the machan (see text, page 591).

on the wing. Their necks and heads were iridescent in the sunlight and the tails of the cocks appeared like jewels of many colors. No wonder the Great Mogul made up his famous throne of jeweled peacocks.

Presently we heard a clapping from the stops on our right and a low growl from a tiger. The stops have to know just how much noise to make on the approach of the beast, for if they overdo it the tiger may charge them direct.

Soon we caught sight of a beautiful tigress. She was neither unduly alarmed nor irritated. Again she went toward the stops and was gently turned back from them. She waited for a moment in the stream bed in our front, then came walking rapidly over the hill directly toward us. As she arrived within 40 yards, she sensed some trouble and was just drawing up her muscles for a leap when Mrs. Mitchell sent a .405 bullet right through her heart. The great cat leaped toward us and crossed the stream at the foot of the machan, falling back dead, as we gave her two more bullets, which were really unnecessary.

THE ENRAGED MALE TIGER APPEARS

Ten minutes elapsed and we heard a great roar from the male tiger and strenuous efforts on the part of the beaters to turn him back. He was furious. He came to the second watercourse in front of us, but would come in our direction no farther. He sat down on his haunches and looked around, concealed from our sight, though several of the stops in the trees could see him.

The beaters reached the ridge about 75 yards from him and were warned by the stops to take to the trees and to wait for the elephants, who came through the beaters with their trunks held high, as they caught the scent of the tiger. An ordinary elephant under these conditions would have made a hasty retreat, but these were trained for the work. All of them were now in plain view of our machan.

The beaters from the trees put up united shouts, while the elephants crushed down heavy underbrush and waved branches in the air in an attempt to drive the tiger on.

"Stripes" had been perfectly still during these proceedings, but suddenly like a flash of orange light, accompanied by a great roar, I saw him rush straight for two elephants, which he reached in the twinkling of an eye. They trumpeted and dexterously avoided him, as he charged by them. Fortunately, the beaters were in the trees. He had escaped. But to us it was even more interesting to see this happening than to have killed him. The male tigers often cover a female's retreat in this fashion.

We started back, the dead tiger being carried on a palanquin much like Mrs. Mitchell's. The natives covered the animal with leaves and the scarlet flowers of the "flame of the forest"; for, although their greatest enemy, they pay the utmost respect to the tiger, dead or alive. In this vicinity some years previously a single tiger had killed more than 90 people. He was so clever that for a long time he eluded all pursuit. At last a native, sitting up in a tree over the body of one of the victims, shot the tiger with a poisoned arrow, from the effects of which he died within three hours.

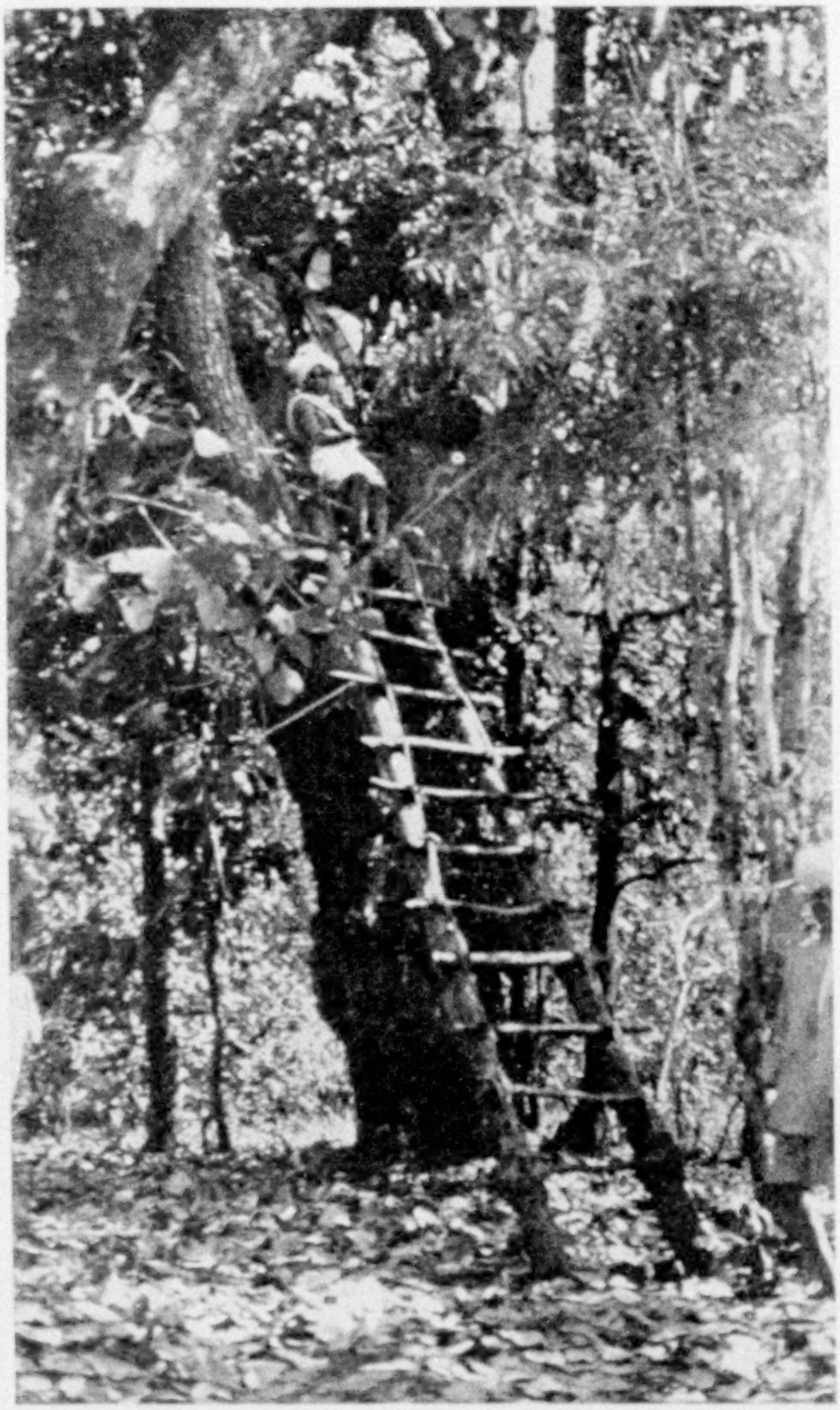
The natives of this province are great bowmen. As they wear long hair, they hang their spare arrows in their scalp lock instead of carrying them in a quiver (see page 588).

The day following Mrs. Mitchell's successful shot we returned to the capital, where we learned that the huge tiger which had escaped us the first day and who had gotten through seven beats had killed a large buffalo out of a herd and had walked off with him into the woods, carrying him by the nape of the neck, as a cat carries a newborn kitten.

We had no time to waste. Mrs. Mitchell did not even change her silk dress for her hunting togs.

The beat had been arranged in all haste. The machan which we entered was very good, but in very thick country, as no time had been available for clearing away the brush; also, this tiger was so wise that he would be suspicious if he saw choppings or heard unusual noises from that part of the forest.

Mrs. Mitchell and I occupied the machan, while the Maharaja placed his motor car on the road, in a clearing about 200



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

A MACHAN PLACED IN THE FORKS OF A LARGE TREE NEAR SRINAGAR, SURGUJA

The natives ascribe special virtues to certain trees in which machans are constructed. A lucky tree is one from which a tiger has been shot previously (see text, page 558).

yards behind us, so that if the tiger escaped us, either wounded or unhurt, he would have a good shot at the beast.

THE LARGEST TIGER FALLS BEFORE BOTH HUNTERS

The beat came on in splendid fashion. We could tell that perfect alignment was being kept, as the men profited by their former experience, when the tiger immediately took advantage of the fact that one side of the beat had gotten ahead of the other. Great numbers of peacocks and red jungle fowl passed the machan. Several jackals slunk by.

Without any warning, we heard a commotion among the stops to our left, followed by a roar that resounded through the forest, and we knew that the tiger was close by. Again quiet, and then he was turned back by the stops to our right. He remained still for a few minutes. I had no doubt then that he knew exactly where all the elements of the hunt were, likewise our machan.

Quick as lightning he dashed for the stops immediately on our right, where one of the principal shikaris had been placed. With great shouts, clapping of hands, pounding of trees with hollow bamboos, he was barely turned. Not slacking his pace for an instant, he came straight for us, using every bit of cover there was to conceal his approach.

He was up to his old trick of rushing the machan through thick brush, which formerly had resulted in rattling the hunters, with the result of a miss or no shot at all. We awaited our opportunity and both Mrs. Mitchell and I fired at the same instant. He fell stone-dead, in his full stride, without uttering a sound or making any motion whatsoever. One bullet had hit him exactly in the center of the forehead and death was instantaneous.

He was a beautiful creature, about

BRINGING A BLACK BUCK INTO CAMP AT SRINAGAR

14 years old, 10 feet 4 inches between pegs. He must have been fully 4 feet or more high at the withers. His paws, one blow of which could fell the largest buffalo, were as big around as the largest soup plate, while the leg muscles and tendons stood out like whipcords. He was the biggest tiger that I have ever seen, either in the woods or in captivity, although larger tigers have been killed, the Maharaja himself killing one last year which measured 10 feet 8 inches.

THE MAHARAJA TAKES COMMAND

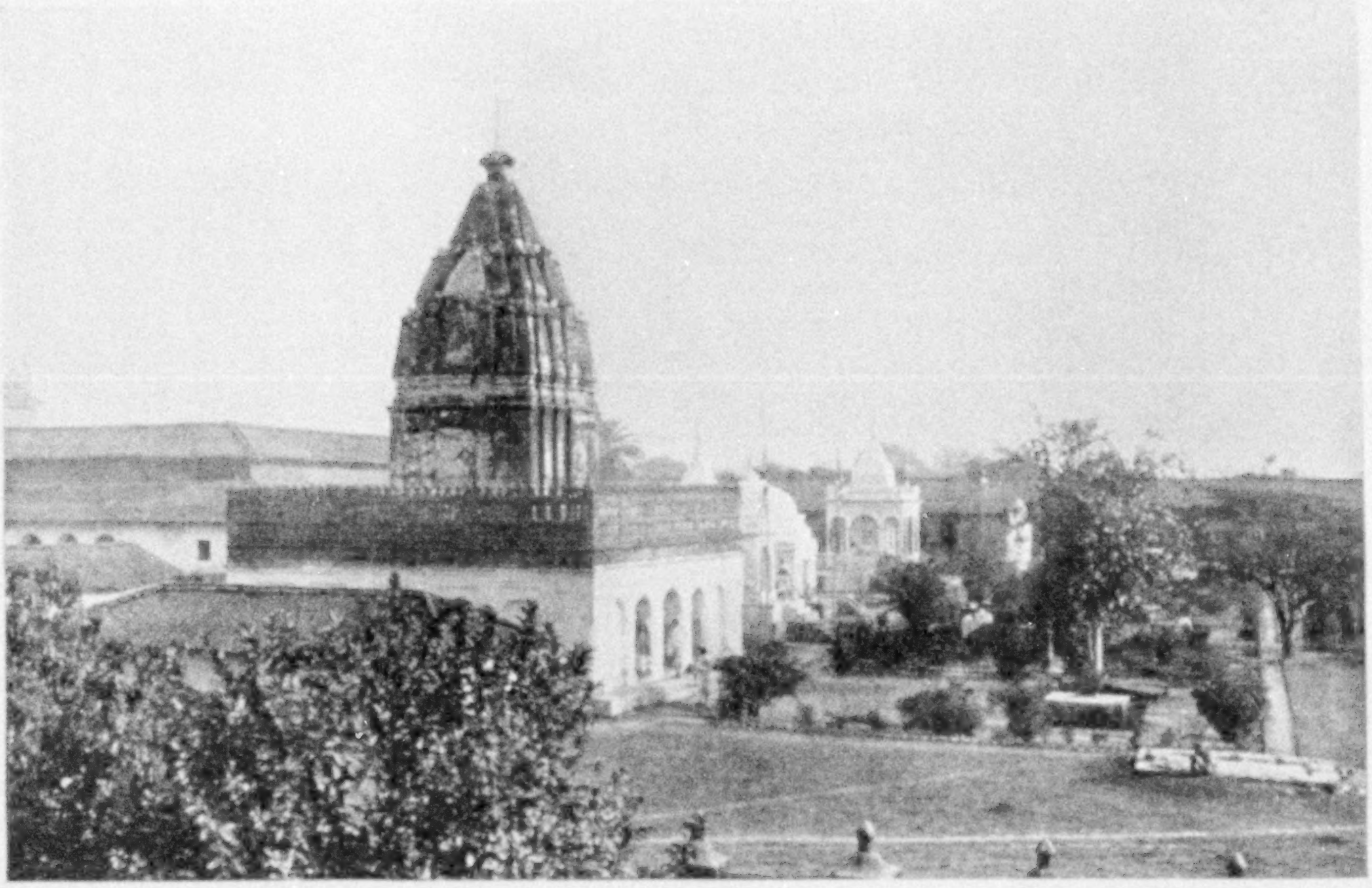
We had only two more days at Surguja, and the Maharaja was very anxious that these be successful. Fortunately, the following day brought the good news that a kill had been made about six miles away. This turned out to be one of the most interesting hunts in which I participated, because it brought out the exceptional ability of the Maharaja as a hunter of tigers.

The animal that we sought was a full-grown male. He had recently come into that part of the country and had distinguished himself by killing some cattle and escaping from one beat.

We climbed into our machans without incident. The Maharaja occupied one to my left, but, in his usual sportsmanlike way, explained to me that he was doing this to be better able to supervise the hunt, and to act as a stop in case the tiger came in his direction.

The beaters were a little tired, I think, from the day before, and although they did everything with their usual dash, their precision did not seem to be as great. After about an hour we heard a low growl from the tiger in the thick jungle to our right. On the beaters came, closer and closer, those at our right closing in much faster than those on our left. It was apparent that the tiger knew this and would avail himself of this chance to escape.

Finally, we could discern the elephants of the shikari to our right, but the left was still some distance off. No sound whatever had come from the tiger since his growl of about 20 minutes before. Then a great roar sounded from our left, accompanied by the shouts of the beaters as they climbed trees, the trumpeting of the elephants as the tiger charged them, and the shots of the shikaris as they attempted to turn him back. Old Stripes had sensed the defect in the beat, had immediately taken advantage of



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

A VIEW OF AMBIKAPUR, CAPITAL OF SURGUJA, FROM THE GUEST-HOUSE WINDOW

Temples and the palace are seen in the left background. The Maharaja maintains all temples and schools at his own expense (see text, page 583).

it, and made his escape. I felt sorry, as it was my last chance at tigers there.

As these thoughts coursed through my brain I heard the Maharaja call for his shikaris. He was tremendously displeased with the way the hunt had been handled. They had failed to keep the lines properly dressed. When they should have worked the tiger ahead slowly, they had pushed him too fast; they had not watched the tiger's position closely enough nor taken into account his characteristics.

It was the most severe arraignment of the shikaris that I had ever heard the mild-mannered and courteous Maharaja deliver. Some of his men were reduced to tears. He then announced that the tiger was to be gotten, anyway, and that he himself would take charge of the beat and show them how, in spite of the escape, the tiger could be brought to my gun.

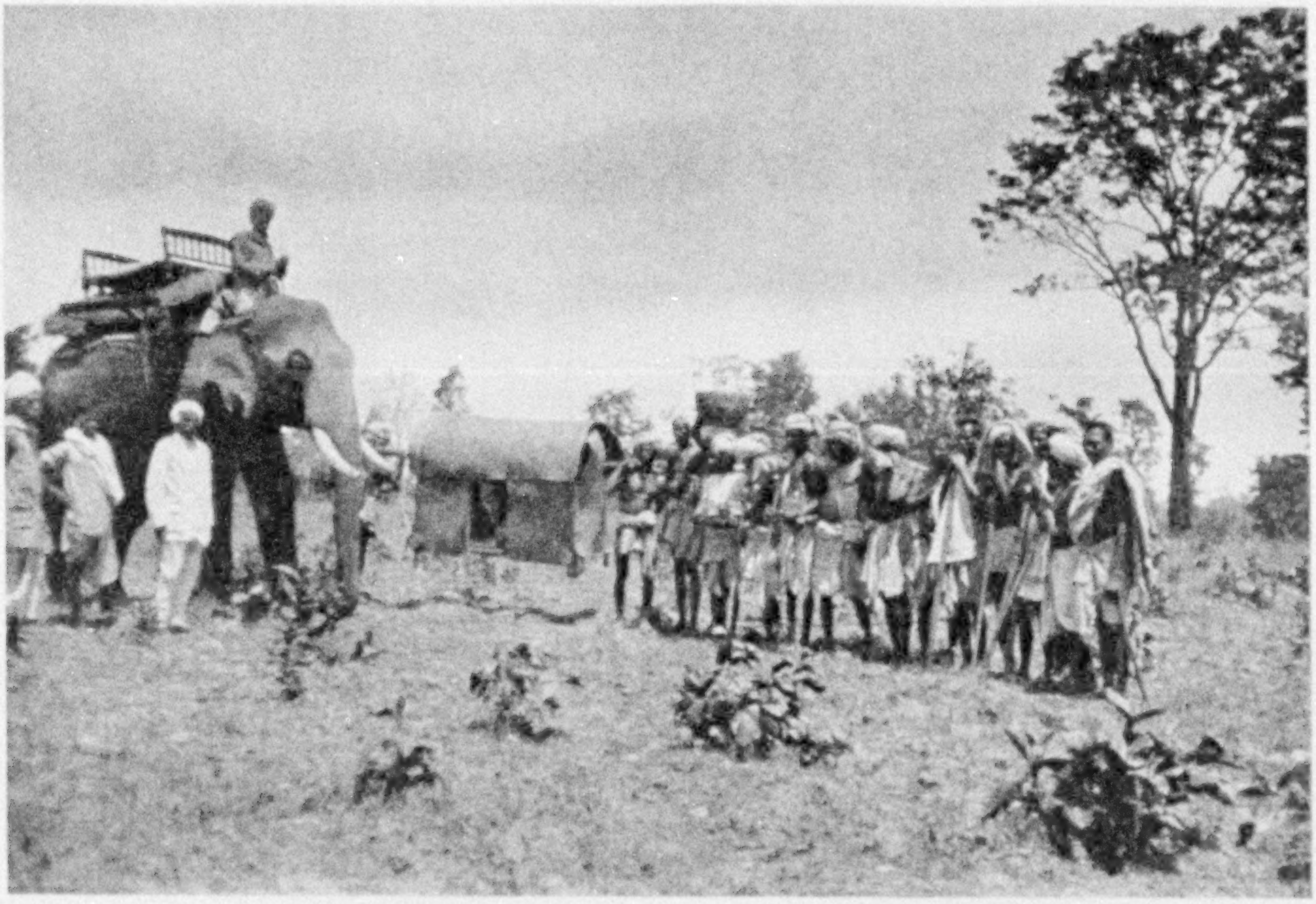
In a few minutes the 800 beaters were assembled into their various subdivisions and started to their new places by the Maharaja himself. The orders were curt and clear and left no doubt as to what was desired or about his displeasure at the last beat.

Off the Maharaja started on one of his fastest elephants while I returned to my post in the tree to await developments.

It is an almost unheard-of thing to get into another beat a tiger that has escaped, and I was rather dubious about the whole proceeding. Two hours went by. I could hear the beaters quite distinctly. They were making little noise compared to what they had done before, so as to drive the tiger slowly and not irritate him too much.

THE TIGER IS FINALLY VANQUISHED

Suddenly, as I glanced to my front, and without any warning sound whatever, the tiger stepped out of the jungle about 60 yards directly in front of me. He seemed not at all alarmed and was walking ahead with tail held high over his back and with a slow, firm step, as if he cared not what happened. His face was a study. It was like that of an old man deeply creased, determined, and fierce, but very calm. I marveled how the Maharaja had been able to inclose him in



Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

OFF FOR A TIGER BEAT IN UDAIPUR

Mrs. Mitchell is riding in the inclosed litter. The elephant is trained and equipped for following wounded tigers into the jungle.

the beat again. He was walking diagonally across my front and, as I unconsciously feared that I might shoot too far ahead, I held directly on his chest. I hit him a little farther back, just about the center of the target he made; this was his abdomen.

If I had been using a small caliber, high-velocity rifle, it probably would have made only a small hole, but the old .450, mushrooming when it struck the hair, practically disemboweled him.

As he spun around, I let him have the other barrel, and he disappeared into the brush and made no sound. I felt sure that he was either dead or soon would be, but as I could not be certain, I blew my whistle, the signal that the tiger is wounded and not dead.

In a moment the Maharaja appeared on his elephant with the howdah and wanted to know where the tiger was. I indicated the spot, and he started in that direction. As he turned, I could see his elephant get the wind of the tiger and hold his trunk and large tusks high in the air. The tiger was only a few yards off and breathing his last. The .450 had done its work well, although it had torn up his beautiful coat badly. He was not an especially big tiger, but a very handsome one.

The Maharaja then explained what had happened. To begin with, the tiger had been driven quite a long way in the first beat. The weather was very hot and he had been driven rapidly, which made him angry. The beat had then got out of alignment and the animal had broken through.

Knowing that he would not leave cover, the Maharaja had sent some elephants and shikaris up to a place where the jungle narrowed down to a small neck which connected with an adjacent jungle. Just before this point was reached a small stream of water crossed the neck, and the Maharaja thought that the tiger would drink at that place and take his time during this very hot part of the day. The surmise proved correct. The shikaris on the elephants stopped the tiger and the beaters were enabled to surround him once more.

Photograph by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell

SURGUJA'S GUARD OF HONOR BIDS FAREWELL TO AMERICAN GUESTS

It was a remarkable exhibition of skill and knowledge. Everyone was tremendously pleased at the outcome.

This was our last tiger hunt in the State of Surguja.

Our stay was now over and we hastened to check over all our trophies, see to the packing, and send them out. Most of them had to be sent by coolies for the 124 miles to the railway. Relays of these carriers were provided for, while a conductor belonging to the state police accompanied them all the way through on horseback. They made this distance in the incredibly short time of 39 hours.

THE MAHARAJA HOLDS A DURBAR

We had been so busy hunting during our stay in Surguja that little thought had been given to the formalities attendant on out visit. In India, of all places, the ceremonies are varied and of the greatest brilliance. Nowhere is such gorgeousness of apparel displayed. It fits in with the background of climate, of architecture, horses, elephants, camels, and all other picturesque accessories, and even of the people themselves.

Nowhere is more genuine and wholehearted hospitality displayed than among the high-caste Hindu aristocracy.

The time had arrived for us to say farewell, and to mark it the Maharaja had arranged to hold a durbar. This function may last for only a short while or extend over several days. It consists of holding court, receiving distinguished guests, providing entertainment for them, and turning out all the state forces and equipment in their best costumes and accouterments.

In this case the durbar was held in the evening. Promptly at the appointed time the prime minister, in his court attire, came to our house to conduct us to the palace. We had dressed accordingly—Mrs. Mitchell in evening dress, while I had donned my uniform and full decorations. We entered the state automobile and, escorted by lancers of the guard, proceeded toward the palace, first down the line of brilliantly lighted temples, glistening and beautiful in their many colors of the evening light, then to the left, along the offices on one side and the royal stables, with many horses, on the other, across a small square in front of the palace, on one side of which lions and tigers roared in their cages at the discharge of the saluting cannon.

The palace itself, a structure about a block square and of fine proportions, is colored brightly with tiles, paint, and mortar. Along the top is a crenelated wall with gold decorations. Over the gateway was the Maharaja's flag, of triangular shape, made of gold leaf on a baser metal.

We left the automobile at the outer gate and were met by the heir apparent, a fine young man of about 15 years, and his little brother, clad in their long brightly colored, gala robes, with splendidly bejeweled turbans, and surrounded by functionaries of the court.

The band and escort of honor were drawn up on each side of the approach. Everyone and everything looked so beautiful, so bright, and so friendly that we hated the realization that we were to leave on the following morning.

A WELCOME TO THE FIRST AMERICANS TO VISIT SURGUJA

The young rajah led us across a broad courtyard, around which were the dwellings of the various people of the palace. It was like a Spanish patio, brightly tinted, well lighted, and cool. On the other side of this we entered another courtyard in the inner palace, where a second guard of honor was drawn up. Across it and to our left stood the Maharaja, on the front steps of his reception hall and throne room.

I had formed a great affection for him during the time that we had hunted together. There he had always worn the hunting costume of *jodpurs,* or tight breeches, and the ordinary European coat, but now he was dressed in his resplendent court robes, with the great ancestral jewels around his neck and on his chest. These consisted of diamonds, emeralds, and other large gems. His turban, ornamented with white egret plumes, held a very large diamond in the center, a large spray of pearls pendent over his right forehead, and many other jewels.

The figures of these athletic, high-caste Rajputs are tall, slender, erect, and stately. He received us with the easy grace characteristic of him, while all around stood members of the family and his principal officers. He conducted us into the throne room and across it to a raised dais, where three gilded chairs had been placed.

Ranged around our seats were the prime minister, the chiefs of the various departments, and the Maharaja's aged uncle.

After we were seated the Maharaja took garlands from a table and placed them around our necks, then sprinkled attar of roses on our shoulders and handkerchiefs, and bade us welcome to the durbar.

The prime minister now arose and declared the durbar opened. The Maharaja thereupon stood and read, in excellent English, a most eulogistic account of our visit in Surguja, the different episodes of our hunting, and the pleasure they had had in receiving Americans in their midst for the first time.

He traced with remarkable accuracy little incidents that had happened, how these had been handled, and what the jungle people and beaters had thought about them. Our hosts were particularly impressed with Mrs. Mitchell's ability with the rifle and her coolness in front of the charging tigers. Tiger-hunting with them is the one great supersport. In addition, it is taken very seriously and its methods and forms are as carefully observed as religious ceremonies. A great tiger-hunter is a great man, and every great man must be a tiger-hunter.

At the conclusion of the Maharaja's remarks I spoke for a few minutes about our feelings upon coming to Surguja, the royal sport we had had, and the great interest we had taken in the people.

We had inspected the schools maintained out of the Maharaja's private fortune, from which he gives scholarships to the most deserving pupils, who are sent abroad to study special topics. We had seen the hospital in charge of an excellent Indian surgeon, the jail where the culprits not only work out their penal servitude, but are instructed in various trades, so that they may be self-supporting when they return to their communities.

We had noted how the Maharaja fostered the arts and industries, giving medals to the best potters, weavers, and other artisans. We were particularly impressed with the whole organization of this paternal government, which worked so smoothly and efficiently.

The audience was very enthusiastic during both speeches, as most of them had been present at the various hunts. At the conclusion of our remarks, sweets and betel nut encased in arica leaf encrusted with gold tissue were passed around to all. While we were partaking of these we were treated to selections of Indian music, followed by dancing in the Indian fashion.

Nautch means dance in Hindustani. We often heard of "nautch dancing" as meaning a special class of dancing, but here it means any kind of a native dance. The music was very pleasing and the dancing graceful.

NO HINDU LADIES PRESENT AT THE DURBAR

This part of India, on account of its remoteness from the influences of European customs, is more like the old Hindustan than nearly any other locality. During the durbar none of the Hindu ladies were present or took part. The *purdah* system prevents this. Besides Mrs. Mitchell, there was only one lady, Mrs. Aldis, the wife of the young prince's tutor. It had been arranged for the Maharani and the Maharaja's mother to receive Mrs. Mitchell at the conclusion of the durbar.

After its close the men all proceeded to another apartment with the heir apparent. This large room was carpeted with an immense rug made entirely of tiger pelts, while the cover of a large table was made of the skins of panthers. Here we talked while Mrs. Mitchell remained in the main audience hall, where the royal ladies soon appeared and took their places beside her on the dais, while the Maharaja sat on a low cushion on the floor and interpreted for them.

He showed the greatest veneration for his mother and manifested deep affection for his only wife, who is the daughter of the King of Nepal.

Mrs. Mitchell soon joined me after a very pleasant conversation with the royal ladies, and we bade farewell to the people, after which we were escorted back in state to the guest house.

In a few minutes the Maharaja came to pay his respects to us. We received him in the large reception room of the guest house, on whose floor there were four tremendous tiger rugs. We distributed garlands and attar of roses, sat down for a while, then said good night, and the function was over.

FAREWELL TO AMBIKAPUR

Next morning we rose early so as to get to an intermediate camp between Ambikapur and the railway, where we were to spend three days hunting in the territory of the Rajah of Udaipur (and where Mrs. Mitchell killed a magnificent tigress).

We had killed so many animals during our last three days that their pelts were not sufficiently dry to pack, so we had to spread them on top of the automobile truck that was to carry our baggage south, allowing them to dry en route.

The Maharaja saw us off, the band played the Star-Spangled Banner, which I had had the band leader practice during our stay, the guard of honor presented arms, and our wonderful sojourn at Surguja was over.

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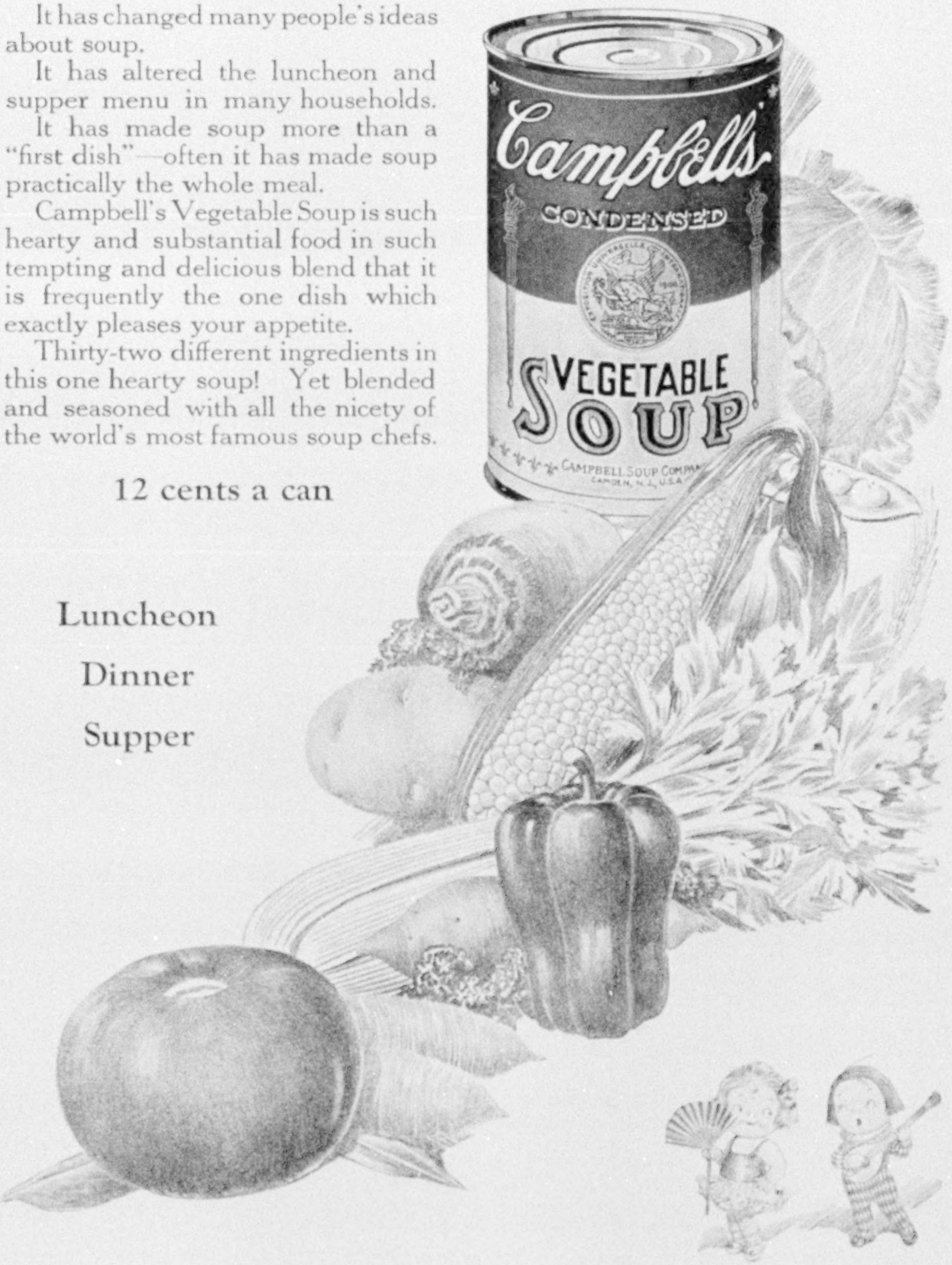

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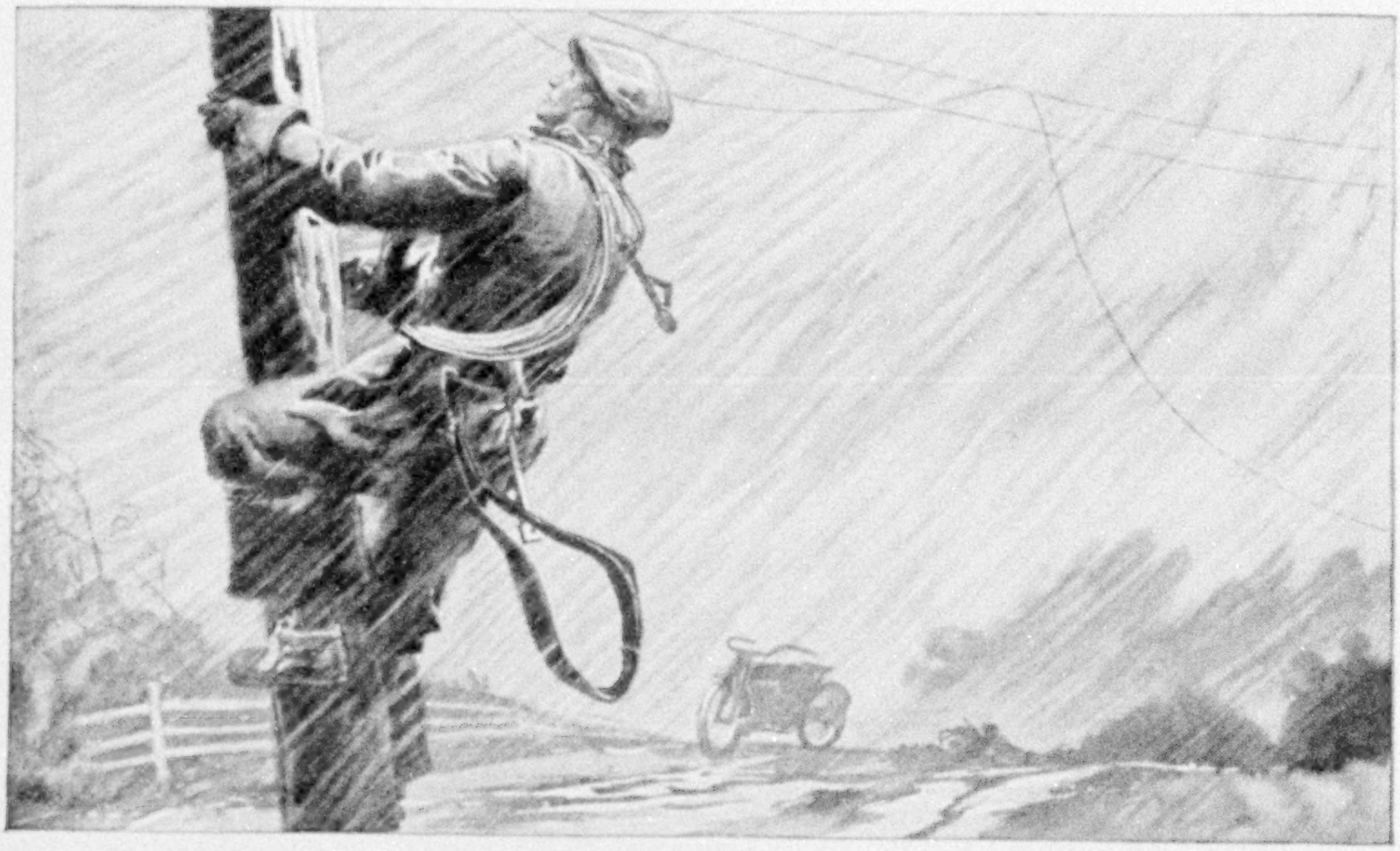

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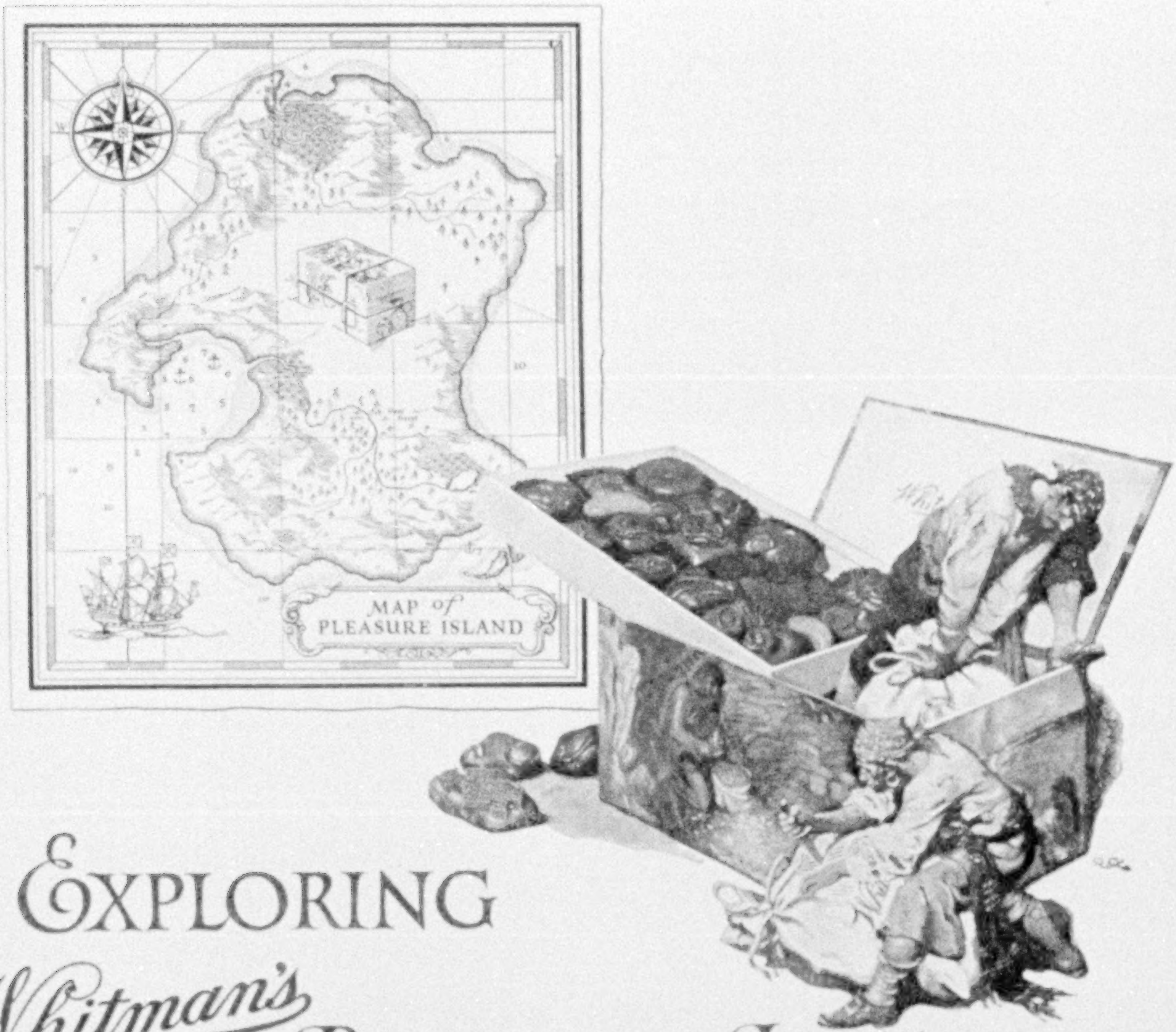

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The large crankshaft revolves in its big bearings on a film of oil under pressure, reducing main-bearing friction and wear to the vanishing point.

Higher utilization of power—and greater economy—are made possible by the generous use of ball and roller bearings throughout the chassis. You can actually roll the good Maxwell with the push of one hand.

Such things—and the use of high alloy and heat-treated steels, of a transmission and rear axle sturdy enough for a truck, of a six-inch heavy-gauge frame with six stout cross members—are important contributions to Maxwell's unusual merit.

They constitute tangible superiorities which are inducing thousands to choose the good Maxwell in preference to anything at anywhere near its price.

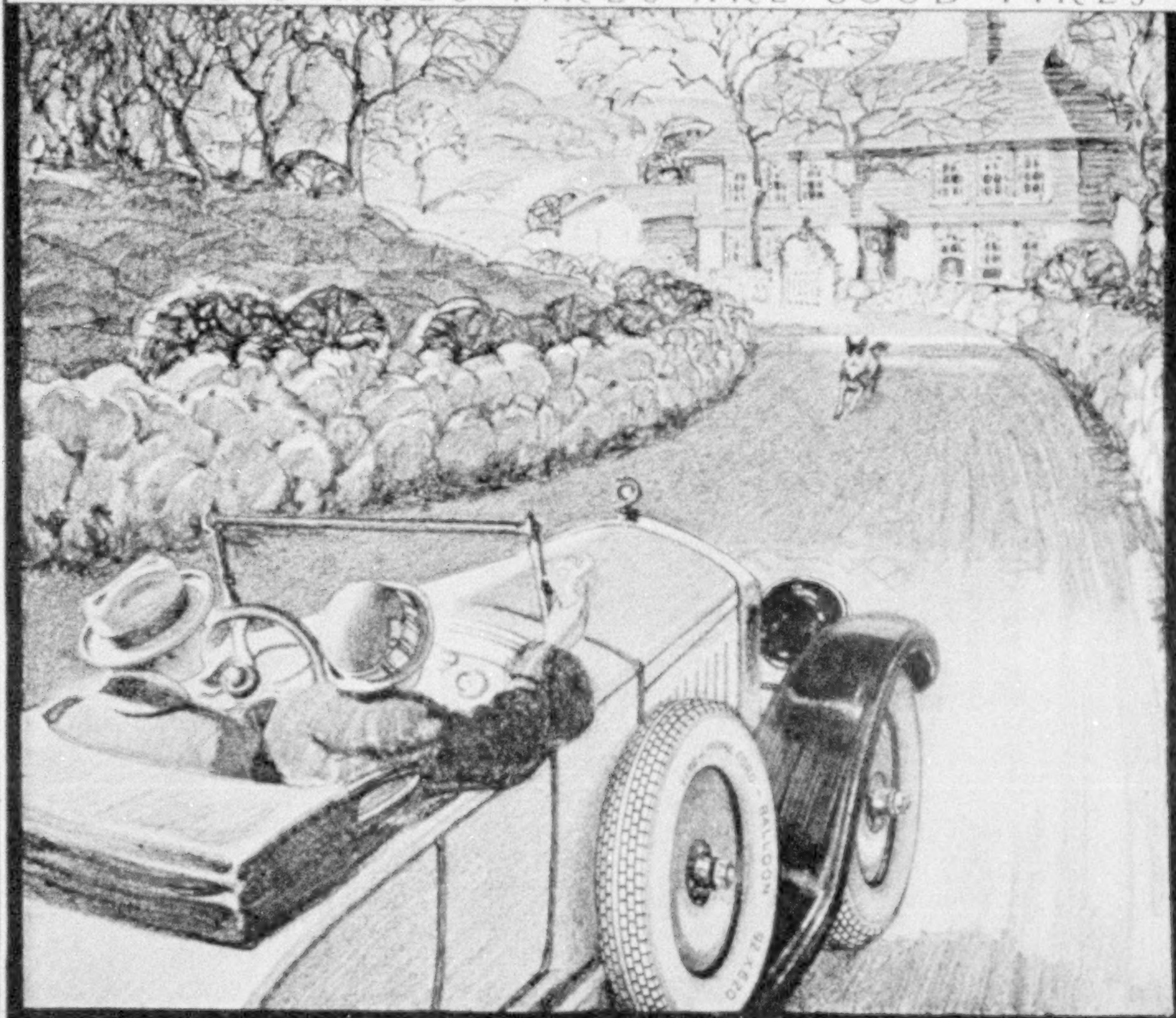
MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Walter P. Chrysler, President and Chairman of the Board
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. WINDSOR, ONTARIO

There are Maxwell dealers everywhere. All are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

MAXWELL

XUM

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



U.S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires

Built of Latex-treated Web-Cord

More than ever before the car owner should discriminate in his tire buying.

For maximum service specify U.S. Royal Cord Balloons.

They put the theory of balloon tire superiority into *practice.*

They are made of Web-Cord. This gives the carcass exceptional flexibility and strength, hence a greater resistance to puncture and wear than can be obtained with any other type of cord construction.

Web-Cord is made by the patented Latex process developed and owned by the United States Rubber Company.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires have a new scientifically designed tread. This is of great importance, as many of the old tread designs not only make steering difficult but injure the carcass when used on balloon tires.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires are *accurately balanced.* The weight is properly distributed so that any tendency of the car to gallop or wobble at high speeds is eliminated.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires are built for the new 20, 21 and 22 inch rims.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon-Type Tires for the larger wheels and rims.

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

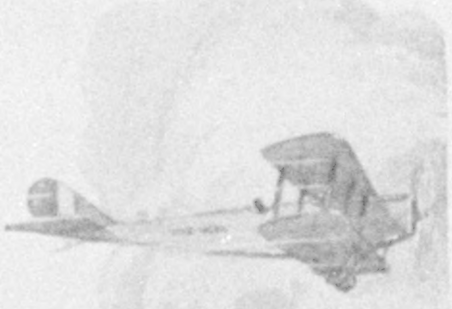
No Vibration

Smoothness beyond Comparison with the new Lanchester Balancer

An amazing new invention now gives the Willys-Knight a *positive freedom from vibration* that is so common in motor cars.

This wonderful new device is the Lanchester Balancer, invented by Dr. F. W. Lanchester, F. R. S., builder of one of the most expensive cars in Great Britain.

By securing the American rights for the new Lanchester Balancer, Willys-Knight brings to America an entirely new conception of enjoyable motoring. Smoothness beyond comparison. A new thrill of vibrationless motion. Velvety performance . . . the nearest approach to gliding through space yet attained in a motor car.

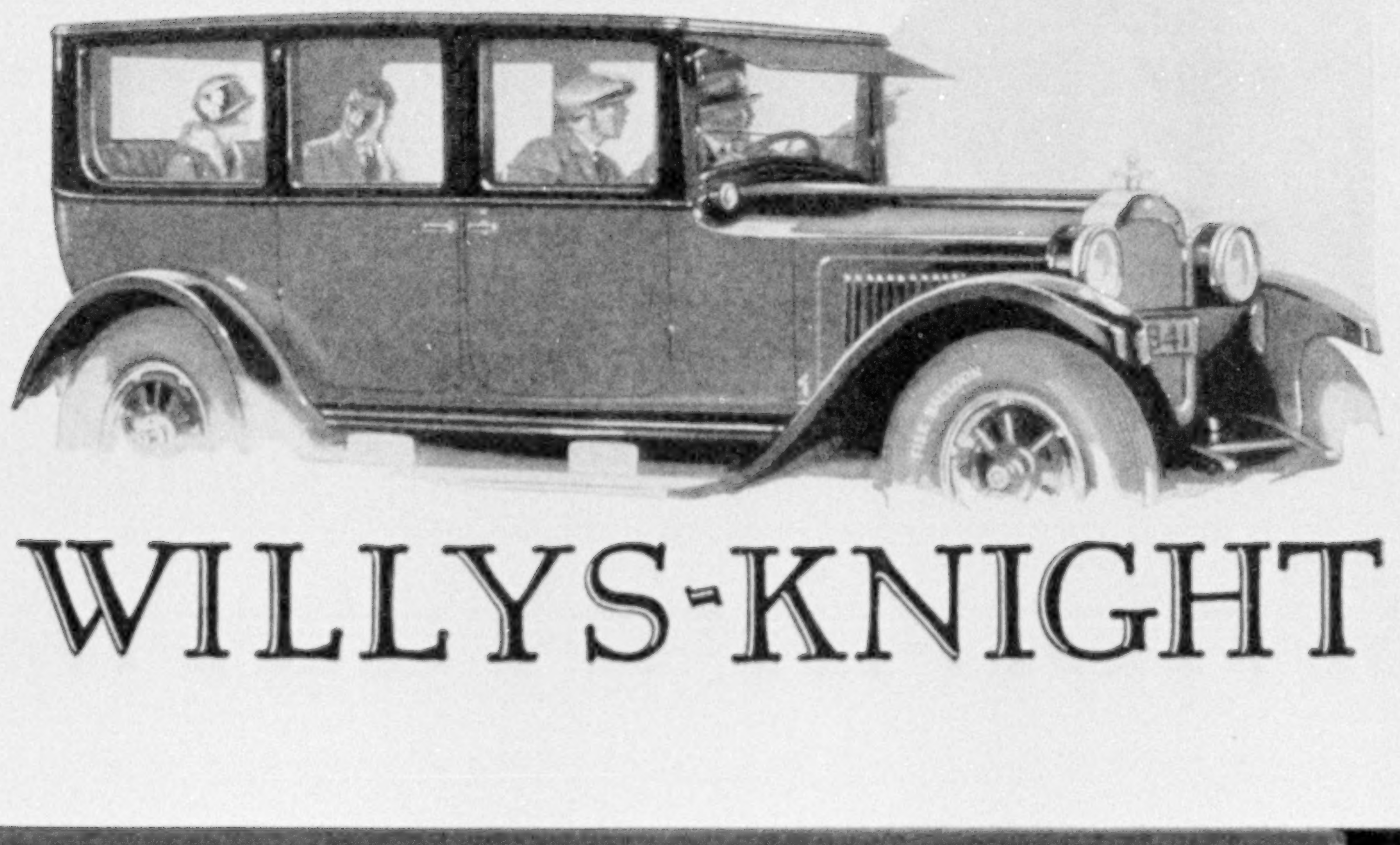


This new smoothness adds further laurels to a car already famous for the matchless performance of its sleeve-valve engine—the *only* type of engine in the world that actually *improves with use.* Never needs valve-grinding. Never needs carbon-cleaning. Owners report 50,000 miles and more without engine adjustment or expense.

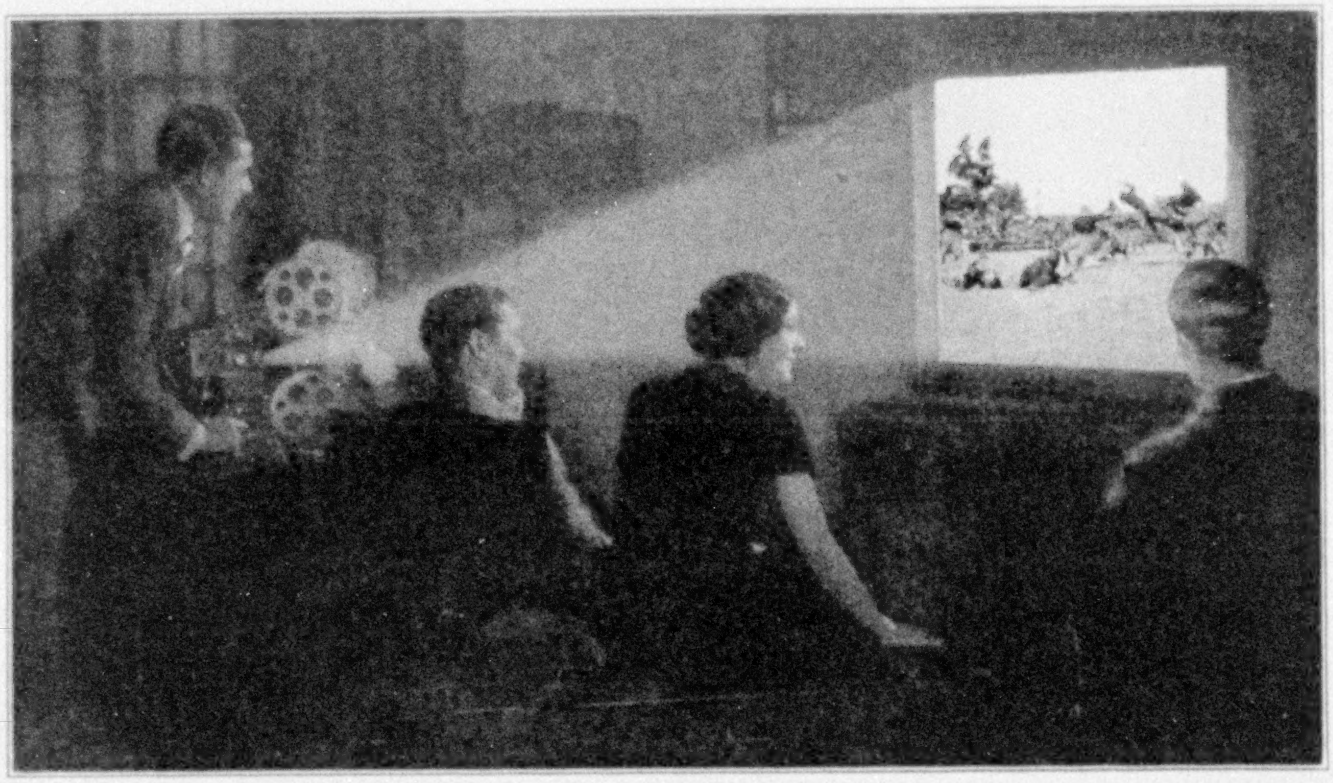
All Willys-Knight models are now equipped with Balloon tires which give, in addition to vibrationless engine-running, the luxury of cushioned riding comfort unsurpassed by any car at any price.

Try it *today.* Realize what it means to float over the road on cushions of air, which absorb the shocks *before* they reach you—*to ride in a car that has absolutely no period of vibration at any speed.*

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada



WILLYS-KNIGHT



And You Made the Movie Yourself

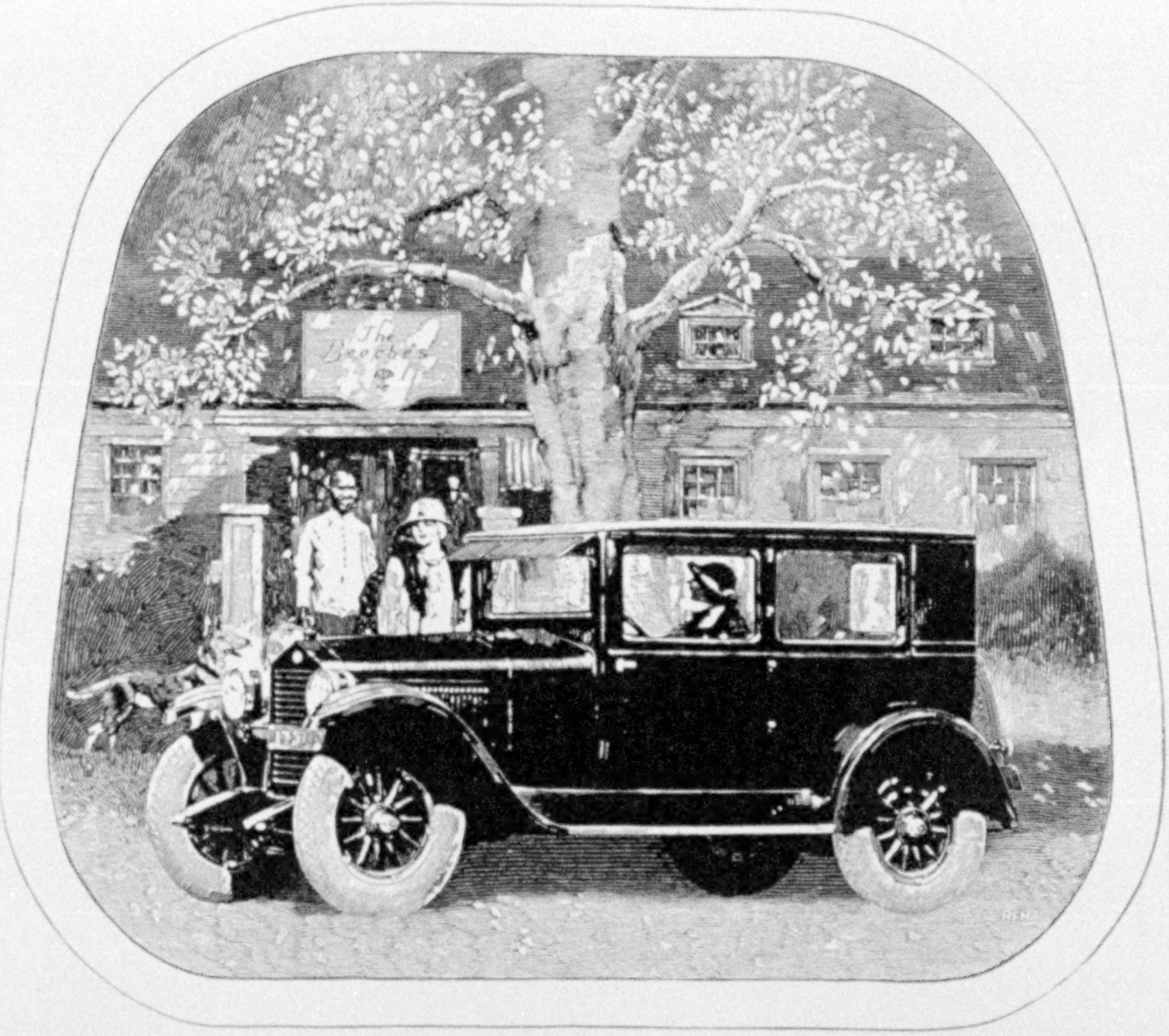
In your own home, on your own screen, you can show movies that you made yourself with typical Kodak ease. A reel or two of your favorite sport, little dramas in which you and your friends star, movie chronicles of the children—press the button on your Ciné-Kodak and you're getting the scene in motion; turn the switch on your Kodascope and it happens again on the screen.

Press the button on your Ciné-Kodak; the motor cranks the camera.

You can have regular movies at a modest rental as part of the program, too. Grandfather placidly puttering in the garden one minute and Tom Mix galloping through a thrilling "Western" the next—that's motion pictures the Kodak way.

Ciné-Kodak booklet and full information by mail, on request

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



This Essex Six with Vibrationless Motor

$1000
Freight and Tax Extra

Balloon Tires Standard Equipment

Why Pay More? Thousands of former users of larger and costlier cars now prefer the Essex Six.

Its smooth performance, vibrationless motor—built on the famous Super-Six principle—long-lasting quality and moderate price make Essex the astounding value of the year.

ESSEX
TOURING
$900
Freight and Tax
Extra

More than 1800 Deliveries Weekly

XUM

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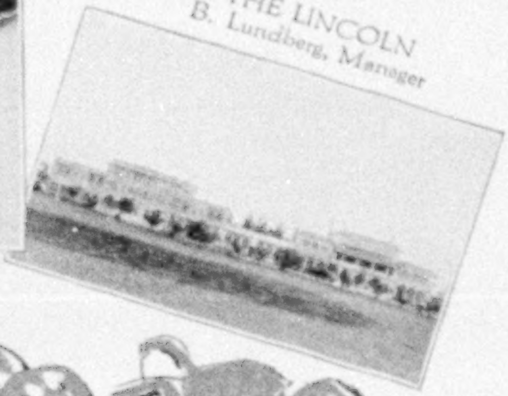
George S. Krom, Manager

THE FLAMINGO
C. S. Krom, Manager

THE LINCOLN
B. Lundberg, Manager



America's Winter Playground

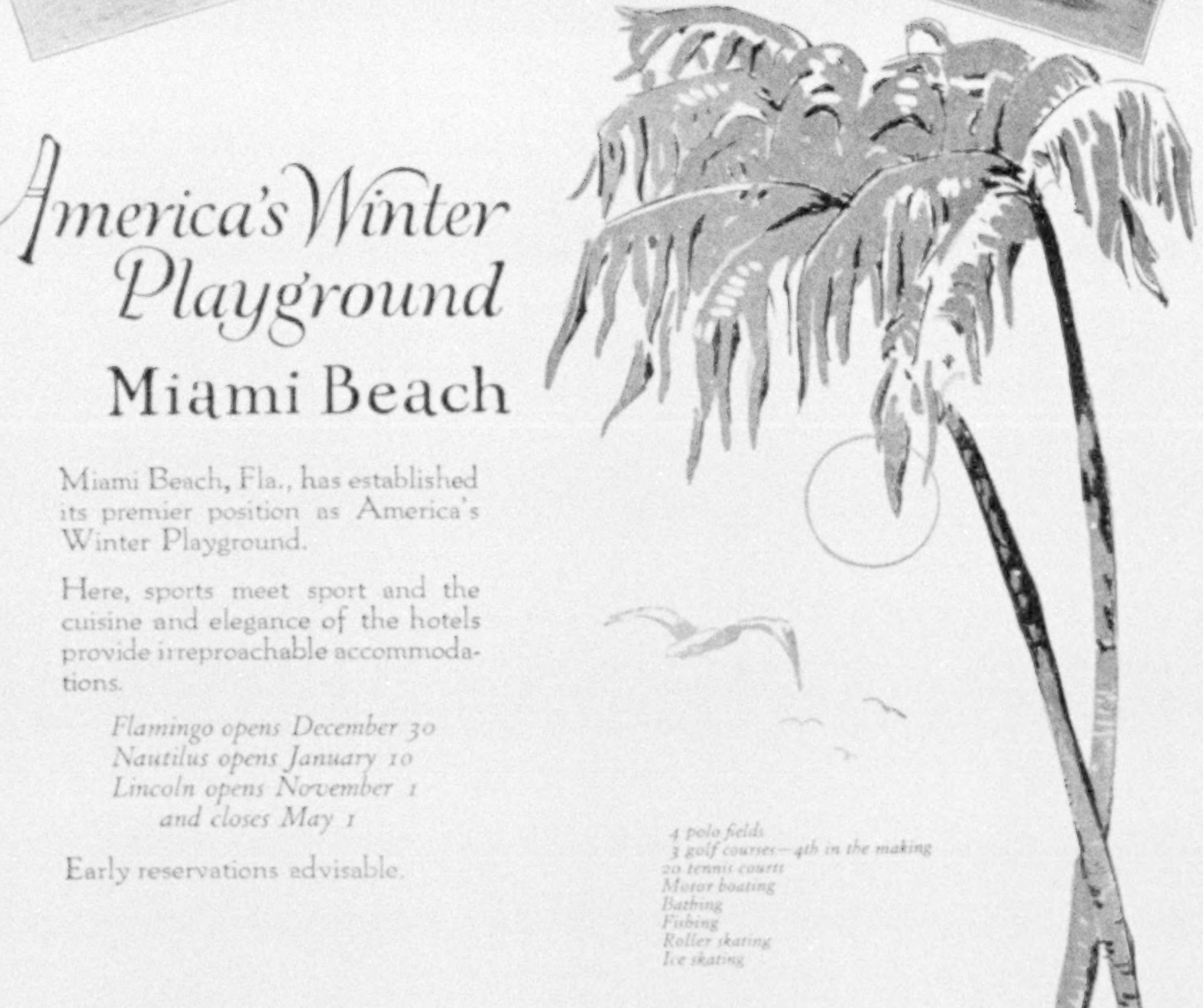
Miami Beach

Miami Beach, Fla., has established its premier position as America's Winter Playground.

Here, sports meet sport and the cuisine and elegance of the hotels provide irreproachable accommodations.

Flamingo opens December 30
Nautilus opens January 10
Lincoln opens November 1
and closes May 1

Early reservations advisable.



4 polo fields
3 golf courses—4th in the making
20 tennis courts
Motor boating
Bathing
Fishing
Roller skating
Ice skating

Whiter Teeth

How millions get them

There is a way to whiter, cleaner teeth. Millions now employ it. You see the results in every circle now. Will you learn how to get them?

Combat the film

This way combats the film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. Film clings to teeth; it stains and discolors. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth grow dim.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dental science now knows ways to fight that film effectively. One disintegrates the film, the other removes it without harmful scouring.

Convincing tests proved those methods efficient. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists of some 50 nations now advise its use.

Results are quick

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1607

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 309, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Haven of Contentment

Beckoned by the mysteries of unexplored volumes, you enter your library—and in the companionship of your favorite author you find contentment.

Beautiful surroundings, no less than books, have an unending appeal. Mellowed harmony in storied patterns, the spirit of the Orient caught in every silk-like thread, luxurious softness for every footstep, Karnak Rugs breathe contentment—they hold their charm year after year.

Modern rug weaving, the culmination of centuries of progress, finds its best example in Karnak Worsted Wiltons—combining a lifetime of durability with enduring beauty at a moderate price.

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W. & J. Sloane, *Selling Agents* New York

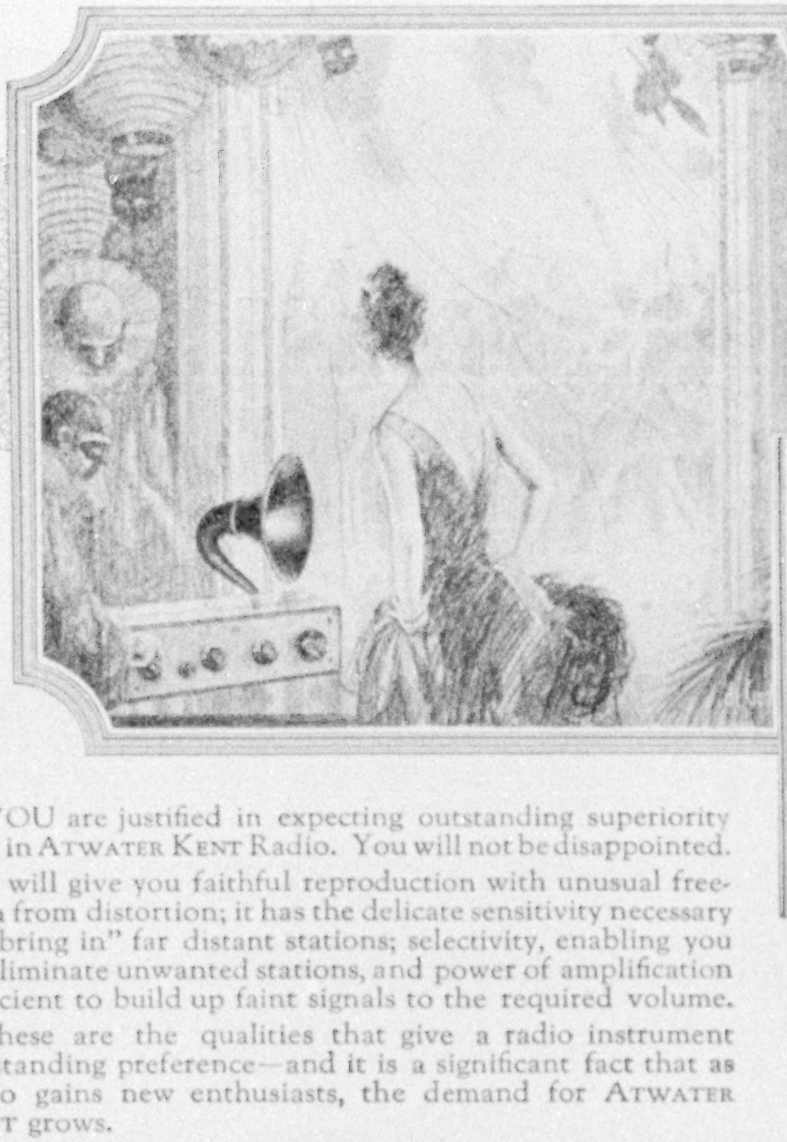
Send 25c for 9 x 12 inch miniature Karnak Rug, an ideal gift for the children's doll houses. Our authoritative booklet "Beautifying the Home" will be sent on request to Karnak Adv. Dept., W. & J. Sloane, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York.

KARNAK RUGS

Beauty ~ where pride demands it

ATWATER KENT

RADIO



BACK of ATWATER KENT Radio there are definite reasons why it is chosen in preference to others—

The material that goes into its construction is the best that money can buy—the workmanship is the finest and it is the last word in radio designing

Back of ATWATER KENT Radio there is a tremendous factory with laboratory and manufacturing facilities that are not surpassed in the whole world, and back of that factory there is the accumulated experience of more than a quarter of a century in the manufacture of scientific electrical instruments.

YOU are justified in expecting outstanding superiority in ATWATER KENT Radio. You will not be disappointed.

It will give you faithful reproduction with unusual freedom from distortion; it has the delicate sensitivity necessary to "bring in" far distant stations; selectivity, enabling you to eliminate unwanted stations, and power of amplification sufficient to build up faint signals to the required volume.

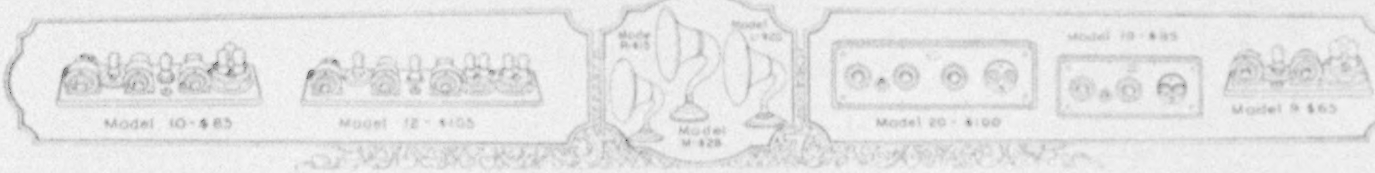
These are the qualities that give a radio instrument outstanding preference—and it is a significant fact that as radio gains new enthusiasts, the demand for ATWATER KENT grows.

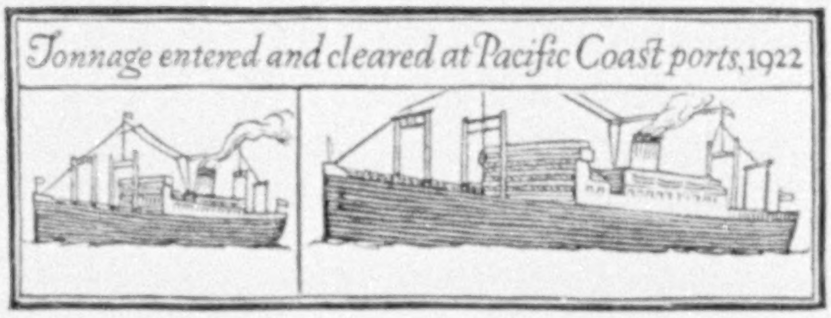
There is an ATWATER KENT instrument, receiving set or loud speaker to suit your preference. Sold by dealers almost everywhere. Ask to see them, and note the exquisite workmanship and the beauty of design that make ATWATER KENT Radio truly exclusive.

THINK OF
WHAT IS
BACK OF IT

Instructive literature sent on request

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - 4922 Stenton Avenue - PHILADELPHIA, PA.




Tonnage entered and cleared at Pacific Coast ports, 1922

Tonnage entered and cleared at Pacific Ocean Ports, 1922

California
4,981,365

Washington & Oregon
10,140,222

The tonnage passing through the ports of the Pacific Northwest is more than double that passing through California ports.

The leading ports of a greater commerce

On the highway of what is destined to become the world's greatest commerce—that of the dawning Pacific Era—some of America's youngest cities are astonishing us by the swiftness of their growth.

Seattle, forty years ago a frontier settlement of 4,000 inhabitants, with one crude dock and no railroad, today has a population of 350,000 and marine terminal facilities worth many millions of dollars.

Portland, in 1870 a town of 8,000, without a railroad, and carrying on a small river trade on the Columbia and the Willamette, is now a city of 280,000, exporting goods to the five continents of the world.

Tacoma's population since 1880 has grown from 720 to over a hundred thousand. Astoria, Bellingham, Coos Bay, Everett, Bremerton, Port Angeles, Gray's Harbor, and a dozen more, are stepping forward with equal speed into the ranks of the world's important maritime cities.

For the cities of the Pacific Northwest are the natural leaders of our rapidly-growing Pacific Coast commerce.

Two-thirds of that commerce already passes through their ports. That the great bulk of it must always pass through them is assured by definite advantages of location, of ideal harbor facilities, of a rich back country.

Nearer by several days' sailing to the chief points of Asia and the Pacific Islands than the California ports, they mark the principal route for America's future trade with the awakening Orient, where trade with the United States has increased two to four times within ten years.

Nearer by rail to the Atlantic Seaboard, they are in quicker touch with America's fullest present development.

Through them flows the largest part of Alaska's 80 million dollar trade with the United States.

The region which lies back of them, the great Pacific Northwest, comprising the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, is undergoing a development, in industry, in agriculture, in commerce, as rapid as their own.

In the Pacific Northwest, because of its growing commerce, and because of its tremendous undeveloped natural wealth, lie new opportunities for every business enterprise in the United States.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R·R·
The Great Northern Ry·
The Northern Pacific Ry·

Burlington Route
Northern Pacific
Great Northern

COLGATE'S

Shaving Stick

"HANDY GRIP" AND REFILL

SHAVING STICK
COLGATE & CO.
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

For Comfort, Convenience and Economy

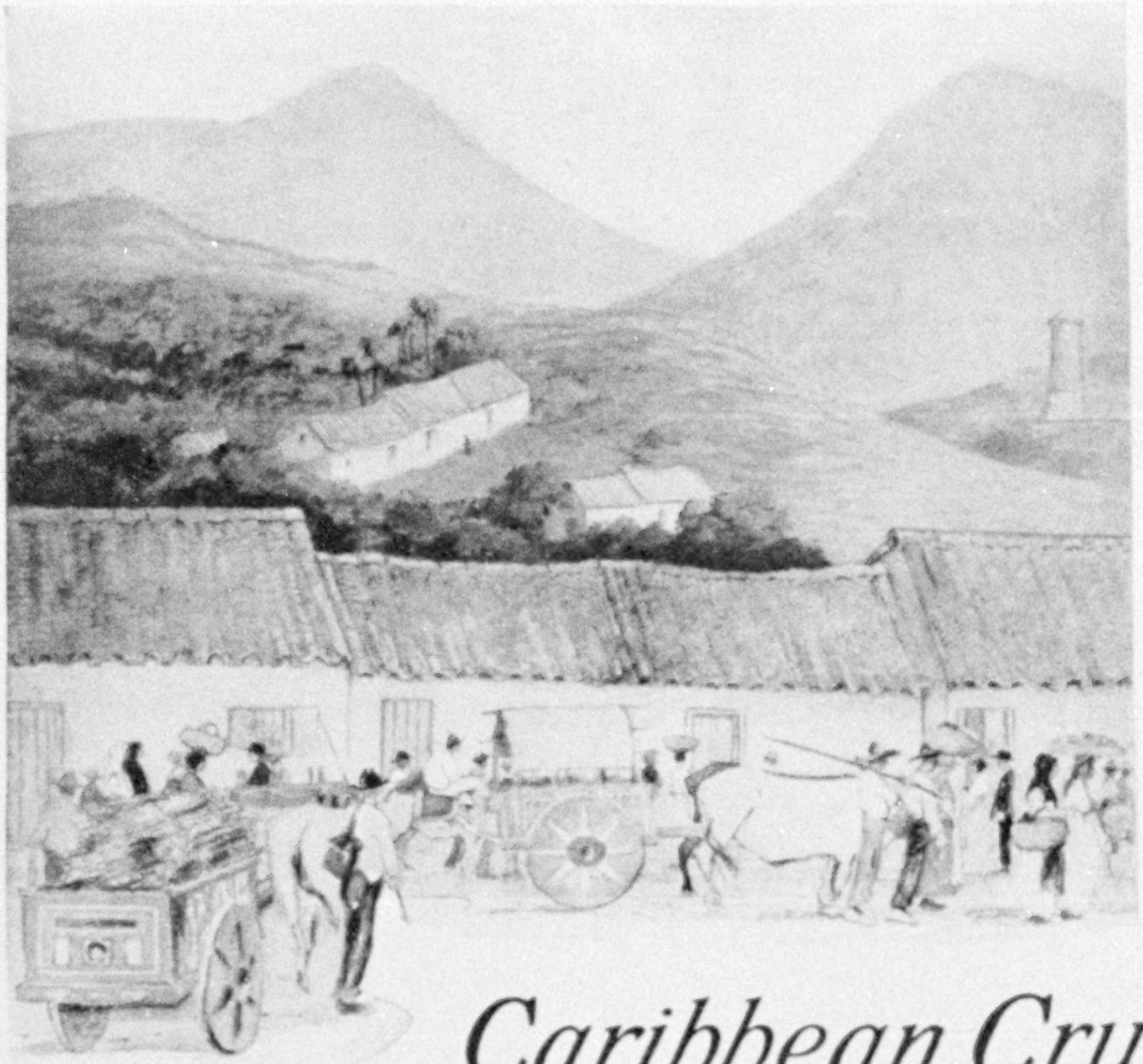
When we say to you that the Shaving Stick has important advantages over shaving preparations in any other form, we can do so without bias, for we manufacture shaving sticks, powder and cream.

In its attractive nickel box, our "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick is most convenient for traveling. It will not crush when packed, and it makes a wonderful lather for *easy* shaving.

It is not uncommon for a Colgate Shaving Stick to last more than a year in daily use.

The famous "Handy Grip", with a trial-size shaving stick in nickel box, sent for 10c. When the trial stick is gone, buy Colgate "Refills" for the price of the soap alone, 25c.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. 66, 199 Fulton St. NEW YORK



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No cruises to the West Indies — or elsewhere — offer so much in shore excursions, hotel accommodations and genuine hospitable treatment, afloat and ashore, as Great White Fleet cruises.

On these magnificent steamships, specially built for tropical travel, every passenger is a guest, with all the consideration and privileges accorded honored guests.

Food, service and amusements — which means everything from auto trips to deck sports — are of the unvarying high quality which has made Great White Fleet cruises known the world over as the final word in luxurious travel.

Remember that the United Fruit Company carries only first class passengers on all its ships, and this unvarying policy makes easier the well established rule that *every passenger is a guest*

— and the fact that we do not send out casual cruises to the Tropics aids us in maintaining our wonderful service, for *twice a week, every week in the year,* Great White Fleet ships sail from New York and New Orleans. You can enjoy our cruises in June or December, or in any month of the year, for there is always a Great White Fleet ship to bear you southward.

Write for our new illustrated booklet "Caribbean Cruises" telling about the enchantment of the tropics and the quality and service of Great White Fleet ships.

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UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
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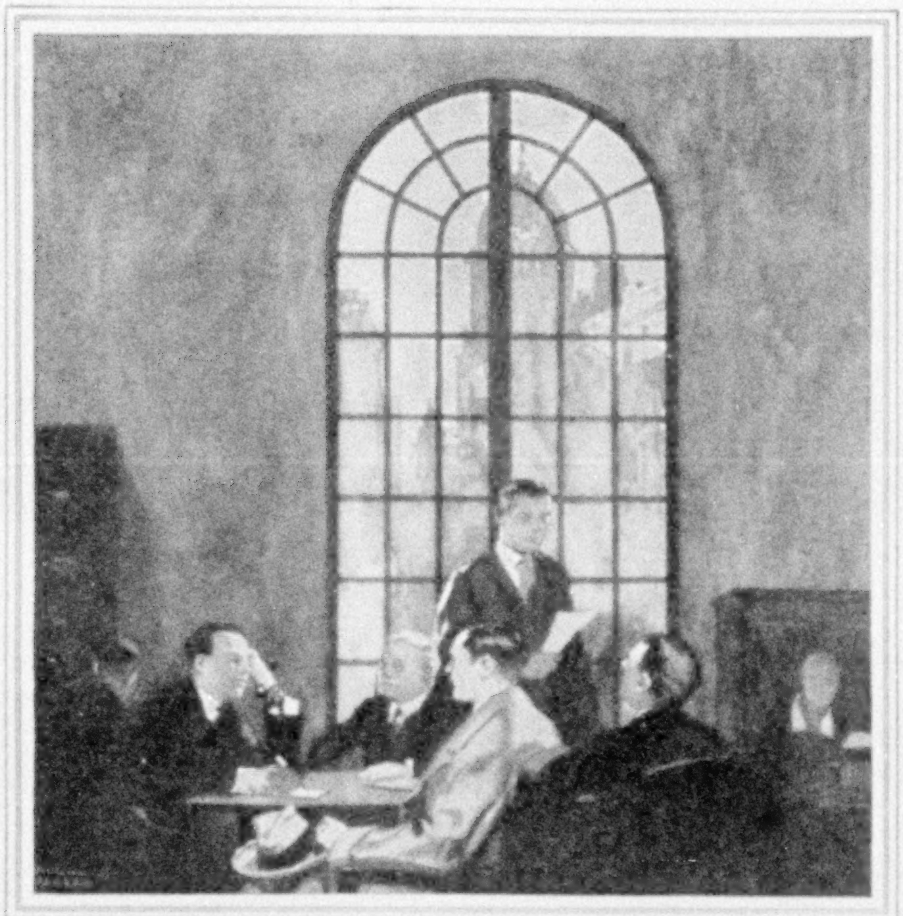
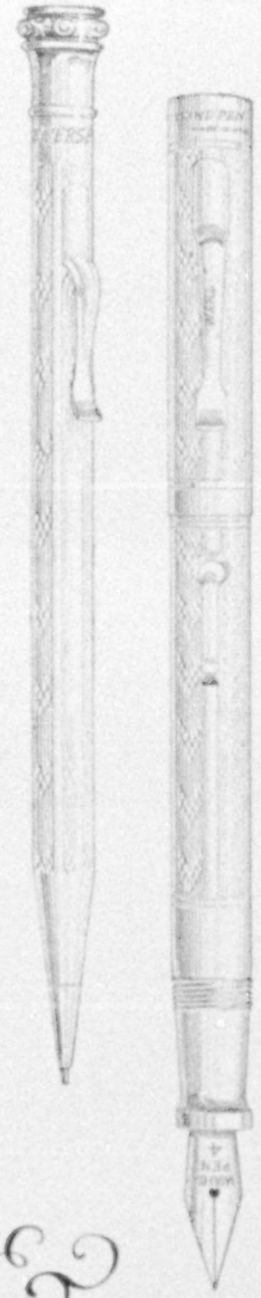
SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR





The New PERFECTED WAHL EVERSHARP

& WAHL PEN

WAHL EVERSHARP has rendered such excellent service to millions of users that it has established itself as the standard of pencil value. Yet in the new, perfected models we have provided increased effectiveness and greater worth for your money.

Six practical improvements distinguish the new Eversharp.

The rifled tip—the Wahl invention upon which Eversharp popularity was founded—has been given a new form. It holds the lead in the same positive grip as before, but cannot clog.

Reloading is simpler and quicker by reason of the plunger release and the new magazine for reserve leads.

The eraser is replaceable. The clip is stronger and better in appearance. And every part of the new Eversharp is interchangeable.

We demonstrate our faith in the new Eversharp by backing it with an unconditional guarantee. Your dealer is authorized to replace any part which fails to give you entire satisfaction.

The all-metal fountain pen

The Wahl Pen is the perfected companion to the new Wahl Eversharp.

It is a beauty of a pen in its gold-filled or silver case matching in design your Eversharp. And the exclusive feature of all-metal construction serves not only appearance but practical ends as well.

The metal barrel provides greater ink capacity. It is stronger. It has the same resistance to wear and abuse as a well made watch case.

Light weight and fine proportions give perfect balance and the Wahl iridium tipped gold point is smooth as polished ivory for writing ease on every kind of paper or surface.

The Wahl Pen represents a ten year advance in fountain pen construction gained at a single step. Try it at your dealer's.

When you are selecting gifts or prizes, think first of Eversharp and Wahl Pen. They please men, women and children—and are suited to every occasion.

Eversharps are priced from $1 to $45.

Wahl Pens in gold-filled or silver models, $5 to $10. Solid gold to $55.

Made in the U.S.A. By THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto
Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

Will the molten metal turn to tempered steel?

Bubbling in the crucible of your boy's mind is a curious jumble of impressions. Every day, every hour, adds new ideas. And he alone can select and test and weigh them.

For a quarter of a century THE AMERICAN BOY has been helping boys like yours to make this vital selection—teaching them to know the worthy, and to welcome it—giving them understanding to detect the unworthy, and the moral strength to reject it.

In its thrilling stories, written by the foremost boys' writers of the day, boys see the actual world they must face, and meet the kind of men from whom they will select their friends and associates. They see success, and the struggle required to attain it; failure, and its causes. Instinctively they admire the courage, honor and virility of the human men and boys who people the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY. From each story and article a lesson in life is learned, and added to the accumulated store of indelible impressions.

The coupon below will bring your boy the current issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. Send no money. A bill for $2.00, covering a year's subscription, will be sent you later, unless you notify us to the contrary within 10 days.

$2.00 a year by mail. 20 cents a copy at news-stands. Subscribe for a year, or leave a standing order with your news-dealer.

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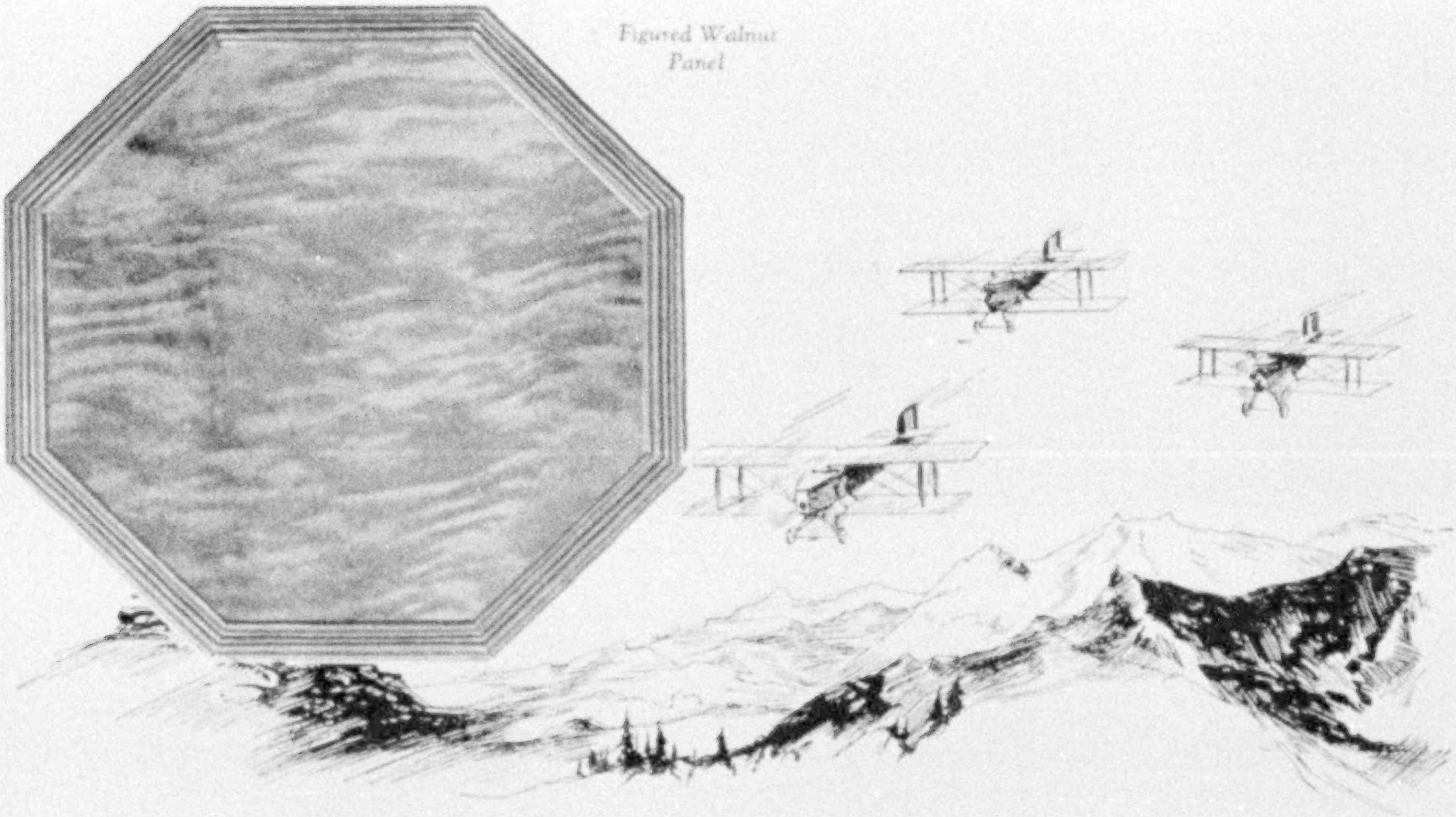


"Around the World" aviators trusted their lives to the stability of propellers made of

American Walnut

AMERICAN Walnut is strong. Where human lives depend on the strength of the wood used, as for gunstocks and airplane propellers, walnut is given preference.

The "Around the World" flyers trusted their lives to the stability of walnut propellers. Their history-making flight will stand always as a record of successful achievement to which excellence of equipment contributed largely.

But strength alone is not the sum total of walnut's superiority.

The beauty of its natural tawny brown coloring, the richness and variety of its patterns and designs, will always recommend walnut. Its durability is proverbial. Centuries of use in furniture making have yet to set a limit to its life.

It withstands hard usage, for its color being natural, not due to surface staining, it resists scuffing, dents and finger prints without losing its beauty.

The home-worker loves it also for its economy and ease of upkeep. And it is least subject to warping and swelling in wet weather, or shrinking and cracking in dry climates.

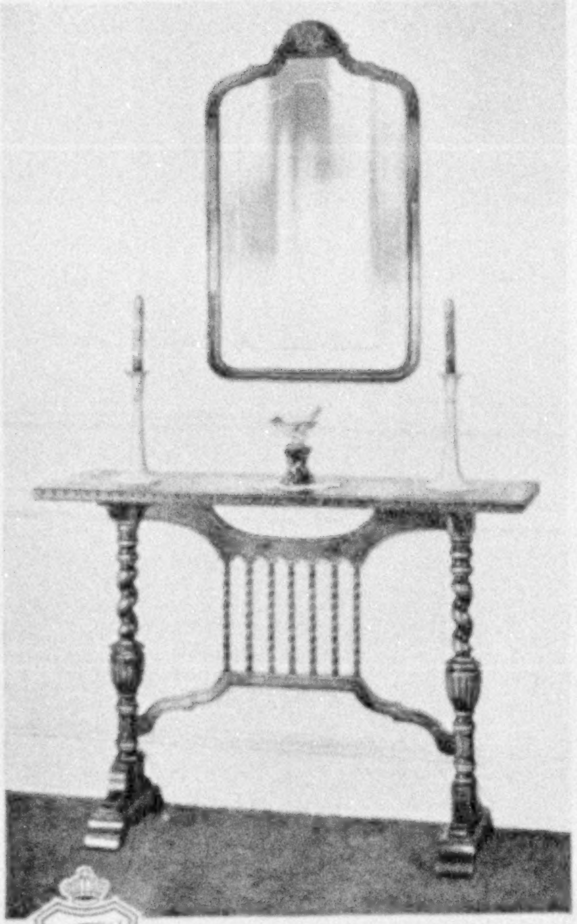
This combination of qualities makes American Walnut the choice of discriminating people for furniture, interior paneling, woodwork and floors. It is wisely used in the finest American homes, hotels, apartments, clubs, churches and offices. Its cost is surprisingly little more than ordinary woods.

AMERICAN WALNUT

We will gladly send you on request our beautiful book, "The Story of American Walnut." Learn how to tell real walnut from its imitations. Write for it.

AMERICAN WALNUT MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
Room 862, 616 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Imperial
Grand Rapids Tables



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GIFTS of Old World charm, blended of mellow woods, softly colored.

Gifts for those of fine appreciations, who enshrine beauty in the home.

Gifts that gather tender memories through the years.

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"World's Largest Table Factory"
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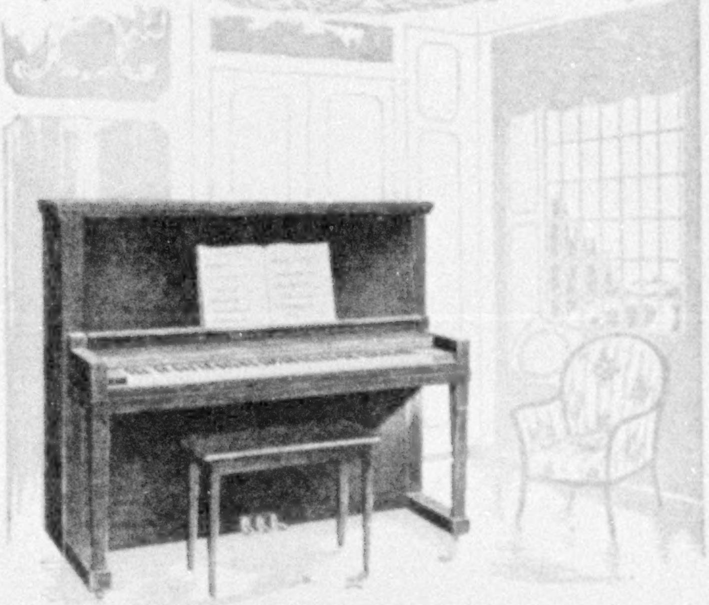

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represents 70 years of experience devoted to the attainment of an ideal. Its incomparable tone brings a lifetime of satisfaction to the lover of good music. And its price is moderate.

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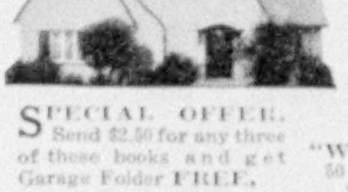

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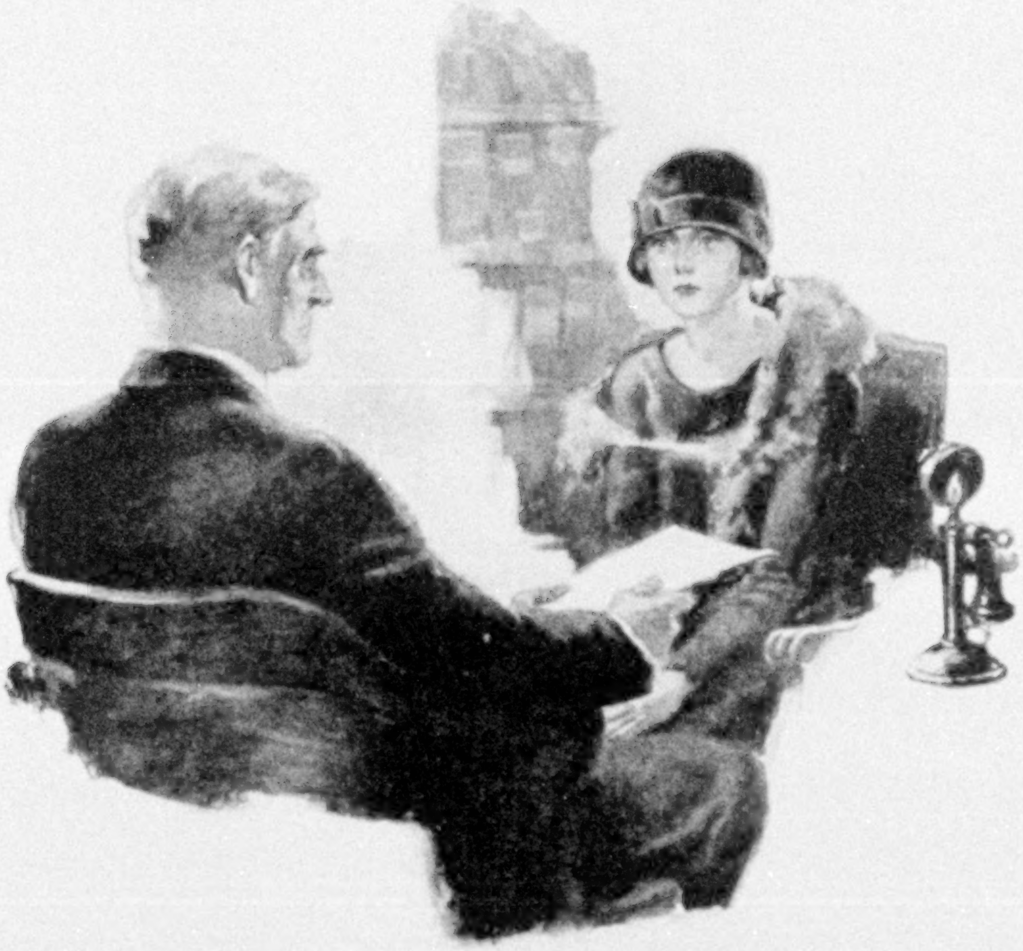

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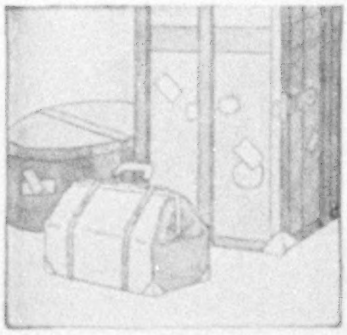

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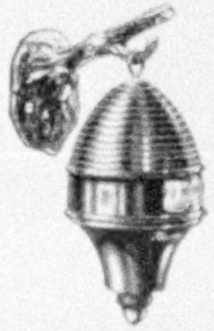

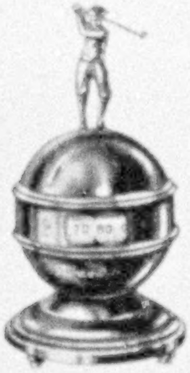

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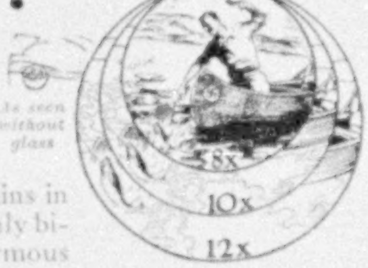
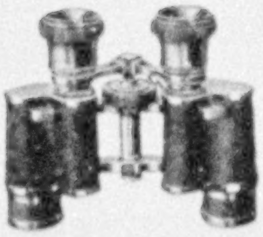


As seen without glass

As seen through changeable Lemaire



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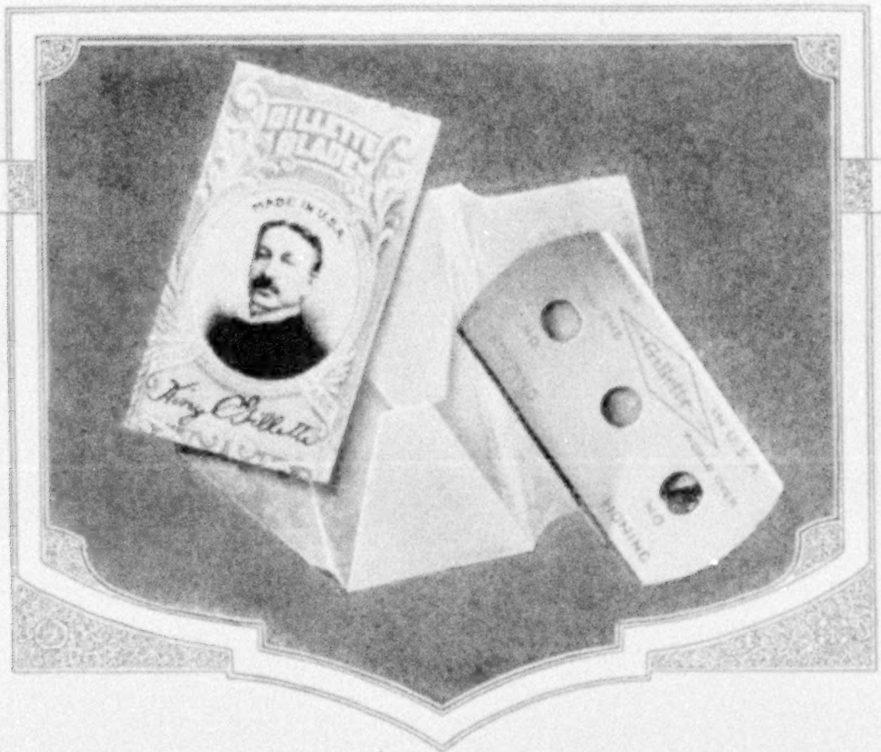

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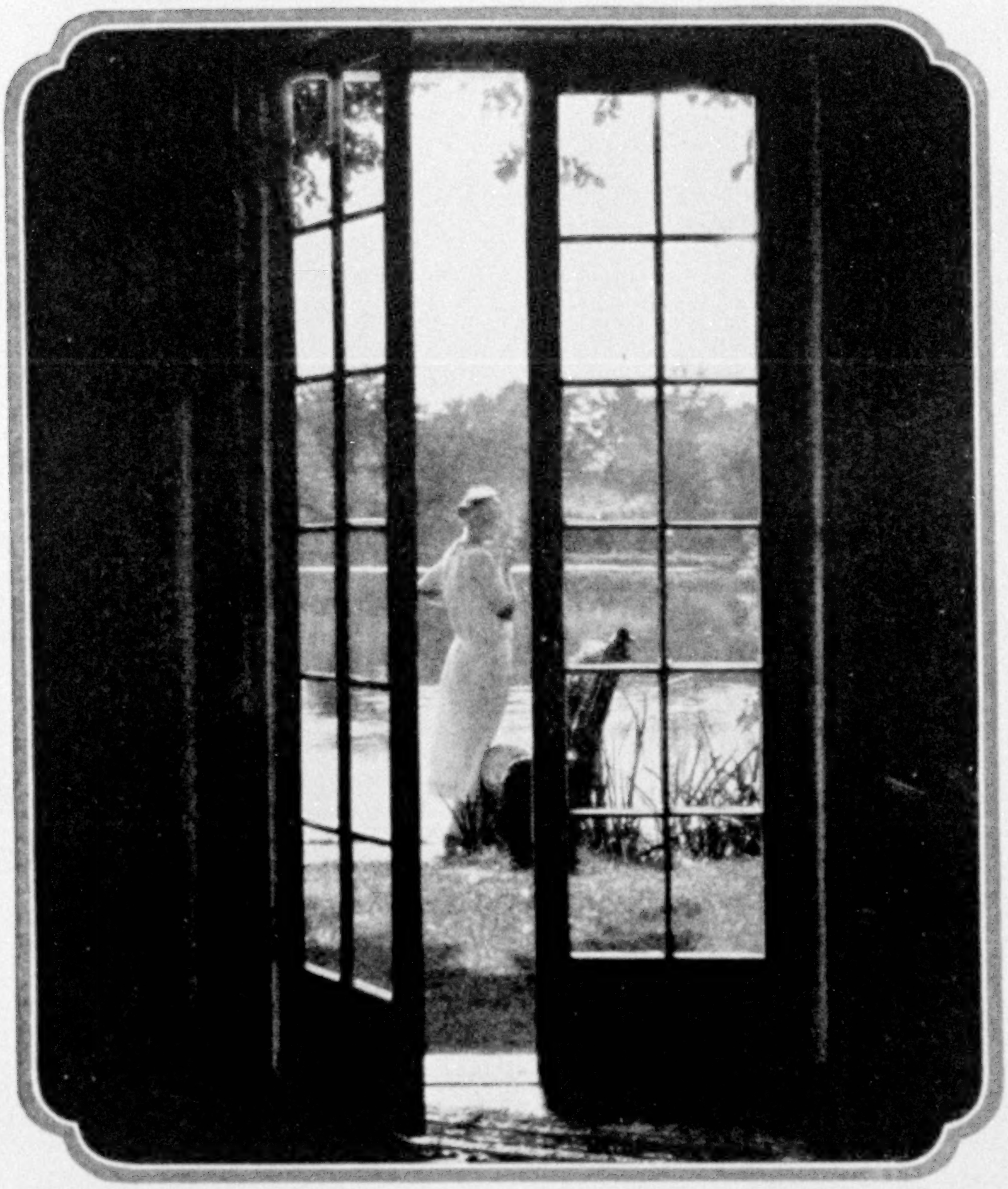

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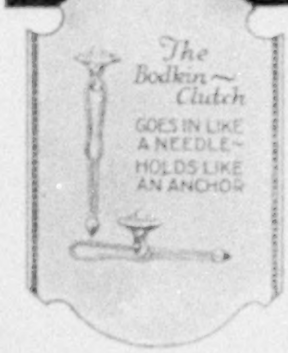
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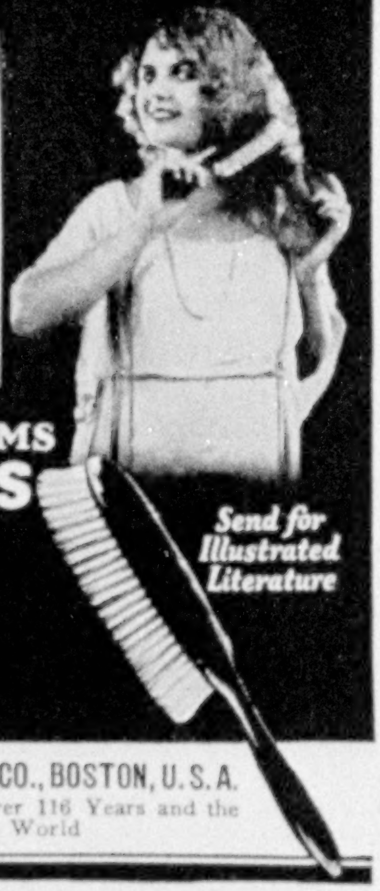

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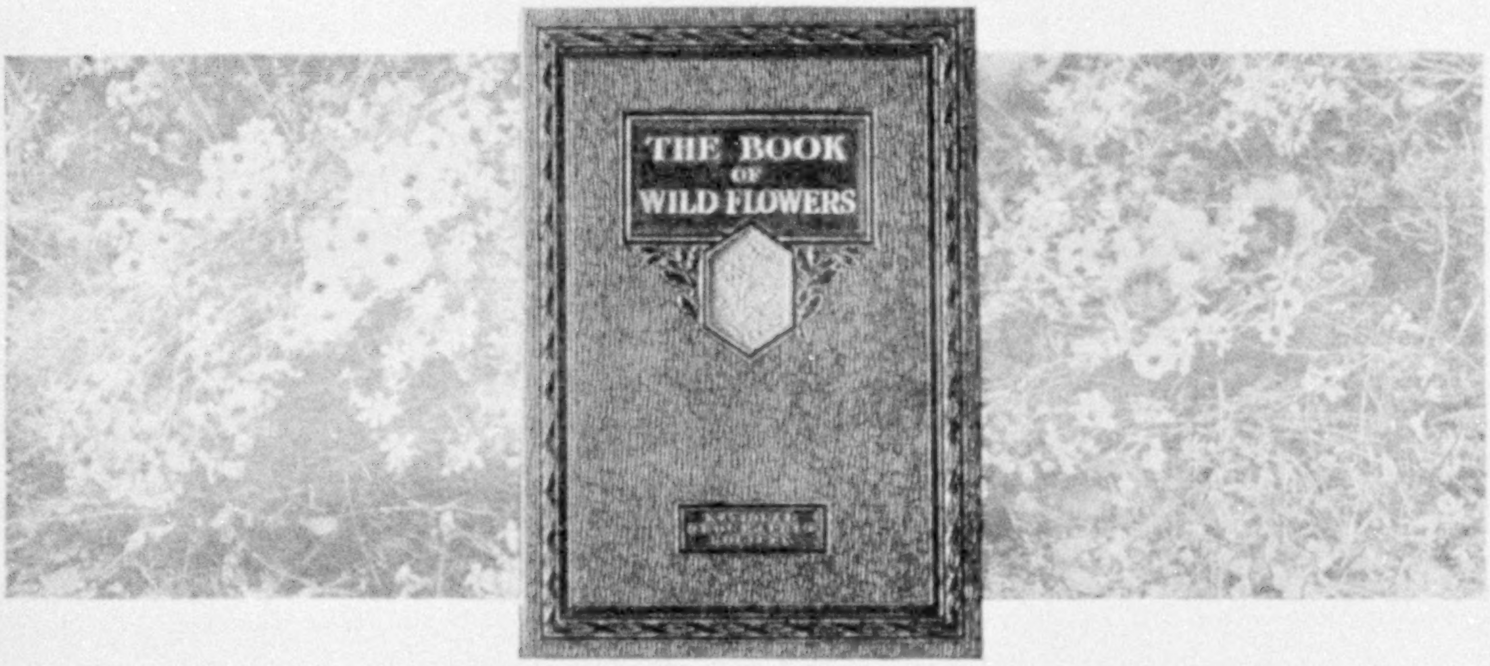

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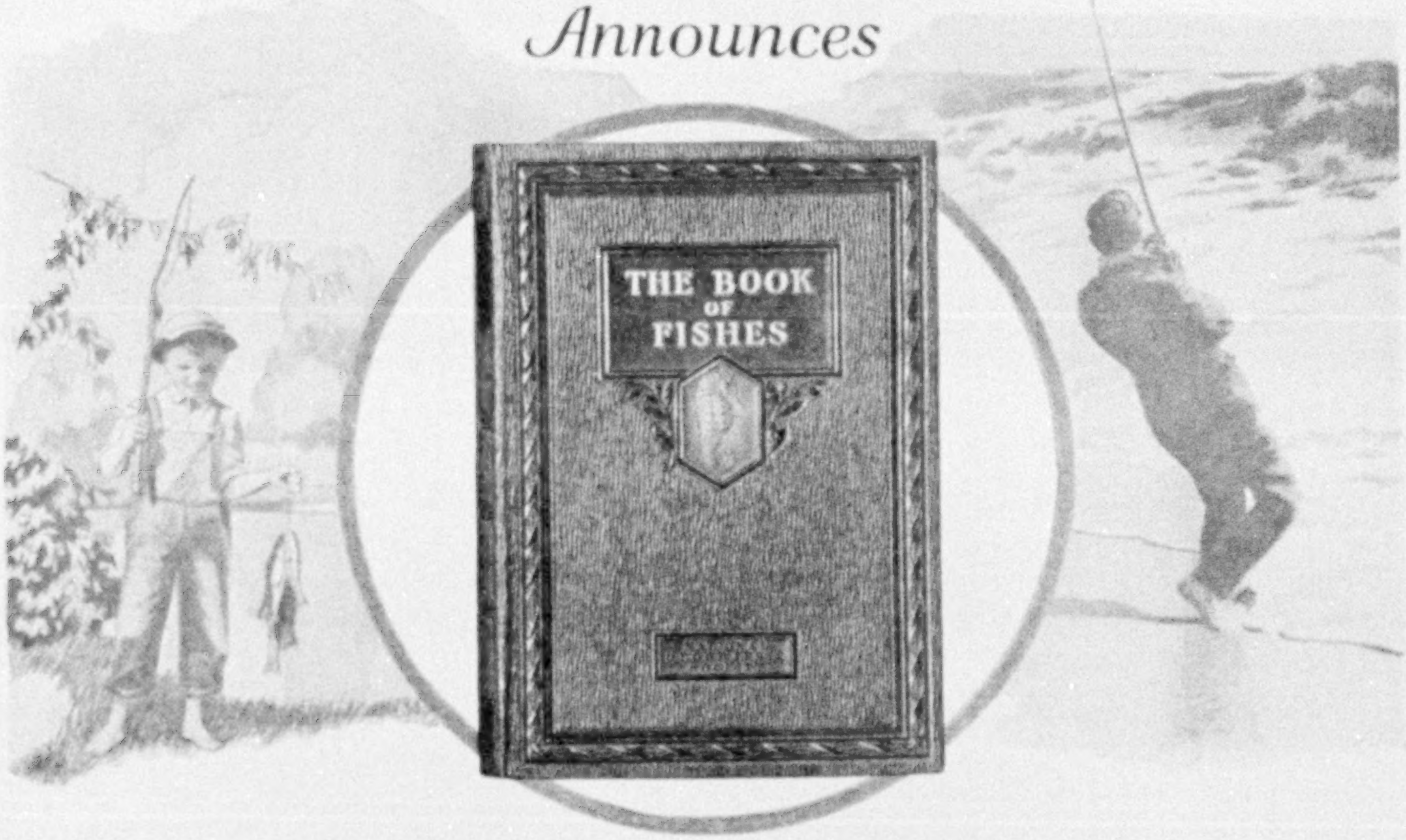

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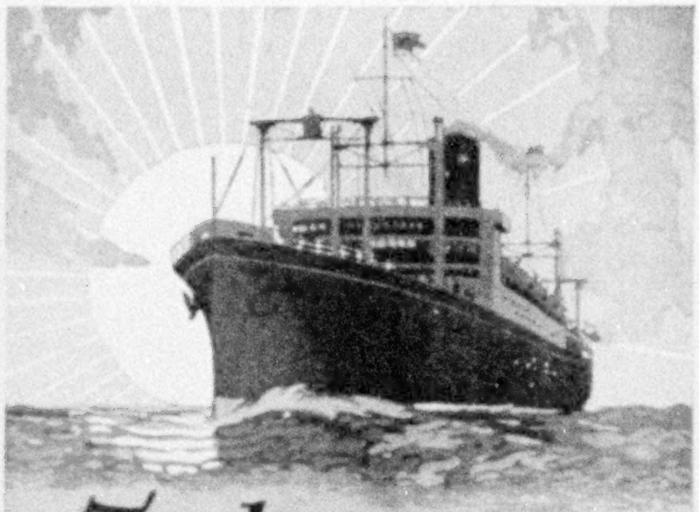

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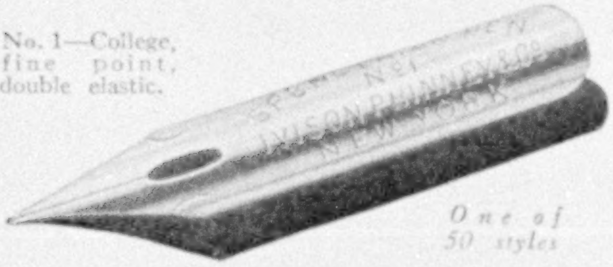

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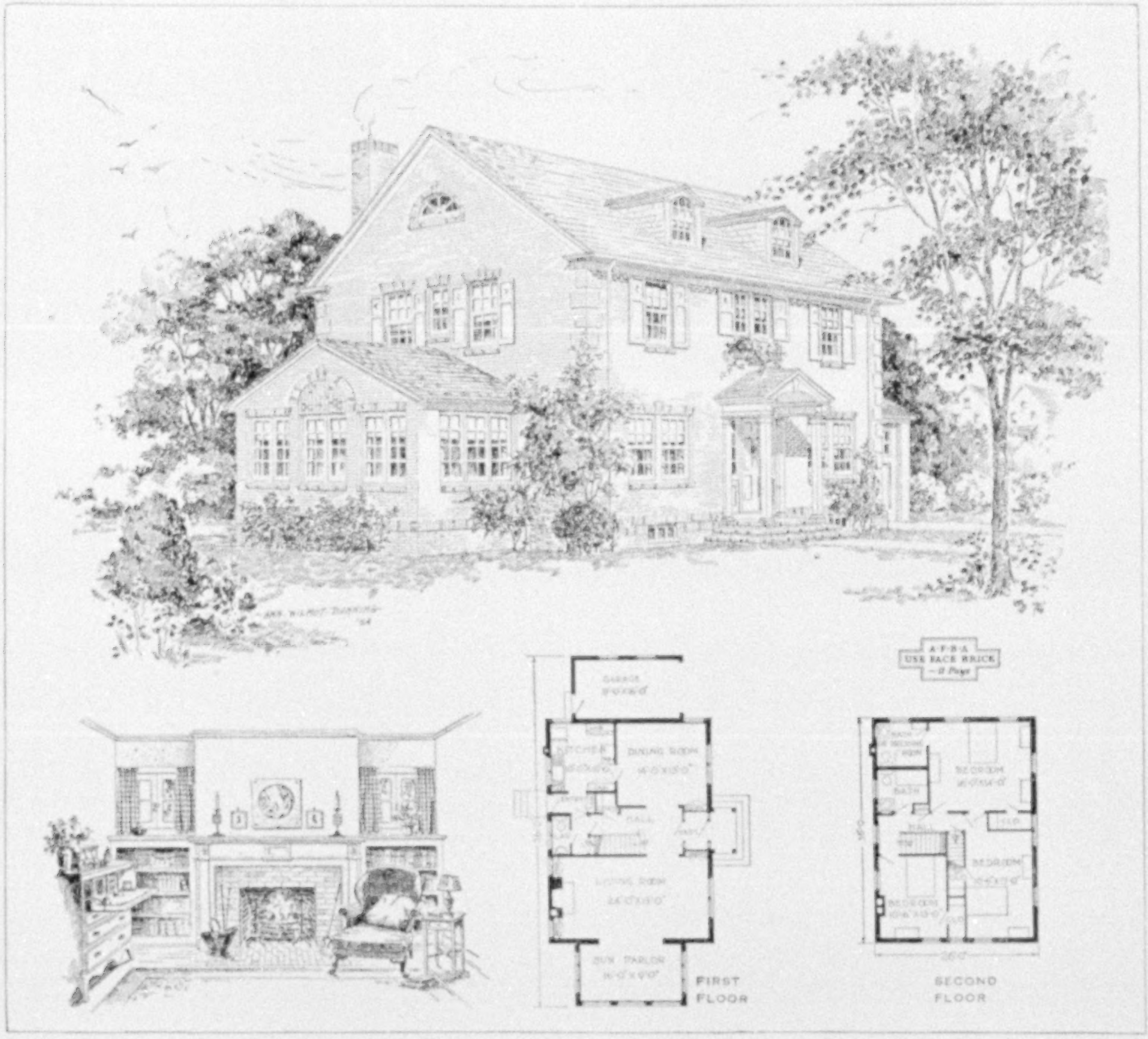

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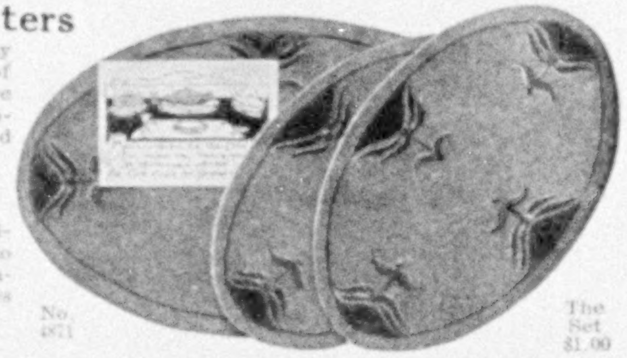

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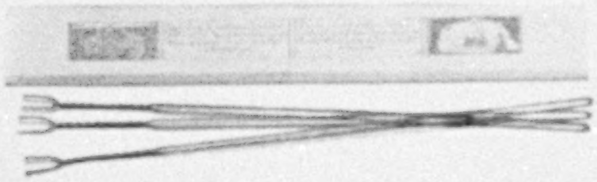

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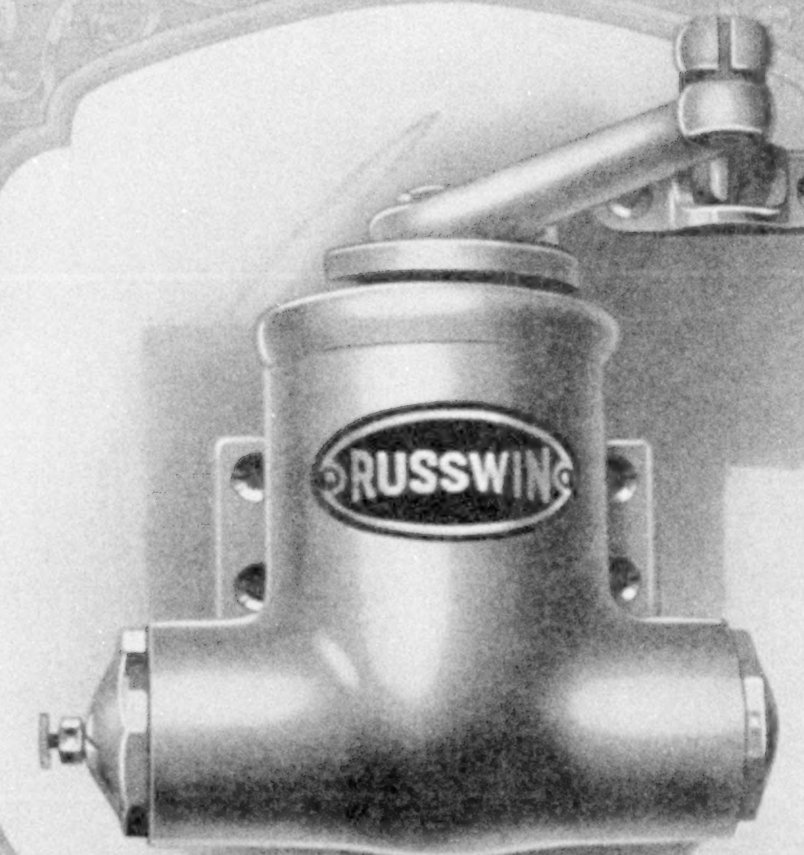

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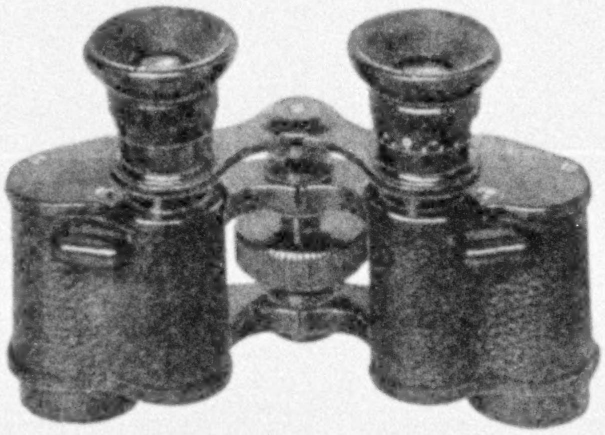

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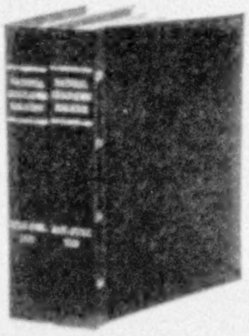

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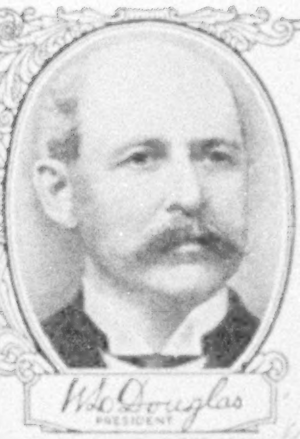

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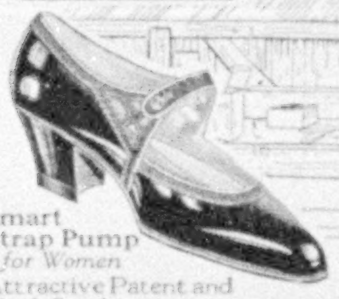

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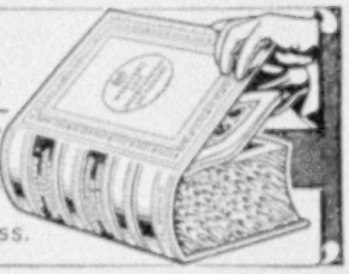

Whatever Your Question;—be it the pronunciation of **Fascista**, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of **Esthonia** the meaning of **soviet, realtor, vitamin**, etc., this **Supreme Authority**—

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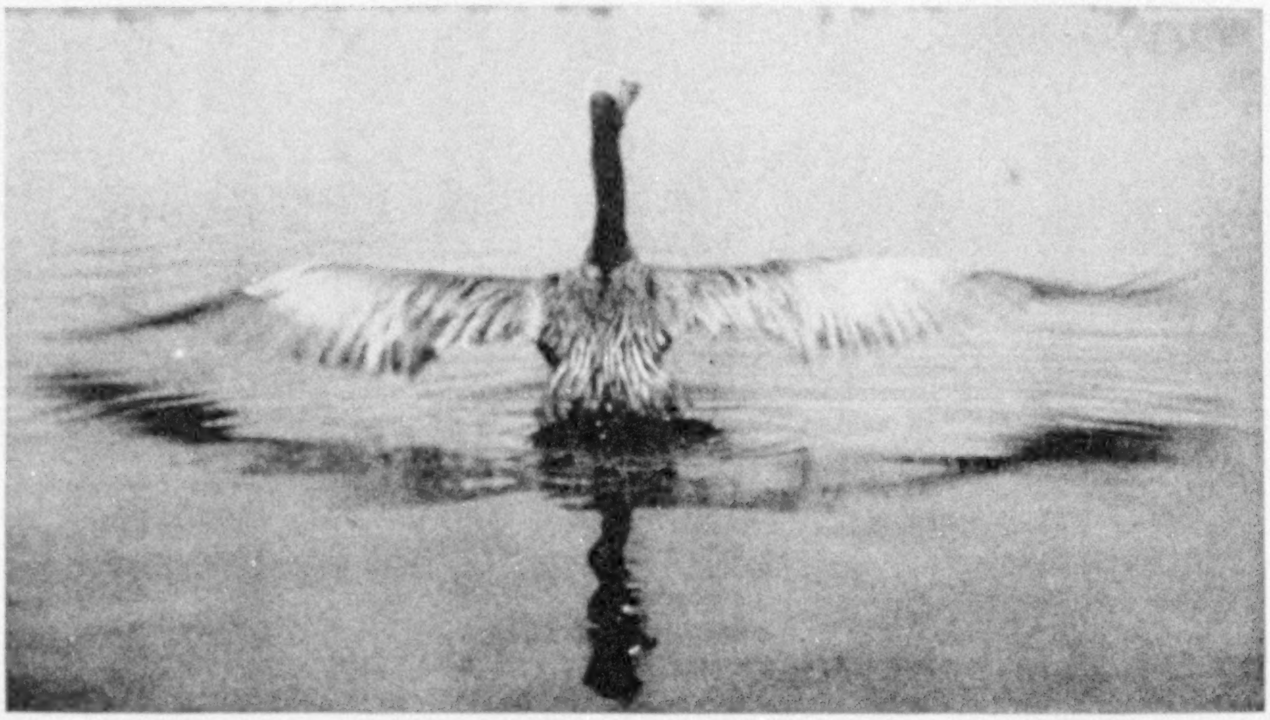

Photograph by George Shiras, 3rd

ONE OF NATURE'S HYDROPLANES

The Book of Birds

By HENRY W. HENSHAW, formerly Chief, U. S. Biological Survey; 331 bird portraits by Louis Agassiz Fuertes; 70 engravings and migration maps.

This Who's Who of the Winged World—representing a lifetime study of birds by Dr. Henshaw—brings the reader into friendly contact with "Common Birds of Town and Country," "The Warblers" and "Game Birds." Others tell how to attract birds and write of and map their wonderful migrations. The perfect color reproductions of Mr. Fuertes' 331 bird portraits enable even a little child to identify bird friends at a distance. *200 pages; buckram; $3.*

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"AND he's worth every cent of it. Came here several years ago asking for a job. He got just that—a small job at a small salary.

"Then I forgot about him—hardly knew he was on the payroll until one day I got a letter from the International Correspondence Schools telling me that he had enrolled for a course of home study. It was remarkable the way he went ahead.

"We pay him $100 a week now and he's going to be earning even a larger salary some day. I wish we had more men like him."

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Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost or obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

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A Garden Full of Darwin Tulips for $2.00

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PRIDE OF HAARLEM
CLARA BUTT

In anticipation of again placing before our customers a collection of Darwin Tulips we have had a sufficient quantity grown so that we can offer

50 Giant Darwin Tulip Bulbs, Finest Mixed, for $2.00
selected from fifteen named varieties

Few spring flowering plants rival the Darwin Tulip for brilliance of bloom. Borne on strong stems often exceeding three feet. They are a wonderful addition to the flower garden.

Plant any time before the ground becomes frozen, and they will bloom from the middle of May to Decoration Day

Mail this advertisement, or present at our store, with check, money order, cash or stamps and secure this exceptional collection, sent prepaid to any point in the U. S. east of the Mississippi. For points west and Canada add 25c ($2.25.)

Our 1924 Fall Bulb Catalogue sent on request

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Famous for its balmy sunshine that has failed on only 75 days in 14 years. On Florida's West Coast. A playground colorful with flowers and palms—and the sparkling Bay and Gulf. Wonderful bathing, yachting, motoring. Great golf, fishing, tennis—every recreation for young and old. Sumptuous new hotels and accommodations of all kinds. Write for interesting booklet—ask any question.

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NAME PENCIL SETS FOR CHILDREN

This **De Luxe Set** consists of genuine glazed leather case with coin pocket, filled with pencils and penholder in assorted colors, point protector, ruler and pencil sharpener. Any name engraved as shown in 18 kt. gold. **Price $1.00.**
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Send check, money order or U. S. Postage.

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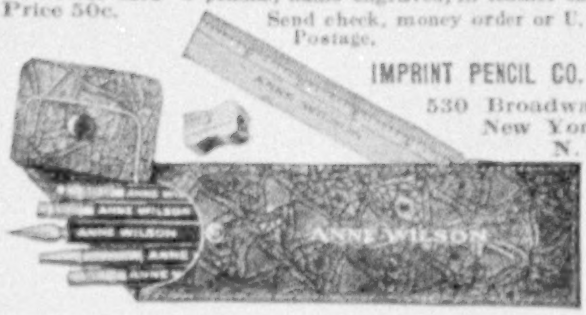

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Lead gives light when darkness comes

BLACK clouds hide the midday sun. A storm is about to break over the city. In every office and home people get up and turn on electric lights.

In the emergency the power plant must supply electricity up to its capacity. But only two of the generators are running, and it takes time to put the others in operation. Where is the additional electricity to come from?

In the power plant an electrician throws a switch that turns on the current from many storage batteries. These batteries, made mostly of lead, provide the extra current until other generators are started.

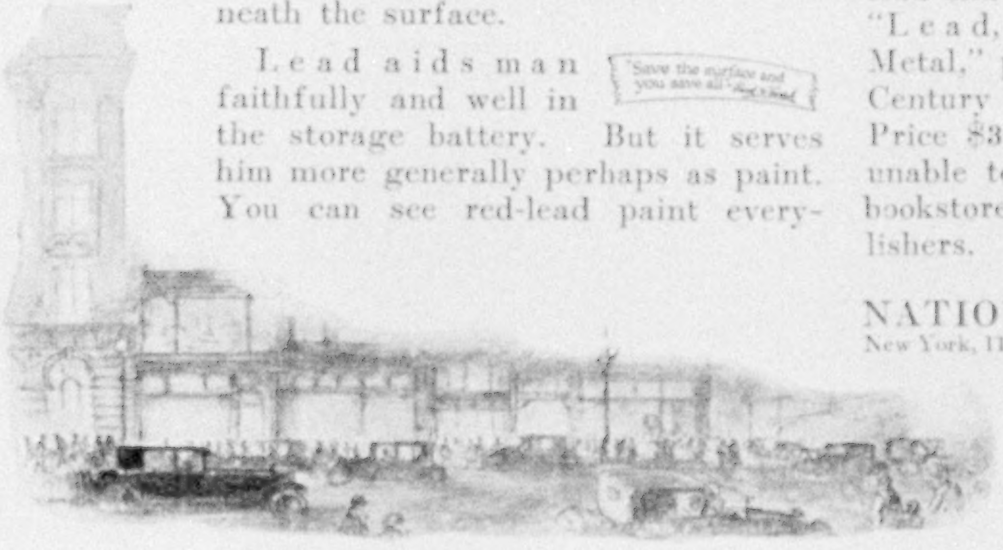
Millions of pounds of lead used

Storage batteries in this country contain millions of pounds of lead. They supply electricity for telephone, telegraph, and wireless communication. They furnish electrical energy for self-starters, lamps, and ignition systems in millions of automobiles.

For yacht lighting and for motor-boat lighting and ignition, storage batteries again come to man's assistance. They supply current for turning turrets, sighting and firing guns on warships. They propel submarines beneath the surface.

Lead aids man faithfully and well in the storage battery. But it serves him more generally perhaps as paint. You can see red-lead paint everywhere—on skyscraper skeletons, bridges, gas tanks, ships, on metal construction wherever used. So long as the paint film remains unbroken, it saves the covered surface and hence the entire structure from rapid deterioration and eventual destruction.

"Save the surface and you save all"



Producers of lead products

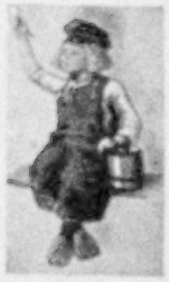
Dutch Boy red-lead is the name of the pure red-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. It comes in paste form which can be shaded to any dark color.

On every keg of *Dutch Boy red-lead* is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown here. This trademark guarantees a product of the highest quality.

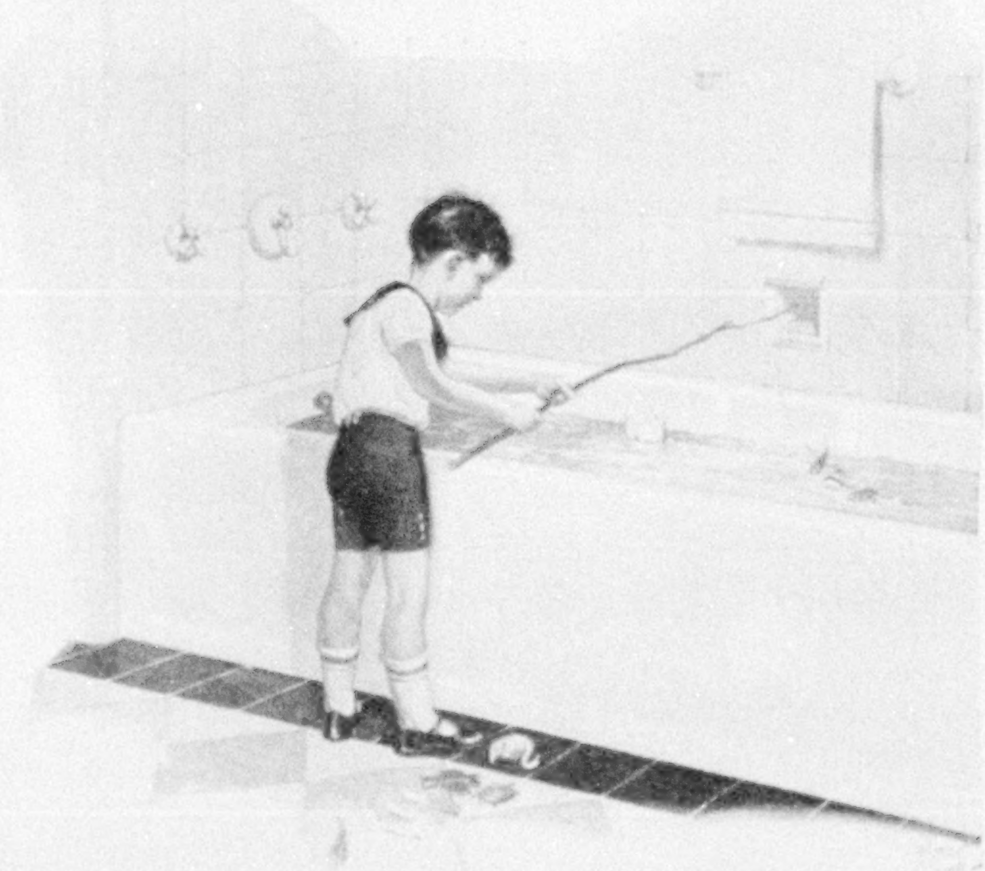
Dutch Boy products also include white-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry, and daily life. If you want information regarding any particular use of lead, write to us.

If you wish to read further about this wonder metal, we can tell you of a number of interesting books on the subject. The latest and probably the most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by the Century Co., New York. Price $3.00. If you are unable to get it at your bookstore, write the publishers.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.



A BATHROOM with Kohler fixtures! Why not have it? Think of the daily pleasure that a beautiful Kohler built-in bath could bring to this lifelong business of living!

Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware is fine and satisfactory in every way. In design it reflects the best taste of our day. In the smooth integrity of its snowy enamel it gives promise of years of gratifying wear.

In this enamel, by the way, you will find a mark worth noting and remembering. It is the name "Kohler" faintly traced in blue—our *pride-mark*—identifying a quality to whose improvement we have devoted the better part of half a century.

Though Kohler Ware appeals to those who always buy the best, it is distinctly not expensive. It costs no more than any other ware that you would be likely to consider. Ask your plumbing dealer to show you Kohler fixtures. Or write us for Booklet F.

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It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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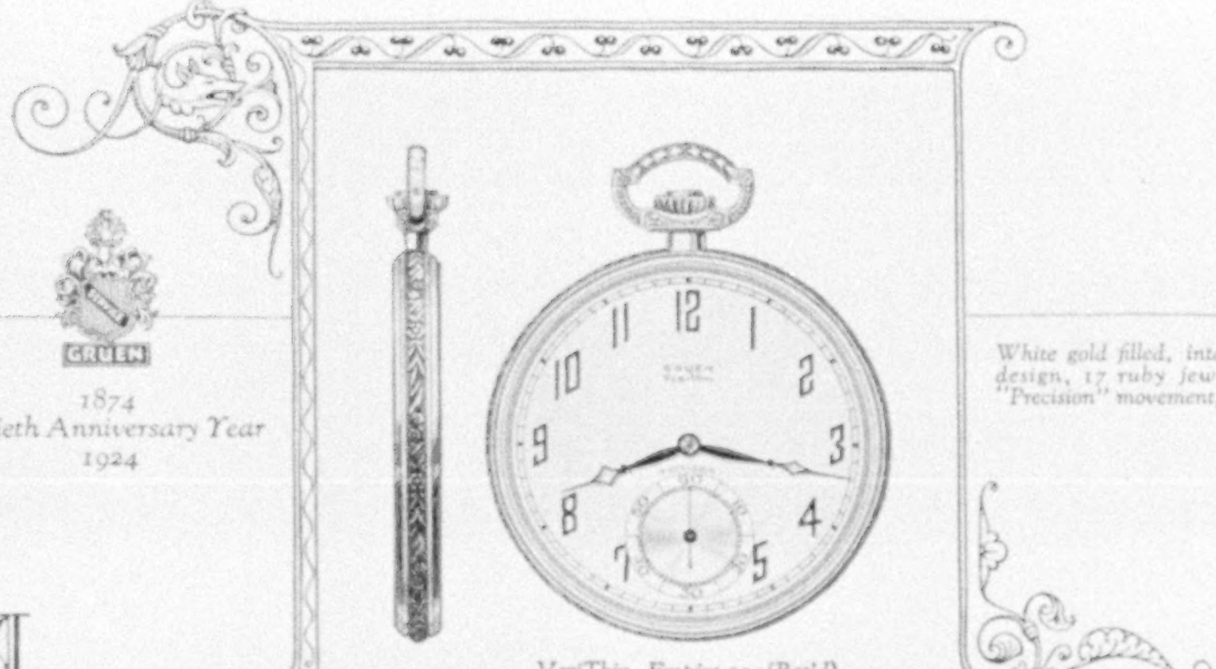
GRUEN

1874
Fiftieth Anniversary Year
1924



White gold filled, intaglio design, 17 ruby jeweled "Precision" movement, $60

VeriThin, Empire 324 (Pat'd)

Two methods of constructing a "thin model watch"

There are just two ways to make a watch thin.

One of these ways is to crowd the parts closer together, to reduce their size and strength, and thus to sacrifice the durability and accuracy of the movement.

The other is to introduce such technical improvements in watch construction as that described in the diagram below.

The VeriThin principle of watch movement construction, conceived and patented twenty-two years ago, is the exclusive property of the Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

It achieves thinness by a logical and scientific rearrangement of wheels. It is compact without crowding; the parts in a Gruen VeriThin movement have all the room and play of those in watches of greater thickness.

The Gruen VeriThin pictured here is one of the newer models. In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you this watch, as well as other Gruen Guild Watches in a large variety of models—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

In the event of any accident to your Gruen Watch, these same jewelers can repair it quickly and easily at a very moderate cost.

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GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
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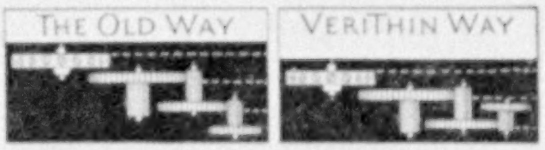
Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

GRUEN *Guild Watches*



The Gruen VeriThin wheel train, one of the technical improvements by which an accurate watch is made THIN without loss in strength of parts